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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

I.

UNDER certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not, — some people of course never do, — the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. From five o'clock to eight is on certain occasions a little eternity; but on such an occasion as this the interval could be only an eternity of pleasure. The persons concerned in it were taking

their pleasure quietly, and they were not of the sex which is supposed to furnish the regular votaries of the ceremony I have mentioned. The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker-chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro, in desultory talk, in front of him. The old man had his cup in his hand; it was an unusually large cup, of a different pattern from the rest of the set, and painted in brilliant colors. He disposed of its contents with much circumspection, holding it for a long time close to his chin, with his face turned to the house. His companions had either finished their tea or were indifferent to their privilege; they smoked cigarettes as they continued to stroll. One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his dwelling. The house that rose beyond the lawn was a structure to repay such consideration, and was the most characteristic object in the peculiarly English picture I have attempted to sketch.

It stood upon a low hill, above the river, — the river being the Thames, at some forty miles from London. A long

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gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of picturesque tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented itself to the lawn, with its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers. The house had a name and a history; the old gentleman taking his tea would have been delighted to tell you these things; how it had been built under Edward the Sixth, had offered a night's hospitality to the great Elizabeth (whose august person had extended itself upon a huge, magnificent, and terribly angular bed which still formed the principal honor of the sleeping apartments), had been a good deal bruised and defaced in Cromwell's wars, and then, under the Restoration, repaired and much enlarged; and how, finally, after having been remodeled and disfigured in the eighteenth century, it had passed into the careful keeping of a shrewd American banker, who had bought it originally because (owing to circumstances too complicated to set forth) it was offered at a great bargain; bought it with much grumbling at its ugliness, its antiquity, its incommodity, and who now, at the end of twenty years, had become conscious of a real æsthetic passion for it, so that he knew all its points, and would tell you just where to stand to see them in combination, and just the hour when the shadows of its various protuberances — which fell so softly upon the warm, weary brickwork — were of the right measure. Besides this, as I have said, he could have counted off most of the successive owners and occupants, several of whom were known to general fame; doing so, however, with an undemonstrative conviction that the latest phase of its destiny was not the least honorable. The front of the house, overlooking that portion of the lawn with which we are concerned, was not the entrance front; this was in quite another quarter. Privacy here reigned supreme, and the wide carpet of turf

that covered the level hill-top seemed but the extension of a luxurious interior. The great still oaks and beeches flung down a shade as dense as that of velvet curtains; and the place was furnished, like a room, with cushioned seats, with rich-colored rugs, with the books and papers that lay upon the grass. The river was at some distance; where the ground began to slope, the lawn, properly speaking, ceased. But it was none the less a charming walk down to the water.

The old gentleman at the tea-table, who had come from America thirty years before, had brought with him, at the top of his baggage, his American physiognomy; and he had not only brought it with him, but he had kept it in the best order, so that, if necessary, he might have taken it back to his own country with perfect confidence. But at present, obviously, he was not likely to displace himself; his journeys were over, and he was taking the rest that precedes the great rest. He had a narrow, clean-shaven face, with evenly distributed features, and an expression of placid acuteness. It was evidently a face in which the range of expression was not large; so that the air of contented shrewdness was all the more of a merit. It seemed to tell that he had been successful in life, but it seemed to tell also that his success had not been exclusive and invidious, but had had much of the inoffensiveness of failure. He had certainly had a great experience of men; but there was an almost rustic simplicity in the faint smile that played upon his lean, spacious cheek and lighted up his humorous eye, as he at last slowly and carefully deposited his big tea-cup upon the table. He was neatly dressed, in well-brushed black; but a shawl was folded upon his knees, and his feet were encased in thick, embroidered slippers. A beautiful collie dog lay upon the grass near his chair, watching the master's face almost as tenderly as the master

contemplated the still more magisterial physiognomy of the house; and a little bristling, bustling terrier bestowed a desultory attendance upon the other gentlemen.

One of these was a remarkably well-made man of five-and-thirty, with a face as English as that of the old gentleman I have just sketched was something else; a noticeably handsome face, fresh-colored, fair, and frank, with firm, straight features, a lively gray eye, and the rich adornment of a chestnut beard. This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant, exceptional look—the air of a happy temperament fertilized by a high civilization—which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He was booted and spurred, as if he had dismounted from a long ride; he wore a white hat, which looked too large for him; he held his two hands behind him, and in one of them—a large, white, well-shaped fist—was crumpled a pair of soiled dog-skin gloves.

His companion, measuring the length of the lawn beside him, was a person of quite another pattern, who, although he might have excited grave curiosity, would not, like the other, have provoked you to wish yourself, almost blindly, in his place. Tall, lean, loosely and feebly put together, he had an ugly, sickly, witty, charming face,—furnished, but by no means decorated, with a straggling mustache and whisker. He looked clever and ill,—a combination by no means felicitous; and he wore a brown velvet jacket. He carried his hands in his pockets, and there was something in the way he did it that showed the habit was inveterate. His gait had a shambling, wandering quality; he was not very firm on his legs. As I have said, whenever he passed the old man in the chair, he rested his eyes upon him; and at this moment, with their faces brought into relation, you would easily have seen that they were father and son.

The father caught his son's eye at last, and gave him a mild, responsive smile.

"I am getting on very well," he said.

"Have you drunk your tea?" asked the son.

"Yes, and enjoyed it."

"Shall I give you some more?"

The old man considered, placidly.

"Well, I guess I will wait and see."

He had, in speaking, the American tone.

"Are you cold?" his son inquired.

The father slowly rubbed his legs.

"Well, I don't know. I can't tell till I feel."

"Perhaps some one might feel for you," said the younger man, laughing.

"Oh, I hope some one will always feel for me! Don't you feel for me, Lord Warburton?"

"Oh, yes, immensely," said the gentleman addressed as Lord Warburton, promptly. "I am bound to say you look wonderfully comfortable."

"Well, I suppose I am in most respects." And the old man looked down at his green shawl, and smoothed it over his knees. "The fact is, I have been comfortable so many years that I suppose I have got so used to it I don't know it."

"Yes, that's the bore of comfort," said Lord Warburton. "We only know when we are uncomfortable."

"It strikes me that we are rather particular," said his companion.

"Oh, yes, there is no doubt we're particular," Lord Warburton murmured.

And then the three men remained silent awhile; the two younger ones standing looking down at the other, who presently asked for more tea.

"I should think you would be very unhappy with that shawl," said Lord Warburton, while his companion filled the old man's cup again.

"Oh, no, he must have the shawl!" cried the gentleman in the velvet coat. "Don't put such ideas as that into his head."

"It belongs to my wife," said the old man, simply.

"Oh, if it's for sentimental reasons" — And Lord Warburton made a gesture of apology.

"I suppose I must give it to her when she comes," the old man went on.

"You will please to do nothing of the kind. You will keep it to cover your poor old legs."

"Well, you must n't abuse my legs," said the old man. "I guess they are as good as yours."

"Oh, you are perfectly free to abuse mine," his son replied, giving him his tea.

"Well, we are two lame ducks; I don't think there is much difference."

"I am much obliged to you for calling me a duck. How is your tea?"

"Well, it's rather hot."

"That's intended to be a merit."

"Ah, there's a great deal of merit," murmured the old man, kindly. "He's a very good nurse, Lord Warburton."

"Is n't he a bit clumsy?" asked his lordship.

"Oh, no, he's not clumsy, — considering that he's an invalid himself. He's a very good nurse — for a sick-nurse. I call him my sick-nurse because he's sick himself."

"Oh, come, daddy!" the ugly young man exclaimed.

"Well, you are; I wish you were n't. But I suppose you can't help it."

"I might try: that's an idea," said the young man.

"Were you ever sick, Lord Warburton?" his father asked.

Lord Warburton considered a moment.

"Yes, sir, once, in the Persian Gulf."

"He is making light of you, daddy," said the other young man. "That's a sort of joke."

"Well, there seem to be so many sorts now," daddy replied, serenely. "You don't look as if you had been sick, any way, Lord Warburton."

"He is sick of life; he was just telling me so; going on fearfully about it," said Lord Warburton's friend.

"Is that true, sir?" asked the old man, gravely.

"If it is, your son gave me no consolation. He's a wretched fellow to talk to, — a regular cynic. He does n't seem to believe anything."

"That's another sort of joke," said the person accused of cynicism.

"It's because his health is so poor," his father explained to Lord Warburton. "It affects his mind, and colors his way of looking at things; he seems to feel as if he had never had a chance. But it's almost entirely theoretical, you know; it does n't seem to affect his spirits. I have hardly ever seen him when he was n't cheerful, — about as he is at present. He often cheers me up."

The young man so described looked at Lord Warburton and laughed.

"Is it a glowing eulogy or an accusation of levity? Should you like me to carry out my theories, daddy?"

"By Jove, we should see some queer things!" cried Lord Warburton.

"I hope you haven't taken up that sort of tone," said the old man.

"Warburton's tone is worse than mine; he pretends to be bored. I am not in the least bored; I find life only too interesting."

"Ah, *too* interesting; you should n't allow it to be that, you know!"

"I am never bored when I come here," said Lord Warburton. "One gets such uncommonly good talk."

"Is that another sort of joke?" asked the old man. "You have no excuse for being bored anywhere. When I was your age, I had never heard of such a thing."

"You must have developed very late."

"No, I developed very quick; that was just the reason. When I was twenty years old, I was very highly

developed indeed. I was working, tooth and nail. You would n't be bored if you had something to do; but all you young men are too idle. You think too much of your pleasure. You are too fastidious, and too indolent, and too rich."

"Oh, I say," cried Lord Warburton, "you're hardly the person to accuse a fellow-creature of being too rich!"

"Do you mean because I am a banker?" asked the old man.

"Because of that, if you like; and because you are so ridiculously wealthy."

"He is n't very rich," said the other young man, indicating his father. "He has given away an immense deal of money."

"Well, I suppose it was his own," said Lord Warburton; "and in that case could there be a better proof of wealth? Let not a public benefactor talk of one's being too fond of pleasure."

"Daddy is very fond of pleasure, — of other people's."

The old man shook his head.

"I don't pretend to have contributed anything to the amusement of my contemporaries."

"My dear father, you are too modest!"

"That's a kind of joke, sir," said Lord Warburton.

"You young men have too many jokes. When there are no jokes, you have nothing left."

"Fortunately there are always more jokes," the ugly young man remarked.

"I don't believe it; I believe things are getting more serious. You young men will find that out."

"The increasing seriousness of things — that is the great opportunity of jokes."

"They will have to be grim jokes," said the old man. "I am convinced there will be great changes; and not all for the better."

"I quite agree with you, sir," Lord

Warburton declared. "I am very sure there will be great changes, and that all sorts of queer things will happen. That's why I find so much difficulty in applying your advice; you know you told me the other day that I ought to 'take hold' of something. One hesitates to take hold of a thing that may the next moment be knocked sky-high."

"You ought to take hold of a pretty woman," said his companion. "He is trying hard to fall in love," he added, by way of explanation to his father.

"The pretty women themselves may be sent flying!" Lord Warburton exclaimed.

"No, no, they will be firm," the old man rejoined; "they will not be affected by the social and political changes I just referred to."

"You mean they won't be abolished? Very well, then, I will lay hands on one as soon as possible, and tie her round my neck as a life-preserver."

"The ladies will save us," said the old man; "that is, the best of them will, for I make a difference between them. Make up to a good one and marry her, and your life will become much more interesting."

A momentary silence marked perhaps on the part of his auditors a sense of the magnanimity of this speech, for it was a secret neither for his son nor for his visitor that his own experiment in matrimony had not been a happy one. As he said, however, he made a difference; and these words may have been intended as a confession of personal error; though of course it was not in place for either of his companions to remark that apparently the lady of his choice had not been one of the best.

"If I marry an interesting woman I shall be interested: is that what you say?" Lord Warburton asked. "I am not at all keen about marrying; your son misrepresented me; but there is no knowing what an interesting woman might do with me."

"I should like to see your idea of an interesting woman," said his friend.

"My dear fellow, you can't see ideas, especially such ethereal ones as mine. If I could only see it myself—that would be a great step in advance."

"Well, you may fall in love with whomsoever you please; but you must not fall in love with my niece," said the old man.

His son broke into a laugh. "He will think you mean that as a provocation! My dear father, you have lived with the English for thirty years, and you have picked up a good many of the things they say. But you have never learned the things they don't say."

"I say what I please," the old man declared, with all his serenity.

"I have n't the honor of knowing your niece," Lord Warburton said. "I think it is the first time I have heard of her."

"She is a niece of my wife's; Mrs. Touchett brings her to England."

Then young Mr. Touchett explained. "My mother, you know, has been spending the winter in America, and we are expecting her back. She writes that she has discovered a niece, and that she has invited her to come with her."

"I see,—very kind of her," said Lord Warburton. "Is the young lady interesting?"

"We hardly know more about her than you; my mother has not gone into details. She chiefly communicates with us by means of telegrams, and her telegrams are rather inscrutable. They say women don't know how to write them, but my mother has thoroughly mastered the art of condensation. 'Tired America, hot weather awful, return England with niece, first steamer, decent cabin.' That's the sort of message we get from her; that was the last that came. But there had been another before, which I think contained the first mention of the niece. 'Changed hotel, very bad, impudent clerk, address here. Taken sis-

ter's girl, died last year, go to Europe, two sisters, quite independent.' Over that my father and I have scarcely stopped puzzling; it seems to admit of so many interpretations."

"There is one thing very clear in it," said the old man; "she has given the hotel-clerk a dressing."

"I am not sure even of that, since he has driven her from the field. We thought at first that the sister mentioned might be the sister of the clerk; but the subsequent mention of a niece seems to prove that the allusion is to one of my aunts. Then there was a question as to whose the two other sisters were; they are probably two of my late aunt's daughters. But who is 'quite independent,' and in what sense is the term used? That point is not yet settled. Does the expression apply more particularly to the young lady my mother has adopted, or does it characterize her sisters equally? and is it used in a moral or in a financial sense? Does it mean that they have been left well off, or that they wish to be under no obligations? or does it simply mean that they are fond of their own way?"

"Whatever else it means, it is pretty sure to mean that," Mr. Touchett remarked.

"You will see for yourself," said Lord Warburton. "When does Mrs. Touchett arrive?"

"We are quite in the dark; as soon as she can find a decent cabin. She may be waiting for it yet; on the other hand, she may already have disembarked in England."

"In that case she would probably have telegraphed to you."

"She never telegraphs when you would expect it,—only when you don't," said the old man. "She likes to drop on me suddenly; she thinks she will find me doing something wrong. She has never done so yet, but she is not discouraged."

"It's her independence," her son ex-

plained, more favorably. "Whatever that of those young ladies may be, her own is a match for it. She likes to do everything for herself, and has no belief in any one's power to help her. She thinks me of no more use than a postage-stamp without gum, and she would never forgive me if I should presume to go to Liverpool to meet her."

"Will you at least let me know when your cousin arrives?" Lord Warburton asked.

"Only on the condition I have mentioned — that you don't fall in love with her!" Mr. Touchett declared.

"That strikes me as hard. Don't you think me good enough?"

"I think you too good, because I should n't like her to marry you. She has n't come here to look for a husband, I hope; so many young ladies are doing that, as if there were no good ones at home. Then she is probably engaged; American girls are usually engaged, I believe. Moreover, I am not sure, after all, that you would be a good husband."

"Very likely she is engaged; I have known a good many American girls, and they always were; but I could never see that it made any difference, upon my word! As for my being a good husband, I am not sure of that either; one can but try!"

"Try as much as you please, but don't try on my niece," said the old man, whose opposition to the idea was broadly humorous.

"Ah, well," said Lord Warburton, with a humor still broader, "perhaps, after all, she is not worth trying on!"

II.

While this exchange of pleasantries took place between the two, Ralph Touchett wandered away a little, with his usual slouching gait, his hands in his pockets, and his little rowdyish terrier

at his heels. His face was turned toward the house, but his eyes were bent, musingly, upon the lawn; so that he had been an object of observation to a person who had just made her appearance in the doorway of the dwelling for some moments before he perceived her. His attention was called to her by the conduct of his dog, who had suddenly darted forward, with a little volley of shrill barks, in which the note of welcome, however, was more sensible than that of defiance. The person in question was a young lady, who seemed immediately to interpret the greeting of the little terrier. He advanced with great rapidity, and stood at her feet, looking up and barking hard; whereupon, without hesitation, she stooped and caught him in her hands, holding him face to face while he continued his joyous demonstration. His master now had had time to follow and to see that Bunchie's new friend was a tall girl in a black dress, who at first sight looked pretty. She was bare-headed, as if she were staying in the house, a fact which conveyed perplexity to the son of its master, conscious of that immunity from visitors which had for some time been rendered necessary by the latter's ill-health. Meantime the two other gentlemen had also taken note of the new-comer.

"Dear me, who is that strange woman?" Mr. Touchett had asked.

"Perhaps it is Mrs. Touchett's niece, the independent young lady," Lord Warburton suggested. "I think she must be, from the way she handles the dog."

The collie, too, had now allowed his attention to be diverted, and he trotted toward the young lady in the doorway, slowly setting his tail in motion as he went.

"But where is my wife, then?" murmured the old man.

"I suppose the young lady has left her somewhere: that's a part of the independence."

The girl spoke to Ralph, smiling, while she still held up the terrier. "Is this your little dog, sir?"

"He was mine a moment ago; but you have suddenly acquired a remarkable air of property in him."

"Could n't we share him?" asked the girl. "He's such a little darling."

Ralph looked at her a moment; she was unexpectedly pretty. "You may have him altogether," he said.

The young lady seemed to have a great deal of confidence, both in herself and in others; but this abrupt generosity made her blush. "I ought to tell you that I am probably your cousin," she murmured, putting down the dog. "And here's another!" she added quickly, as the collie came up.

"Probably?" the young man exclaimed, laughing. "I supposed it was quite settled! Have you come with my mother?"

"Yes, half an hour ago."

"And has she deposited you and departed again?"

"No, she went straight to her room; and she told me that, if I should see you, I was to say to you that you must come to her there at a quarter to seven."

The young man looked at his watch. "Thank you very much; I shall be punctual." And then he looked at his cousin. "You are very welcome here," he went on. "I am delighted to see you."

She was looking at everything, with an eye that denoted quick perception,—at her companion, at the two dogs, at the two gentlemen under the trees, at the beautiful scene that surrounded her. "I have never seen anything so lovely as this place," she said. "I have been all over the house; it's too enchanting!"

"I am sorry you should have been here so long without our knowing it."

"Your mother told me that in England people arrived very quietly; so I

thought it was all right. Is one of those gentlemen your father?"

"Yes, the elder one, the one sitting down," said Ralph.

The young girl gave a laugh. "I don't suppose it's the other. Who is the other?"

"He is a friend of ours, Lord Warburton."

"Oh, I hoped there would be a lord; it's just like a novel!" And then—"Oh, you adorable creature!" she suddenly cried, stooping down and picking up the little terrier again.

She remained standing where they had met, making no offer to advance or to speak to Mr. Touchett, and while she lingered in the doorway, slim and charming, her interlocutor wondered whether she expected the old man to come and pay her his respects. American girls were used to a great deal of deference, and it had been intimated that this one had a high spirit. Indeed, Ralph could see that in her face.

"Won't you come and make acquaintance with my father?" he nevertheless ventured to ask. "He is old and infirm,—he does n't leave his chair."

"Ah, poor man, I am very sorry!" the girl exclaimed, immediately moving forward. "I got the impression from your mother that he was rather—rather strong."

Ralph Touchett was silent a moment.

"She has not seen him for a year."

"Well, he has got a lovely place to sit. Come along, little dogs."

"It's a dear old place," said the young man, looking sidewise at his neighbor.

"What's his name?" she asked, her attention having reverted to the terrier again.

"My father's name?"

"Yes," said the young lady, humorously; "but don't tell him I asked you!"

They had come by this time to where old Mr. Touchett was sitting, and he

slowly got up from his chair to introduce himself.

"My mother has arrived," said Ralph, "and this is Miss Archer."

The old man placed his two hands on her shoulders, looked at her a moment with extreme benevolence, and then gallantly kissed her.

"It is a great pleasure to me to see you here; but I wish you had given us a chance to receive you."

"Oh, we were received," said the girl. "There were about a dozen servants in the hall. And there was an old woman courtesying at the gate."

"We can do better than that, if we have notice!" and the old man stood there, smiling, rubbing his hands, and slowly shaking his head at her. "But Mrs. Touchett does n't like receptions."

"She went straight to her room."

"Yes — and locked herself in. She always does that. Well, I suppose I shall see her next week." And Mrs. Touchett's husband slowly resumed his former posture.

"Before that," said Miss Archer. "She is coming down to dinner — at eight o'clock. Don't you forget a quarter to seven," she added, turning with a smile to Ralph.

"What is to happen at a quarter to seven?"

"I am to see my mother," said Ralph.

"Ah, happy boy!" the old man murmured. "You must sit down; you must have some tea," he went on, addressing his wife's niece.

"They gave me some tea in my room the moment I arrived," this young lady answered. "I am sorry you are out of health," she added, resting her eyes upon her venerable host.

"Oh, I'm an old man, my dear; it's time for me to be old. But I shall be the better for having you here."

She had been looking all round her again, — at the lawn, the great trees, the reedy, silvery Thames, the beautiful old house; and, while engaged in this sur-

vey, she had also narrowly scrutinized her companions; a comprehensiveness of observation easily conceivable on the part of a young woman who was evidently both intelligent and excited. She had seated herself, and had put away the little dog; her white hands, in her lap, were folded upon her black dress; her head was erect, her eye brilliant, her flexible figure turned itself lightly this way and that, in sympathy with the alertness with which she evidently caught impressions. Her impressions were numerous, and they were all reflected in a clear, still smile. "I have never seen anything so beautiful as this," she declared.

"It's looking very well," said Mr. Touchett. "I know the way it strikes you. I have been through all that. But you are very beautiful yourself," he added with a politeness by no means crudely jocular, and with the happy consciousness that his advanced age gave him the privilege of saying such things, — even to young girls who might possibly take alarm at them.

What degree of alarm this young girl took need not be exactly measured; she instantly rose, however, with a blush which was not a refutation.

"Oh, yes, of course I'm lovely!" she exclaimed quickly, with a little laugh. "How old is your house? Is it Elizabethan?"

"It's early Tudor," said Ralph Touchett.

She turned toward him, watching his face a little. "Early Tudor? How very delightful! And I suppose there are a great many others."

"There are many much better ones."

"Don't say that, my son!" the old man protested. "There is nothing better than this."

"I have got a very good one; I think in some respects it's rather better," said Lord Warburton, who as yet had not spoken, but who had kept an attentive eye upon Miss Archer. He bent to-

wards her a little, smiling; he had an excellent manner with women. The girl appreciated it in an instant; she had not forgotten that this was Lord Warburton. "I should like very much to show it to you," he added.

"Don't believe him," cried the old man; "don't look at it! It's a wretched old barrack,—not to be compared with this."

"I don't know; I can't judge," said the girl, smiling at Lord Warburton.

In this discussion Ralph Touchett took no interest whatever; he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking greatly as if he should like to renew his conversation with his new-found cousin.

"Are you very fond of dogs?" he inquired, by way of beginning; and it was an awkward beginning for a clever man.

"Very fond of them indeed."

"You must keep the terrier, you know," he went on, still awkwardly.

"I will keep him while I am here, with pleasure."

"That will be for a long time, I hope."

"You are very kind. I hardly know. My aunt must settle that."

"I will settle it with her — at a quarter to seven." And Ralph looked at his watch.

"I am glad to be here at all," said the girl.

"I don't believe you allow things to be settled for you."

"Oh, yes; if they are settled as I like them."

"I shall settle this as I like it," said Ralph. "It's most unaccountable that we should never have known you."

"I was there,—you had only to come and see me."

"There? Where do you mean?"

"In the United States: in New York, and Albany, and other places."

"I have been there, all over, but I never saw you. I can't make it out."

Miss Archer hesitated a moment.

"It was because there had been some disagreement between your mother and my father, after my mother's death, which took place when I was a child. In consequence of it, we never expected to see you."

"Ah, but I don't embrace all my mother's quarrels,—Heaven forbid!" the young man cried. "You have lately lost your father?" he went on, more gravely.

"Yes; more than a year ago. After that my aunt was very kind to me; she came to see me, and proposed that I should come to Europe."

"I see," said Ralph. "She has adopted you."

"Adopted me?" The girl stared, and her blush came back to her, together with a momentary look of pain, which gave her interlocutor some alarm. He had underestimated the effect of his words. Lord Warburton, who appeared constantly desirous of a nearer view of Miss Archer, strolled toward the two cousins at the moment, and as he did so she rested her startled eyes upon him. "Oh, no; she has not adopted me," she said. "I am not a candidate for adoption."

"I beg a thousand pardons," Ralph murmured. "I meant — I meant" — He hardly knew what he meant.

"You meant she has taken me up. Yes; she likes to take people up. She has been very kind to me; but," she added, with a certain visible eagerness of desire to be explicit, "I am very fond of my liberty."

"Are you talking about Mrs. Touchett?" the old man called out from his chair. "Come here, my dear, and tell me about her. I am always thankful for information."

The girl hesitated a moment, smiling.

"She is really very benevolent," she answered; and then she went over to her uncle, whose mirth was excited by her words.

Lord Warburton was left standing with Ralph Touchett, to whom in a moment he said, —

“You wished a while ago to see my idea of an interesting woman. There it is !”

III.

Mrs. Touchett was certainly a person of many oddities, of which her behavior on returning to her husband's house after many months was a noticeable specimen. She had her own way of doing all that she did, and this is the simplest description of a character which, although it was by no means without benevolence, rarely succeeded in giving an impression of softness. Mrs. Touchett might do a great deal of good, but she never pleased. This way of her own, of which she was so fond, was not intrinsically offensive, it was simply very sharply distinguished from the ways of others. The edges of her conduct were so very clear-cut that for susceptible persons it sometimes had a wounding effect. This purity of outline was visible in her deportment during the first hours of her return from America, under circumstances in which it might have seemed that her first act would have been to exchange greetings with her husband and son. Mrs. Touchett, for reasons which she deemed excellent, always retired on such occasions into impenetrable seclusion, postponing the more sentimental ceremony until she had achieved a toilet which had the less reason to be of high importance as neither beauty nor vanity was concerned in it. She was a plain-faced old woman, without coquetry and without any great elegance, but with an extreme respect for her own motives. She was usually prepared to explain these, — when the explanation was asked as a favor; and in such a case they proved totally different from those that had been attributed to her. She was virtu-

ally separated from her husband, but she appeared to perceive nothing irregular in the situation. It had become apparent, at an early stage of their relations, that they should never desire the same thing at the same moment, and this fact had prompted her to rescue disagreement from the vulgar realm of accident. She did what she could to erect it into a law — a much more edifying aspect of it — by going to live in Florence, where she bought a house and established herself, leaving her husband in England to take care of his bank. This arrangement greatly pleased her; it was so extremely definite. It struck her husband in the same light, in a foggy square in London, where it was at times the most definite fact he discerned; but he would have preferred that discomfort should have a greater vagueness. To agree to disagree had cost him an effort; he was ready to agree to almost anything but that, and saw no reason why either assent or dissent should be so terribly consistent. Mrs. Touchett indulged in no regrets nor speculations, and usually came once a year to spend a month with her husband, a period during which she apparently took pains to convince him that she had adopted the right system. She was not fond of England, and had three or four reasons for it to which she currently alluded; they bore upon minor points of British civilization, but for Mrs. Touchett they amply justified non-residence. She detested bread-sauce, which, as she said, looked like a poultice and tasted like soap; she objected to the consumption of beer by her maid-servants; and she affirmed that the British laundress (Mrs. Touchett was very particular about the appearance of her linen) was not a mistress of her art. At fixed intervals she paid a visit to her own country; but this last one had been longer than any of its predecessors.

She had taken up her niece, — there

was little doubt of that. One wet afternoon, some four months earlier than the occurrence lately narrated, this young lady had been seated alone with a book. To say that she had a book is to say that her solitude did not press upon her; for her love of knowledge had a fertilizing quality and her imagination was strong. There was at this time, however, a want of lightness in her situation, which the arrival of an unexpected visitor did much to dispel. The visitor had not been announced; the girl heard her at last walking about the adjoining room. It was an old house at Albany, — a large, square, double house, with a notice of sale in the windows of the parlor. There were two entrances, one of which had long been out of use, but had never been removed. They were exactly alike, — large white doors with an arched frame and wide sidelights, perched upon little “stoops” of red stone, which descended sidewise to the brick pavement of the street. The two houses together formed a single dwelling, the party-wall having been removed and the rooms placed in communication. These rooms, above stairs, were extremely numerous, and were painted all over exactly alike, in a yellowish white which had grown sallow with time. On the third floor there was a sort of arched passage, connecting the two sides of the house, which Isabel and her sisters used in their childhood to call the tunnel, and which, though it was short and well lighted, always seemed to the girl to be strange and lonely, especially on winter afternoons. She had been in the house, at different periods, as a child; in those days her grandmother lived there. Then there had been an absence of ten years, followed by a return to Albany before her father’s death. Her grandmother, old Mrs. Archer, had exercised, chiefly within the limits of the family, a large hospitality in the early period, and the little girls often spent weeks under her

roof, weeks of which Isabel had the happiest memory. The manner of life was different from that of her own home, — larger, more plentiful, more sociable; the discipline of the nursery was delightfully vague, and the opportunity of listening to the conversation of one’s elders (which with Isabel was a highly valued pleasure) almost unbounded. There was a constant coming and going; her grandmother’s sons and daughters, and their children, appeared to be in the enjoyment of standing invitations to stay with her, so that the house offered to a certain extent the appearance of a bustling provincial inn, kept by a gentle old landlady who sighed a great deal and never presented a bill. Isabel, of course, knew nothing about bills; but even as a child she thought her grandmother’s dwelling picturesque. There was a covered piazza behind it, furnished with a swing which was a source of tremulous interest; and beyond this was a long garden, sloping down to the stable, and containing certain capital peach-trees. Isabel had stayed with her grandmother at various seasons; but, somehow, all her visits had a flavor of peaches. On the other side, opposite, across the street, was an old house that was called the Dutch House, — a peculiar structure, dating from the earliest colonial time, composed of bricks that had been painted yellow, crowned with a gable that was pointed out to strangers, defended by a rickety wooden paling, and standing sidewise to the street. It was occupied by a primary school for children of both sexes, kept in an amateurish manner by a demonstrative lady of whom Isabel’s chief recollection was that her hair was puffed out very much at the temples and that she was the widow of some one of consequence. The little girl had been offered the opportunity of laying a foundation of knowledge in this establishment; but having spent a single day in it, she had expressed great disgust with the place,

and had been allowed to stay at home, where in the September days, when the windows of the Dutch House were open, she used to hear the hum of childish voices repeating the multiplication table, — an incident in which the elation of liberty and the pain of exclusion were indistinguishably mingled. The foundation of her knowledge was really laid in the idleness of her grandmother's house, where, as most of the other inmates were not reading people, she had uncontrolled use of a library full of books with frontispieces, which she used to climb upon a chair to take down. When she had found one to her taste — she was guided in the selection chiefly by the frontispiece — she carried it into a mysterious apartment which lay beyond the library, and which was called, traditionally, no one knew why, the office. Whose office it had been, and at what period it had flourished, she never learned; it was enough for her that it contained an echo and a pleasant musty smell, and that it was a chamber of disgrace for old pieces of furniture, whose infirmities were not always apparent (so that the disgrace seemed unmerited and rendered them victims of injustice), and with which, in the manner of children, she had established relations almost human, or dramatic. There was an old haircloth sofa, in especial, to which she had confided a hundred childish sorrows. The place owed much of its mysterious melancholy to the fact that it was properly entered from the second door of the house, the door that had been condemned, and that was fastened by bolts which a particularly slender little girl found it impossible to slide. She knew that this silent, motionless portal opened into the street; if the side-lights had not been filled with green paper, she might have looked out upon the little brown stoop and the well-worn brick pavement. But she had no wish to look out, for this would have interfered with her theory that

there was a strange, unseen place on the other side, — a place which became, to the child's imagination, according to its different moods, a region of delight or of terror.

It was in the "office" still that Isabel was sitting on that melancholy afternoon of early spring which I just mentioned. At this time she might have had the whole house to choose from, and the room she had selected was the most joyless chamber it contained. She had never opened the bolted door nor removed the green paper (renewed by other hands) from its side-lights; she had never assured herself that the vulgar street lay beyond it. A crude, cold rain was falling heavily; the spring-time presented itself as a questionable improvement. Isabel, however, gave as little attention as possible to the incongruities of the season; she kept her eyes on her book and tried to fix her mind. It had lately occurred to her that her mind was a good deal of a vagabond, and she had spent much ingenuity in training it to a military step, and teaching it to advance, to halt, to retreat, to perform even more complicated manœuvres, at the word of command. Just now she had given it marching orders, and it had been trudging over the sandy plains of a philosophic history of German poetry. Suddenly she became aware of a step very different from her own intellectual pace; she listened a little, and perceived that some one was walking about the library, which communicated with the office. It struck her first as the step of a person from whom she had reason to expect a visit; then almost immediately announced itself as the tread of a woman and a stranger, — her possible visitor being neither. It had an inquisitive, experimental quality, which suggested that it would not stop short of the threshold of the office; and, in fact, the doorway of this apartment was presently occupied by a lady, who paused there, and looked very hard at

our heroine. She was a plain, elderly woman, dressed in a comprehensive water-proof mantle; she had a sharp, but not an unpleasant face.

"Oh," she said, "is that where you usually sit?" And she looked about at the heterogeneous chairs and tables.

"Not when I have visitors!" said Isabel, getting up to receive the intruder.

She directed their course back to the library, and the visitor continued to look about her. "You seem to have plenty of other rooms; they are in rather better condition. But everything is immensely worn."

"Have you come to look at the house?" Isabel asked. "The servant will show it to you."

"Send her away; I don't want to buy it. She has probably gone to look for you, and is wandering about up-stairs; she did n't seem at all intelligent. You had better tell her it is no matter." And then, while the girl stood there, hesitating and wondering, this unexpected critic said to her, abruptly, "I suppose you are one of the daughters?"

Isabel thought she had very strange manners. "It depends upon whose daughters you mean."

"The late Mr. Archer's, — and my poor sister's."

"Ah," said Isabel, slowly, "you must be our crazy Aunt Lydia!"

"Is that what your father told you to call me? I am your Aunt Lydia, but I am not crazy. And which of the daughters are you?"

"I am the youngest of the three, and my name is Isabel."

"Yes; the others are Lilian and Edith. And are you the prettiest?"

"I have not the least idea," said the girl.

"I think you must be." And in this way the aunt and the niece made friends. The aunt had quarreled, years before, with her brother-in-law, after the death of her sister, taking him to task for

the manner in which he brought up his three girls. Being a high-tempered man, he had requested her to mind her own business; and she had taken him at his word. For many years she held no communication with him, and after his death she addressed not a word to his daughters, who had been bred in that disrespectful view of her which we have just seen Isabel betray. Mrs. Touchett's behavior was, as usual, perfectly deliberate. She intended to go to America to look after her investments (with which her husband, in spite of his great financial position, had nothing to do), and would take advantage of this opportunity to inquire into the condition of her nieces. There was no need of writing, for she should attach no importance to any account of them that she should elicit by letter; she believed, always, in seeing for one's self. Isabel found, however, that she knew a good deal about them, and knew about the marriage of the two elder girls; knew that their poor father had left very little money, but that the house in Albany, which had passed into his hands, was to be sold for their benefit; knew finally that Edmund Ludlow, Lilian's husband, had taken upon himself to attend to this matter, in consideration of which the young couple, who had come to Albany during Mr. Archer's illness, were remaining there for the present, and, as well as Isabel herself, occupying the mansion.

"How much money do you expect to get for it?" Mrs. Touchett asked of the girl, who had brought her to sit in the front parlor, which she had inspected without enthusiasm.

"I have n't the least idea," said the girl.

"That's the second time you have said that to me," her aunt rejoined. "And yet you don't look at all stupid."

"I am not stupid; but I don't know anything about money."

"Yes, that's the way you were brought up, as if you were to inherit a million.

In point of fact, what have you inherited?"

"I really can't tell you. You must ask Edmund and Lillian; they will be back in half an hour."

"In Florence we should call it a very bad house," said Mrs. Touchett; "but here, I suspect, it will bring a high price. It ought to make a considerable sum for each of you. In addition to that you *must* have something else; it's most extraordinary, your not knowing. The position is of value, and they will probably pull it down and make a row of shops. I wonder you don't do that yourself; you might let the shops to great advantage."

Isabel stared; the idea of letting shops was new to her.

"I hope they won't pull it down," she said; "I am extremely fond of it."

"I don't see what makes you fond of it; your father died here."

"Yes, but I don't dislike it for that," said the girl, rather strangely. "I like places in which things have happened, even if they are sad things. A great many people have died here; the place has been full of life."

"Is that what you call being full of life?"

"I mean full of experience — of people's feelings and sorrows. And not of their sorrows only, for I have been very happy here as a child."

"You should go to Florence if you like houses in which things have happened, — especially deaths. I live in an old palace in which three people have been murdered; three that were known, and I don't know how many more besides."

"In an old palace?" Isabel repeated.

"Yes, my dear; a very different affair from this. This is very *bourgeois*."

Isabel felt some emotion, for she had always thought highly of her grandmother's house. But the emotion was of a kind which led her to say, —

"I should like very much to go to Florence."

"Well, if you will be very good and do everything I tell you, I will take you there," Mrs. Touchett rejoined.

The girl's emotion deepened; she flushed a little, and smiled at her aunt in silence.

"Do everything you tell me? I don't think I can promise that."

"No, you don't look like a young lady of that sort. You are fond of your own way; but it's not for me to blame you!"

"And yet, to go to Florence," the girl exclaimed in a moment, "I would promise almost anything!"

Edmund and Lillian were slow to return, and Mrs. Touchett had an hour's uninterrupted talk with her niece, who found her a strange and interesting person. She was as eccentric as Isabel had always supposed; and hitherto, whenever the girl had heard people described as eccentric, she had thought of them as disagreeable. To her imagination the term had always suggested something grotesque and inharmonious. But her aunt infused a new vividness into the idea, and gave her so many fresh impressions that it seemed to her she had overestimated the charms of conformity. She had never met any one so entertaining as this little thin-lipped, bright-eyed, foreign-looking woman, who retrieved an insignificant appearance by a distinguished manner, and, sitting there in a well-worn waterproof, talked with striking familiarity of European courts. There was nothing flighty about Mrs. Touchett, but she was fond of social grandeur, and she enjoyed the consciousness of making an impression on a candid and susceptible mind. Isabel at first had answered a good many questions, and it was from her answers apparently that Mrs. Touchett had derived a high opinion of her intelligence. But after this, she had asked a good many, and her

aunt's answers, whatever they were, struck her as deeply interesting. Mrs. Touchett waited for the return of her other niece as long as she thought reasonable, but as at six o'clock Mrs. Ludlow had not come in, she prepared to take her departure.

"Your sister must be a great gossip," she said. "Is she accustomed to staying out for hours?"

"You have been out almost as long as she," Isabel answered; "she can have left the house but a short time before you came in."

Mrs. Touchett looked at the girl without resentment; she appeared to enjoy a bold retort and to be disposed to be gracious to her niece.

"Perhaps she has not had so good an excuse as I! Tell her, at any rate, that she must come and see me this evening at that horrid hotel. She may bring her husband if she likes, but she need n't bring you. I shall see plenty of you later."

IV.

Mrs. Ludlow was the eldest of the three sisters, and was usually thought the most sensible; the classification being in general that Lilian was the practical one, Edith the beauty, and Isabel the "intellectual" one. Mrs. Keyes, the second sister, was the wife of an officer in the United States Engineers, and as our history is not further concerned with her, it will be enough to say that she was indeed very pretty, and that she formed the ornament of those various military stations, chiefly in the unfashionable West, to which, to her deep chagrin, her husband was successively relegated. Lilian had married a New York lawyer, a young man with a loud voice and an enthusiasm for his profession; the match was not brilliant, any more than Edith's had been, but Lilian had occasionally been spoken of as a young woman who might be thank-

ful to marry at all, — she was so much plainer than her sisters. She was, however, very happy, and now, as the mother of two peremptory little boys, and the mistress of a house which presented a narrowness of new brown stone to Fifty-Third Street, she had quite justified her claim to matrimony. She was short and plump, and, as people said, had improved since her marriage; the two things in life of which she was most distinctly conscious were her husband's force in argument, and her sister Isabel's originality. "I have never felt like Isabel's sister, and I am sure I never shall," she had said to an intimate friend; a declaration which made it all the more creditable that she should be prolific in sisterly offices.

"I want to see her safely married, — that's what I want to see," she frequently remarked to her husband.

"Well, I must say I should have no particular desire to marry her," Edmund Ludlow was accustomed to answer in an extremely audible tone.

"I know you say that for argument; you always take the opposite ground. I don't see what you have against her, except that she is so original."

"Well, I don't like originals; I like translations," Mr. Ludlow had more than once replied. "Isabel is written in a foreign tongue. I can't make her out. She ought to marry an Armenian, or a Portuguese."

"That's just what I am afraid she will do!" cried Lilian, who thought Isabel capable of anything.

She listened with great interest to the girl's account of Mrs. Touchett's visit, and in the evening prepared to comply with her commands.

Of what Isabel said to her, no report has remained, but her sister's words must have prompted a remark that she made to her husband in the conjugal chamber as the two were getting ready to go to the hotel.

"I do hope immensely she will do

something handsome for Isabel; she has evidently taken a great fancy to her."

"What is it you wish her to do?" Edmund Ludlow asked; "make her a big present?"

"No, indeed; nothing of the sort. But take an interest in her,—sympathize with her. She is evidently just the sort of person to appreciate Isabel. She has lived so much in foreign society; she told Isabel all about it. You know you have always thought Isabel rather foreign."

"You want her to give her a little foreign sympathy, eh? Don't you think she gets enough at home?"

"Well, she ought to go abroad," said Mrs. Ludlow. "She's just the person to go abroad."

"And you want the old lady to take her; is that it?" her husband asked.

"She has offered to take her; she is dying to have Isabel go! But what I want her to do when she gets her there is to give her all the advantages. I am sure that all we have got to do," said Mrs. Ludlow, "is to give her a chance!"

"A chance for what?"

"A chance to develop."

"Oh, Jupiter!" Edmund Ludlow exclaimed. "I hope she is n't going to develop any more!"

"If I were not sure you only said that for argument, I should feel very badly," his wife replied. "But you know you love her."

"Do *you* know I love you?" the young man said, jocosely, to Isabel a little later, while he brushed his hat.

"I am sure I don't care whether you do or not!" exclaimed the girl, whose voice and smile, however, were sweeter than the words she uttered.

"Oh, she feels so grand since Mrs. Touchett's visit!" said her sister.

But Isabel challenged this assertion, with a good deal of seriousness.

"You must not say that, Lily. I don't feel grand at all."

"I am sure there is no harm," said the conciliatory Lily.

"Ah, but there is nothing in Mrs. Touchett's visit to make one feel grand."

"Oh," exclaimed Ludlow, "she is grander than ever!"

"Whenever I feel grand," said the girl, "it will be for a better reason!"

Whether she felt grand or no, she at any rate felt busy; busy, I mean, with her thoughts. Left to herself for the evening, she sat a while under the lamp with empty hands, heedless of her usual avocations. Then she rose and moved about the room, and from one room to another, preferring the places where the vague lamplight expired. She was restless, and even excited; at moments she trembled a little. She felt that something had happened to her, of which the importance was out of proportion to its appearance; there had really been a change in her life. What it would bring with it was as yet extremely indefinite; but Isabel was in a situation which gave a value to any change. She had a desire to leave the past behind her, and, as she said to herself, to begin afresh. This desire, indeed, was not a birth of the present occasion; it was as familiar as the sound of the rain upon the window, and it had led to her beginning afresh a great many times. She closed her eyes as she sat in one of the dusky corners of the quiet parlor; but it was not with a desire to take a nap. On the contrary, it was because she felt too wide-awake, and wished to check the sense of seeing too many things at once. Her imagination was by habit ridiculously active; if the door were not opened to it, it jumped out of the window. She was not accustomed, indeed, to keep it behind bolts; and at important moments, when she would have been thankful to make use of her judgment alone, she paid the penalty of having given undue encouragement to the faculty of seeing without judging. At present, with her sense that the note of change had been struck,

came gradually a host of images of the things she was leaving behind her. The years and hours of her life came back to her, and for a long time, in a stillness broken only by the ticking of the big bronze clock, she passed them in review. It had been a very happy life and she had been a very fortunate girl,—this was the truth that seemed to emerge most vividly. She had had the best of everything, and in a world in which the circumstances of so many people made them unenviable, it was an advantage never to have known anything particularly disagreeable. It appeared to Isabel that the disagreeable had been even too absent from her knowledge, for she had gathered from her acquaintance with literature that it was often a source of interest, and even of instruction. Her father had kept it away from her,—her handsome, much-loved father, who always had such an aversion to it. It was a great good fortune to have been his daughter; Isabel was even proud of her parentage. Since his death she had gathered a vague impression that he turned his brighter side to his children, and that he had not eluded discomfort quite so much in practice as in aspiration. But this only made her tenderness for him greater; it was scarcely even painful to have to think that he was too generous, too good-natured, too indifferent to sordid considerations. Many persons thought that he carried this indifference too far; especially the large number of those to whom he owed money. Of their opinions, Isabel was never very definitely informed; but it may interest the reader to know that, while they admitted that the late Mr. Archer had a remarkably handsome head and a very taking manner (indeed, as one of them had said, he was always taking something), they declared that he had made a very poor use of his life. He had squandered a substantial fortune, he had been deplorably convivial, he was known to have gambled freely. A few

very harsh critics went so far as to say that he had not even brought up his daughters. They had had no regular education and no permanent home; they had been at once spoiled and neglected; they had lived with nursemaids and governesses (usually very bad ones), or had been sent to strange schools kept by foreigners, from which, at the end of a month, they had been removed in tears. This view of the matter would have excited Isabel's indignation, for to her own sense her opportunities had been abundant. Even when her father had left his daughters for three months at Neufchâtel with a French *bonne*, who eloped with a Russian nobleman staying at the same hotel,—even in this irregular situation (an incident of the girl's thirteenth year) she had been neither frightened nor ashamed, but had thought it a picturesque episode in a liberal education. Her father had a large way of looking at life, of which his restlessness and even his occasional incoherency of conduct had been only a proof. He wished his daughters, even as children, to see as much of the world as possible; and it was for this purpose that, before Isabel was fourteen, he had transported them three times across the Atlantic, giving them on each occasion, however, but a few months' view of foreign lands; a course which had whetted our heroine's curiosity without enabling her to satisfy it. She ought to have been a partisan of her father, for among his three daughters she was quite his favorite, and in his last days his general willingness to take leave of a world in which the difficulty of doing as one liked appeared to increase as one grew older was sensibly modified by the pain of separation from his clever, his superior, his remarkable girl. Later, when the journeys to Europe ceased, he still had shown his children all sorts of indulgence, and if he had been troubled about money-matters nothing ever disturbed their irreflective consciousness of many possessions. Isa-

bel, though she danced very well, had not the recollection of having been in New York a successful member of the choregraphic circle; her sister Edith was, as every one said, so very much more popular. Edith was so striking an example of success that Isabel would have no illusions as to what constituted this advantage, or as to the moderate character of her own triumphs. Nineteen persons out of twenty (including the younger sister herself) pronounced Edith infinitely the prettier of the two; but the twentieth, besides reversing this judgment, had the entertainment of thinking all the others a parcel of fools. Isabel had in the depths of her nature an even more unquenchable desire to please than Edith; but the depths of this young lady's nature were a very out-of-the-way place, between which and the surface communication was interrupted by a dozen capricious forces, the most important being an excitable pride and a restless conscience. She saw the young men who came in large numbers to see her sister; but as a general thing they were afraid of her; they had a belief that some special preparation was required for talking with her. Her reputation of reading a great deal hung about her like the cloudy envelope of a goddess in an epic; it was supposed to engender difficult questions, and to keep the conversation at a low temperature. The poor girl liked to be thought clever, but she hated to be thought bookish; she used to read in secret, and, though her memory was excellent, to abstain from quotation. She had a great desire for knowledge, but she really preferred almost any source of information to the printed page; she had an immense curiosity about life, and was constantly staring and wondering. She carried within herself a great fund of life, and her deepest enjoyment was to feel the continuity between the movements of her own heart and the agitations of the world. For this reason she was fond of seeing

great crowds and large stretches of country, of reading about revolutions and wars, of looking at historical pictures,—a class of efforts in which she had often gone so far as to forgive much bad painting for the sake of the subject. While the Civil War went on, she was still a very young girl; but she passed months of this long period in a state of almost passionate excitement, in which she felt herself at times (to her extreme confusion) stirred almost indiscriminately by the valor of either army. Of course the reserve practiced towards her by the local youth had never gone the length of making her a social proscript; for the proportion of those whose hearts, as they approached her, beat only just faster enough to make it a sensible pleasure was sufficient to redeem her maidenly career from failure. She had had everything that a girl could have: kindness, admiration, flattery, bouquets, the sense of exclusion from none of the privileges of the world she lived in, abundant opportunity for dancing, the latest publications, plenty of new dresses, the *London Spectator*, and a glimpse of contemporary æsthetics.

These things now, as memory played over them, resolved themselves into a multitude of scenes and figures. Forgotten things came back to her; many others, which she had lately thought of great moment, dropped out of sight. The result was kaleidoscopic; but the movement of the instrument was checked at last by the servant's coming in with the name of a gentleman. The name of the gentleman was Caspar Goodwood. He was a straight young man from Boston, who had known Miss Archer for the last twelvemonth, and who, thinking her the most beautiful young woman of her time, had pronounced the time, according to the rule I have hinted at, a foolish period of history. He sometimes wrote to Isabel, and he had lately written to her from New York. She had thought it very

possible he would come in, — had, indeed, all the rainy day been vaguely expecting him. Nevertheless, now that she learned he was there, she felt no eagerness to receive him. He was the finest young man she had ever seen, was, indeed, quite a magnificent young man; he filled her with a certain feeling of respect which she had never entertained for any one else. He was supposed by the world in general to wish to marry her; but this of course was between themselves. It at least may be affirmed that he had traveled from New York to Albany expressly to see her; having learned in the former city, where he was spending a few days, and where he had hoped to find her, that she was still at the capital. Isabel delayed for some minutes to go to him; she moved about the room with a certain feeling of embarrassment. But at last she presented herself, and found him standing near the lamp. He was tall, strong, and somewhat stiff; he was also lean and brown. He was not especially good-looking, but his physiognomy had an air of requesting your attention, which it rewarded or not, according to the charm you found in a blue eye of remarkable fixedness, and a jaw of the somewhat angular mold which is supposed to bespeak resolution. Isabel said to herself that it bespoke resolution to-night; but, nevertheless, an hour later, Caspar Goodwood, who had arrived hopeful as well as resolute, took his way back to his lodging with the feeling of a man defeated. He was not, however, a man to be discouraged by a defeat.

V.

Ralph Touchett was a philosopher, but nevertheless he knocked at his mother's door (at a quarter to seven) with a good deal of eagerness. Even philosophers have their preferences, and it must be admitted that of his progen-

itors his father ministered most to his sense of the sweetness of filial dependence. His father, as he had often said to himself, was the more motherly; his mother, on the other hand, was paternal, and even, according to the slang of the day, gubernatorial. She was nevertheless very fond of her only child, and had always insisted on his spending three months of the year with her. Ralph rendered perfect justice to her affection, and knew that in her thoughts his turn always came after the care of her house and her conservatory (she was extremely fond of flowers). He found her completely dressed for dinner, but she embraced her boy with her gloved hands, and made him sit on the sofa beside her. She inquired scrupulously about her husband's health and about the young man's own, and, receiving no very brilliant account of either, she remarked that she was more than ever convinced of her wisdom in not exposing herself to the English climate; in this case she also might have broken down. Ralph smiled at the idea of his mother breaking down, but made no point of reminding her that his own enfeebled condition was not the result of the English climate, from which he absented himself for a considerable part of each year.

He had been a very small boy when his father, Daniel Tracy Touchett, who was a native of Rutland, in the State of Vermont, came to England as subordinate partner in a banking-house, in which some ten years later he acquired a preponderant interest. Daniel Touchett saw before him a life-long residence in his adopted country, of which from the first he took a simple, cheerful, and eminently practical view. But, as he said to himself, he had no intention of turning Englishman, nor had he any desire to convert his only son to the same sturdy faith. It had been for himself so very soluble a problem to live in England and yet not be of it that it

seemed to him equally simple that after his death his lawful heirs should carry on the bank in a pure American spirit. He took pains to cultivate this spirit, however, by sending the boy home for his education. Ralph spent several terms in an American school, and took a degree at an American college, after which, as he struck his father on his return as even redundantly national, he was placed for some three years in residence at Oxford. Oxford swallowed up Harvard, and Ralph became at least English enough. His outward conformity to the manners that surrounded him was none the less the mask of the mind that greatly enjoyed its independence, on which nothing long imposed itself, and which, naturally inclined to jocosity and irony, indulged in a boundless liberty of appreciation. He began with being a young man of promise; at Oxford he distinguished himself, to his father's ineffable satisfaction, and the people about him said it was a thousand pities so clever a fellow should be shut out from a career. He might have had a career by returning to his own country (though this point is shrouded in uncertainty), but even if Mr. Touchett had been willing to part with him (which was not the case), it would have gone hard with him to put the ocean (which he detested) permanently between himself and the old man whom he regarded as his best friend. Ralph was not only fond of his father, but he admired him; he enjoyed the opportunity of observing him. Daniel Touchett to his perception was a man of genius, and though he himself had no great fancy for the banking business, he made a point of learning enough of it to measure the great figure his father had played. It was not this, however, he mainly relished; it was the old man's effective simplicity. Daniel Touchett had been neither at Harvard nor at Oxford, and it was his own fault if he had put into his son's hands the key to modern criticism. Ralph, whose head was full of

ideas which his father had never guessed at, had a high esteem for the latter's originality. Americans, rightly or wrongly, are commended for the ease with which they adapt themselves to foreign conditions; but Mr. Touchett had given evidence of this talent only up to a certain point. He had made himself thoroughly comfortable in England, but he had never attempted to pitch his thoughts in the English key. He had retained many characteristics of Rutland, Vermont; his tone, as his son always noted with pleasure, was that of the more luxuriant parts of New England. At the end of his life, especially, he was a gentle, refined, fastidious old man, who combined consummate shrewdness with a sort of fraternizing good humor, and whose feeling about his own position in the world was quite of the democratic sort. It was perhaps his want of imagination and of what is called the historic consciousness, but to many of the impressions usually made by English life upon the cultivated stranger his sense was completely closed. There were certain differences he never perceived, certain habits he never formed, certain mysteries he never understood. As regards these latter, on the day that he had understood them his son would have thought less well of him.

Ralph, on leaving Oxford, spent a couple of years in traveling, after which he found himself mounted on a high stool in his father's bank. The responsibility and honor of such positions is not, I believe, measured by the height of the stool, which depends upon other considerations; Ralph, indeed, who had very long legs, was fond of standing, and even of walking about, at his work. To this exercise, however, he was obliged to devote but a limited period, for at the end of some eighteen months he became conscious that he was seriously out of health. He had caught a violent cold, which fixed itself upon his lungs and threw them into extreme embarrassment.

He had to give up work and all thoughts of it, and embrace the sorry occupation known as taking care of one's self. At first he was greatly disgusted; it appeared to him that it was not himself in the least that he was taking care of, but an uninteresting and uninterested person with whom he had nothing in common. This person, however, improved on acquaintance, and Ralph grew at least to have a certain grudging tolerance and even undemonstrative respect for him. Misfortune makes strange bed-fellows, and our young man, feeling that he had something at stake in the matter, — it usually seemed to him to be his reputation for common sense, — devoted to his unattractive protégé an amount of attention of which note was duly taken, and which had at least the effect of keeping the poor fellow alive. One of his lungs began to heal, the other promised to follow its example, and he was assured that he might outweather a dozen winters if he would betake himself to one of those climates in which consumptives chiefly congregate. He had grown extremely fond of London, and cursed this unmitigable necessity; but at the same time that he cursed, he conformed, and gradually, when he found that his sensitive organ was really grateful for these grim favors, he conferred them with a better grace. He wintered abroad, as the phrase is; basked in the sun, stopped at home when the wind blew, went to bed when it rained, and once or twice, when it snowed, almost never got up again. / A certain fund of indolence that he possessed came to his aid and helped to reconcile him to doing nothing; for at the best he was too ill for anything but a passive life. As he said to himself, there was really nothing he had wanted very much to do, so that he had given up nothing. At present, however, the perfume of forbidden fruit seemed occasionally to float past him, to remind him that the finest pleasures of life are to be found in the world of ac-

tion. Living as he now lived was like reading a good book in a poor translation, — a meagre entertainment for a young man who felt that he might have been an excellent linguist. He had good winters and poor winters, and while the former lasted, he was sometimes the sport of a vision of virtual recovery. But this vision was dispelled some three years before the occurrence of the incidents with which this history opens; he had on this occasion remained later than usual in England, and had been overtaken by bad weather before reaching Algiers. He reached it more dead than alive, and lay there for several weeks between life and death. His convalescence was a miracle, but the first use he made of it was to assure himself that such miracles happen but once. He said to himself that his hour was in sight, and that it behooved him to keep his eyes upon it, but that it was also open to him to spend the interval as agreeably as might be consistent with such a pre-occupation. With the prospect of losing them, the simple use of his faculties became an exquisite pleasure; it seemed to him that the delights of observation had never been suspected. He was far from the time when he had found it hard that he should be obliged to give up the idea of distinguishing himself; an idea none the less importunate for being vague, and none the less delightful for having to struggle with a good deal of native indifference. His friends at present found him much more cheerful, and attributed it to a theory, over which they shook their heads knowingly, that he would recover his health. The truth was that he had simply accepted the situation.

It was very probably this sweet-tasting property of observation to which I allude (for he found himself in these last years much more inclined to notice the pleasant things of the world than the others) that was mainly concerned in Ralph's quickly-stirred interest in the

arrival of a young lady who was evidently not insipid. If he were observantly disposed, something told him, here was occupation enough for a succession of days. It may be added, somewhat crudely, that the liberty of falling in love had a place in Ralph Touchett's programme. This was of course a liberty to be very temperately used; for though the safest form of any sentiment is that which is conditioned upon silence, it is not always the most comfortable, and Ralph had forbidden himself the arts of demonstration. But interested observation of a lovely woman had struck him as the finest entertainment that the world now had to offer him, and if the interest should become poignant, he flattered himself that he could carry it off quietly, as he had carried other discomforts. He speedily acquired a conviction, however, that he was not destined to fall in love with his cousin.

"And now tell me about the young lady," he said to his mother. "What do you mean to do with her?"

Mrs. Touchett hesitated a little. "I mean to ask your father to invite her to stay three or four weeks at Garden-court."

"You need n't stand on any such ceremony as that," said Ralph. "My father will ask her as a matter of course."

"I don't know about that. She is my niece; she is not his."

"Good Lord, dear mother; what a sense of property! That's all the more reason for his asking her. But after that — I mean after three months (for it's absurd asking the poor girl to remain but for three or four paltry weeks) — what do you mean to do with her?"

"I mean to take her to Paris to get her some clothes."

"Ah, yes, that's of course. But independently of that?"

"I shall invite her to spend the autumn with me in Florence."

"You don't rise above detail, dear mother," said Ralph. "I should like to know what you mean to do with her in a general way."

"My duty!" Mrs. Touchett declared. "I suppose you pity her very much," she added.

"No, I don't think I pity her. She does n't strike me as a girl that suggests compassion. I think I envy her. Before being sure, however, give me a hint of what your duty will direct you to do."

"It will direct me to show her four European countries — I shall leave her the choice of two of them — and to give her the opportunity of perfecting herself in French, which she already knows very well."

Ralph frowned a little. "That sounds rather dry, even giving her the choice of two of the countries."

"If it's dry," said his mother with a laugh, "you can leave Isabel alone to water it! She is as good as a summer rain, any day."

"Do you mean that she is a gifted being?"

"I don't know whether she is a gifted being, but she is a clever girl with a strong will and a high temper. She has no idea of being bored."

"I can imagine that," said Ralph; and then he added, abruptly, "How do you two get on?"

"Do you mean by that that I am a bore? I don't think Isabel finds me one. Some girls might, I know; but this one is too clever for that. I think I amuse her a good deal. We get on very well, because I understand her; I know the sort of girl she is. She is very frank, and I am very frank; we know just what to expect of each other."

"Ah, dear mother," Ralph exclaimed, "one always knows what to expect of you! You have never surprised me but once, and that is to-day — in presenting me with a pretty cousin whose existence I had never suspected."

"Do you think her very pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed; but I don't insist upon that. It's her general air of being some one in particular that strikes me. Who is this particular some one, and what is she? Where did you find her, and how did you make her acquaintance?"

"I found her in an old house at Albany, sitting in a dreary room on a rainy day, reading a heavy book, and boring herself to death. She did n't know she was bored, but when I told her, she seemed very grateful for the hint. You may say I should n't have told her — I should have let her alone. There is a good deal in that; but I acted conscientiously; I thought she was meant for something better. It occurred to me that it would be a kindness to take her about and introduce her to the world. She thinks she knows a great deal of it, — like most American girls; but, like most American girls, she is very much mistaken. If you want to know, I thought she would do me credit. I like to be well thought of, and for a woman of my age there is no more becoming ornament than an attractive niece. You know I had seen nothing of my sister's children for years; I disapproved entirely of the father. But I always meant to do something for them when he should have been removed from the scene. I ascertained where they were to be found, and, without any preliminaries, went and introduced myself. There are two other sisters, both of whom are married, but I saw only the elder, who has, by the way, a very ill-mannered husband. The wife, whose name is Lily, jumped at the idea of my taking an interest in Isabel; she said it was just what her sister needed — that some one should take an interest in her. She spoke of her as you might speak of some young person of genius, in want of encouragement and patronage. It may be that Isabel is a genius; but in that case I have not yet learned her

special line. Mrs. Ludlow was especially keen about my taking her to Europe; they all regard Europe over there as a sort of land of emigration, a refuge for their superfluous population. Isabel herself seemed very glad to come, and the thing was easily arranged. There was a little difficulty about the money question, as she seemed averse to being under obligations in that respect. But she has a small income of her own, and she supposes herself to be traveling at her own expense."

Ralph had listened attentively to this judicious account of his pretty cousin, by which his interest in her was not impaired.

"Ah, if she is a genius," he said, "we must find out her special line. Is it, by chance, for flirting?"

"I don't think so. You may suspect that at first, but you will be wrong."

"Warburton is wrong, then!" Ralph Touchett declared. "He flatters himself he has made that discovery."

His mother shook her head. "Lord Warburton won't understand her; he need n't try."

"He is very intelligent," said Ralph; "but it's right he should be puzzled once in a while."

"Isabel will enjoy puzzling a lord," Mrs. Touchett remarked.

Her son frowned a little. "What does she know about lords?"

"Nothing at all; that will puzzle him all the more."

Ralph greeted these words with a laugh, and looked out of the window a little. Then, "Are you not going down to see my father?" he asked.

"At a quarter to eight," said Mrs. Touchett.

Her son looked at his watch. "You have another quarter of an hour, then; tell me some more about Isabel."

But Mrs. Touchett declined his invitation, declaring that he must find out for himself.

"Well," said Ralph, "she will cer-

tainly do you credit. But won't she also give you trouble?"

"I hope not; but if she does, I shall not shrink from it. I never do that."

"She strikes me as very natural," said Ralph.

"Natural people are not the most trouble."

"No," said Ralph; "you yourself are a proof of that. You are extremely natural, and I am sure you have never troubled any one. But tell me this; it just occurs to me. Is Isabel capable of making herself disagreeable?"

"Ah," cried his mother, "you ask too many questions! Find that out for yourself!"

His questions, however, were not exhausted. "All this time," he said, "you have not told me what you intend to do with her."

"Do with her? You talk as if she were a yard of calico! I shall do absolutely nothing with her, and she herself will do everything that she chooses. She gave me notice of that."

"What you meant then, in your telegram, was that her character was independent."

"I never know what I mean by my telegrams, especially those I send from America. Clearness is too expensive. Come down to your father."

"It is not yet a quarter to eight," said Ralph.

"I must allow for his impatience," Mrs. Touchett answered.

Ralph knew what to think of his father's impatience; but making no rejoinder, he offered his mother his arm. This put it into his power, as they descended together, to stop her a moment on the middle landing of the staircase, — the broad, low, wide-armed staircase of time-stained oak which was one of the most striking ornaments of Gardencourt.

"You have no plan of marrying her?" he said, smiling.

"Marry her? I should be sorry to play her such a trick! But apart from

that, she is perfectly able to marry herself; she has every facility."

"Do you mean to say she has a husband picked out?"

"I don't know about a husband, but there is a young man in Boston" —

Ralph went on; he had no desire to hear about the young man in Boston. "As my father says," he exclaimed, "they are always engaged!"

His mother had told him that he must extract his information about his cousin from the girl herself, and it soon became evident to him that he should not want for opportunity. He had, for instance, a good deal of talk with her that same evening, when the two had been left alone together in the drawing-room. Lord Warburton, who had ridden over from his own house, some ten miles distant, remounted and took his departure before dinner; and an hour after this meal was concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Touchett, who appeared to have exhausted each other's conversation, withdrew, under the valid pretext of fatigue, to their respective apartments. The young man spent an hour with his cousin; though she had been traveling half the day, she appeared to have no sense of weariness. She was really tired, she knew it, and knew that she should pay for it on the morrow; but it was her habit at this period to carry fatigue to the furthest point, and confess to it only when dissimulation had become impossible. For the present it was perfectly possible; she was interested and excited. She asked Ralph to show her the pictures; there were a great many of them in the house, most of them of his own choosing. The best of them were arranged in an oaken gallery of charming proportions, which had a sitting-room at either end of it, and which in the evening was usually lighted. The light was insufficient to show the pictures to advantage, and the visit might have been deferred till the morrow. This suggestion Ralph had ventured to make;

but Isabel looked disappointed — smiling still, however — and said, “If you please, I should like to see them just a little.” She was eager, she knew that she was eager, and that she seemed so, but she could not help it. “She does n’t take suggestions,” Ralph said to himself; but he said it without irritation; her eagerness amused and even pleased him. The lamps were on brackets, at intervals, and if the light was imperfect, it was mellow. It fell upon the vague squares of rich color and on the faded gilding of heavy frames; it made a shining on the polished floor of the gallery. Ralph took a candlestick and moved about, pointing out the things he liked; Isabel, bending toward one picture after another, indulged in little exclamations and murmurs. She was evidently a judge; she had a natural taste; he was struck with that. She took a candlestick herself and held it slowly here and there; she lifted it high, and as she did so, he found himself pausing in the middle of the gallery and bending his eyes much less upon the pictures than on her figure. He lost nothing, in truth, by this inconsistency of vision; for she was better worth looking at than most works of art. She was thin, and light, and middling tall; when people had wished to distinguish her from the other two Miss Archers, they always called her the thin one. Her hair, which was dark even to blackness, had been an object of envy to many women; her light gray eye, a little too keen, perhaps, in her graver moments, had an enchanting softness when she smiled. They walked slowly up one side of the gallery and down the other, and then she said, —

“Well, now I know more than I did when I began!”

“You apparently have a great passion for knowledge,” her cousin answered, laughing.

“I think I have; most girls seem to me so ignorant,” said Isabel.

“You strike me as different from most girls.”

“Ah, some girls are so nice,” murmured Isabel, who preferred not to talk about herself. Then, in a moment, to change the subject, she went on, “Please tell me, — is n’t there a ghost?”

“A ghost?”

“A spectre, a phantom; we call them ghosts in America.”

“So we do here, when we see them.”

“You do see them, then? You ought to, in this romantic old house.”

“It’s not a romantic house,” said Ralph. “You will be disappointed if you count on that. It’s dismally prosaic; there is no romance here but what you may have brought with you.”

“I have brought a great deal; but it seems to me I have brought it to the right place.”

“To keep it out of harm, certainly; nothing will ever happen to it here, between my father and me.”

Isabel looked at him a moment.

“Is there never any one here but your father and you?”

“My mother, of course.”

“Oh, I know your mother; she is not romantic. Have n’t you other people?”

“Very few.”

“I am sorry for that; I like so much to see people.”

“Oh, we will invite all the county to amuse you,” said Ralph.

“Now you are making fun of me,” the girl answered, rather gravely. “Who was the gentleman who was on the lawn when I arrived?”

“A county neighbor; he does n’t come very often.”

“I am sorry for that; I liked him,” said Isabel.

“Why, it seemed to me that you barely spoke to him,” Ralph objected.

“Never mind, I like him all the same. I like your father, too, immensely.”

“You can’t do better than that; he is a dear old man.”

“I am so sorry he is ill,” said Isabel.

"You must help me to nurse him; you ought to be a good nurse."

"I don't think I am; I have been told I am not; I am said to be too theoretic. But you have n't told me about the ghost," she added.

Ralph, however, gave no heed to this observation.

"You like my father, and you like Lord Warburton. I infer, also, that you like my mother."

"I like your mother very much, because—because"—And Isabel found herself attempting to assign a reason for her affection for Mrs. Touchett.

"Ah, we never know why!" said her companion, laughing.

"I always know why," the girl answered. "It's because she does n't expect one to like her; she does n't care whether one does or not."

"So you adore her, out of perversity? Well, I take greatly after my mother," said Ralph.

"I don't believe you do at all. You wish people to like you, and you try to make them do it."

"Good heavens, how you see through one!" cried Ralph, with a dismay that was not altogether jocular.

"But I like you all the same," his cousin went on. "The way to clinch the matter will be to show me the ghost."

Ralph shook his head sadly. "I might show it to you, but you would never see it. The privilege is n't given to every one; it's not enviable. It has never been seen by a young, happy, innocent person like you. You must have suffered first, have suffered greatly, have gained some miserable knowledge. In that way your eyes are opened to it. I saw it long ago," said Ralph, smiling.

"I told you just now I was very fond of knowledge," the girl answered.

"Yes, of happy knowledge, of pleasant knowledge. But you have n't suffered, and you are not made to suffer. I hope you will never see the ghost!"

Isabel had listened to him attentively, with a smile on her lips, but with a certain gravity in her eyes. Charming as he found her, she had struck him as rather presumptuous,—indeed, it was a part of her charm; and he wondered what she would say.

"I am not afraid," she said; which seemed quite presumptuous enough.

"You are not afraid of suffering?"

"Yes, I am afraid of suffering. But I am not afraid of ghosts. And I think people suffer too easily," she added.

"I don't believe you do," said Ralph, looking at her with his hands in his pockets.

"I don't think that's a fault," she answered. "It is not absolutely necessary to suffer! we were not made for that."

"You were not, certainly."

"I am not speaking of myself." And she turned away a little.

"No, it is n't a fault," said her cousin. "It's a merit to be strong."

"Only, if you don't suffer, they call you hard," Isabel suggested. They passed out of the smaller drawing-room, into which they had returned from the gallery, and paused in the hall, at the foot of the staircase. Here Ralph presented his companion with her bedroom candle, which he had taken from a niche.

"Never mind what they call you," he said. "When you do suffer, they call you an idiot. The great point is to be as happy as possible."

She looked at him a little; she had taken her candle, and placed her foot on the oaken stair.

"Well," she said, "that's what I came to Europe for, to be as happy as possible. Good night."

"Good night! I wish you all success, and shall be very glad to contribute to it!"

She turned away, and he watched her as she slowly ascended. Then, with his hands always in his pockets, he went back to the empty drawing-room.

Henry James, Jr.

THE JEW'S GIFT.

A. D. 1200.

THE Abbot willed it, and it was done.

They hanged him high in an iron cage
For the spiteful wind and the patient sun
To bleach him. Faith, 't was a cruel age!
Just for no crime they hanged him there.

When one is a Jew, why, one remains
A Jew to the end, though he swing in air
From year to year in a suit of chains.

'T was May, and the buds into blossom broke,
And the apple-boughs were pink and white:
What grewsome fruit was that on the oak,
Swaying and swaying day and night!
The miller, urging his piebald mare
Over the cross-road, stopped and leered;
But never an urchin ventured there,
For fear of the dead-man's long white beard.

A long white beard like carded wool,
Reaching down to the very knee,—
Of a proper sort with which to pull
A heretic Jew to the gallows-tree!
Piteous women-folk turned away,
Having no heart for such a thing;
But the blackbirds on the alder-spray
For very joy of it seemed to sing.

Whenever a monk went shuffling by
To the convent over against the hill,
He would lift a pitiless pious eye,
And mutter, "The Abbot but did God's will!"
And the Abbot himself slept no whit less,
But rather the more, for this his deed:
And the May moon filled, and the loveliness
Of springtide flooded upland and mead.

Then an odd thing chanced. A certain clown,
On a certain morning breaking stone
By the hill-side, saw, as he glanced down,
That the heretic's long white beard was gone,—
Shaved as clean and close as you choose,
As close and clean as his polished pate!
Like wildfire spread the marvelous news
From the ale-house bench to the convent gate.

And the good folk flocked from far and near,
And the monks trooped down the rocky height:
'T was a miracle, that was very clear, —
The Devil had shaved the Israelite!
Where is the Abbot? Quick, go tell!
Summons him, knave, sdeath! straightway!
The Devil hath sent his barber from hell,
Perchance there will be the Devil to pay!

Now a lad that had climbed an alder-tree,
The better to overlook the rest,
Suddenly gave a shout of glee
At finding a wondrous blackbird-nest,
Then suddenly flung it from his hand,
For lo! it was woven of human hair,
Plaited and braided, strand upon strand, —
No marvel the heretic's chin was bare!

Silence fell upon priest and clown,
Each stood riveted in his place;
The brat that tugged at his mother's gown
Caught the terror that blanched her face.
Then one, a patriarch, bent and gray,
Wise with the grief of years fourscore,
Picked up his staff, and took his way
By the mountain-path to the Abbot's door, —

And bravely told this thing of the nest,
How the birds had never touched cheek or eye,
But daintily plucked the fleece from the breast
To build a home for their young thereby.
"Surely, if they were not afeard
(God's little choristers, free of guile!)
To serve themselves of the Hebrew's beard,
It was that he was not wholly vile!

"Perhaps they saw with their keener eyes
The grace that we missed, but which God sees:
Ah, but he reads all hearts likewise,
The good in those, and the guilt in these.
Precious is mercy, O my lord!"
Humbly the Abbot bowed his head,
And, making a gesture of accord, —
"What would you have? The knave is dead."

"Certes, the man is dead! No doubt
Deserved to die; as a Jew, he died;
But now he hath served the sentence out
(With a dole or two thrown in beside),

Suffered all that he may of men —

Why not earth him, and no more words ?”

The Abbot pondered, and smiled, and then —

“Well, well! since he gave his beard to the birds!”

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE SILK INDUSTRY IN AMERICA.

ABOUT thirteen hundred and fifty years ago two Nestorian monks, armed with formidable-looking canes, were traveling from India to Byzantium. Sent to the East by the Patriarch of Persia, whither they had fled after the Nestorian persecution, they were not so zealous in the propagation of Christianity that they failed to perceive certain features in the arts and sciences in which the heathen were far superior to the Christians. They determined to learn as well as to teach. They were especially interested in finding the secret of a certain fabric of surprising lustre and beauty, familiar to Europe at that time as one of the most mysterious products of the East, and so highly valued that a pound of it was worth a pound of gold. Their efforts were successful. They hastened to Byzantium. They sought an audience with the Emperor Justinian, who was, no doubt, a little surprised when he learned that this beautiful and coveted product was originally the work of a worm. Up to this time, the middle of the sixth century, the common opinion in Europe was, that, like cotton, it was wholly a vegetable product. He was further informed that though the worms themselves could not be brought to Byzantium, it would be easy to bring their eggs, the worms from which, when hatched, and fed on mulberry leaves, would spin their silken fibre for his subjects, and render importation from the hated Persians unnecessary. Stimulated by the large rewards which the emperor offered, the monks went

back to India. The exportation of eggs was forbidden under penalty of death. But the shrewd missionaries made two large and hollow canes, which they filled with the eggs, and by this ingenious device succeeded in conveying them in good condition to the emperor.

This is the earliest and commonly received tradition of the introduction of silk culture into Europe. Yet the looms of Asia had been working for many centuries before these enterprising monks plodded into Europe with those hollow and oviparous mockeries.

There are two principal branches of the silk industry, only one of which is practically represented in this country. There is first *silk culture*, which includes the culture of the mulberry-tree and the care of the worm until it has spun its cocoon, from which the silk is derived; second, the *manufacture of silk*, which begins with the reeling of the thread from the cocoon, and ends with the woven fabric. That we may understand what is involved in these two branches of the industry, and the relation they sustain to its position and development in the United States, let us look for a moment at the biography of the worm, and the processes by which his kindly legacy is utilized.

Of the several species of the proper silk-worm, the *Bombyx mori*, from its more extensive use, must engage our attention. On the desk before us are several little squares of cotton cloth, each of them covered with several hundred little, round, slate-colored dots. We

should not dare to keep them here very long, for each of them contains, as Professor Tyndall would say, "the promise and potency" of a worm, and a very little heat would suffice to hatch them. We remand them to the coolness of the cellar to await the opening mulberry leaves. When allowed to hatch, each of these tiny dots releases a black worm of exceeding minuteness, but endowed with great possibilities of growth. If properly fed, it will be, on the second day, twice as large as on the first. In four days it will stretch to a quarter of an inch. Like many people, who ultimately wear its product, the worm soon gets tired of its coat and asks a new one. It is only four days old when it finds itself too large for its skin. It ceases to eat, and lies in a very torpid and apparently dejected state for several hours. This is called its moulting sickness, and is repeated four times during its caterpillar life. After lubricating its body, and fastening the old skin with silken cords to the spot on which it rests, it passes out of its old coat without much trouble. It then recovers its appetite, and grows with rapidity until the second change, which occurs when it is about eight days old. The periods between the moultings are called *ages*, and vary in length from three to seven days. The fifth age lasts about ten days, at the end of which the worm has attained its full growth, and is about two and a half or three inches in length. After it has passed its last transformation in the caterpillar stage, its appetite becomes voracious, and it eats almost constantly. According to Bonafous, on the first day of the fourth age the worms produced from one ounce of eggs will consume upon an average twenty-three and a quarter pounds of mulberry leaves; on the first day of the fifth age they will consume forty-two pounds, and on the sixth day of the same age they acquire their maximum voracity, and devour no less than two hundred and twenty-three

pounds! From this date their appetite continually decreases until, on the tenth day of this age, they consume only fifty-six pounds.

In the cocoon the worm changes into the chrysalis state and appears about the size and shape of a kidney bean. When the cocoons are completed, they are collected and carefully sorted. A certain number of the best are kept for breeding. In these the chrysalis is allowed to change into a moth and emerge from the cocoon, which it does at periods varying from fifteen to thirty days according to the climate. The moth is of a grayish-white color. The male and female couple soon after coming from the cocoon, and the females deposit their eggs in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The moths eat nothing after coming from the cocoon, and die shortly after laying their eggs. The eggs, which are laid on bits of cotton cloth, are carefully preserved in a cold place until the next season, though in some varieties they are allowed to hatch soon for another crop.

Silk-worms may be fed on the leaves of several different kinds of trees; the castor-oil plant, the osage orange, even the oak, have been used by different experimenters. But for successful silk raising there is no worm like the *Bombyx mori*, and for the *bombyx* no tree like the mulberry. Of the several varieties of mulberry, the white (*Morus alba*) is preferred, though the *M. multicaulis* and the *M. niger*, or American mulberry, may be used for the purpose. For successful rearing it is necessary, we are told, to have the worms hatch about the time the leaves are fresh and tender. These should be cut very fine at first. There should be plenty of ventilation. No animal seems to like air better than the silk-worm. When they are sick and drooping the Chinese frequently revive them by fanning. Not more than one hundred should be put to a single foot on the shelves or tables on which they are fed. They should have plenty of light,

but not the direct rays of the sun. They should not be exposed to long intervals of hunger, and should never be fed with wet leaves. If gathered when the dew is on them, the leaves should be carefully dried.

M. de Boissiere, who is heroically trying to introduce silk culture into Kansas, tells us that one acre of ground will answer for 160 trained mulberry trees, each of which, four years from planting, will average ten to twelve pounds of leaves, making 1600 to 1800 pounds to the acre, or enough to feed from thirty to forty thousand worms, which should produce from thirty to forty thousand cocoons. The price of a pound of cocoons he places at from eighty cents to a dollar, making the value range from eighty dollars to one hundred and forty dollars.

We now come to the second branch of the subject, the manufacture of silk. The worm has done his part of the process when he has spun the cocoon. He has wound his silk into a bobbin or ball. All that is necessary to prepare it for manufacture is to unwind it. The manufacture of silk thus differs widely from that of cotton, which must first be spun into a thread, before it can be woven. In silk the worm itself has generously acted as the spinner and turned the largest part of its body into a continuous thread. As the chrysalis, though dormant, is still living in the cocoon, and by merging will pierce the fibre and render it unfit for reeling, it is necessary to kill it. This is done by subjecting the cocoon to a gentle heat in a large oven. In warm climates the natural heat of the sun is sufficient. A number of the cocoons are then placed in a basin of hot water, which is kept warm by a fire beneath it, and stirred with a whisk broom until the gum is softened and the floss, or outer silk, is disengaged. The gum once loosened it is easy to catch up the cocoon threads, several of which are run

through an eyelet or guide which converges them, whence they are wound on a reel. The reeling machine is a simple affair, a wheel on which the silk is wound and various devices for guiding the thread. The more rapid the motion, the more easily does the silk unwind. The chief difficulty is to keep the thread uniform. Fresh ends must be added from new cocoons so that, if possible, an equal number shall be represented in the thread at any given time. The cocoons are sometimes imperfect, of variable length, and the thread varies in size in the same cocoon. The silk inside, near the chrysalis, is generally of poor quality. The pierced cocoons and the dupions or double cocoons, formed by two worms entering into partnership, cannot be reeled at all. Then again, if the water is too hot it injures the silk; if not hot enough, the silk will not unwind freely. Much adroitness is needed in catching up the fresh ends, and to produce an even thread requires no little patience and skill. In China and Italy much of the work is done by women. An experienced hand, with the assistance of a girl to turn the wheel and to keep the fire under the caldron, can reel with ease from a pound to a pound and a half of silk of the best quality in a day. All the raw silk which comes to this country from China, France, or Italy is already reeled, except the pierced or waste cocoons. Most of the best Chinese raw silk that we receive is re-reeled from the ball in Shanghai. Re-reeling was introduced there through American merchants, who found the Chinese hanks too large to be worked profitably. The price of reeled or raw silk, as it is called, is from four dollars to eleven dollars a pound. The best Italian and French silk is worth about two dollars more a pound than the Chinese, because of better reeling. The raw silk, owing to the natural gum with which the cocoon thread is covered, is quite hard, and the silky feeling is altogether wanting. There are about four

ounces of gum to every pound of silk. The Chinese, however, have various ways of adulterating it so that the weight of the raw silk is largely increased. It is usual for the importer to boil out a pound of silk to ascertain the proportion of gum or foreign matter it contains. This adulteration of the raw material is one of the great difficulties the manufacturer has to contend with.

On reaching the silk mill it is first carefully sorted according to its fineness, which is determined by reeling off a certain number of yards and weighing them. It is then soaked in boiling water until the gum is softened. Care is taken not to wash it all out, as a certain proportion is a great assistance in winding. The silk is then dried in swiftly revolving cylinders and unwound from the hanks upon large bobbins. The Chinese silk, on account of its unevenness, is often passed between metal plates with sharp edges, which reduce the thread to a more uniform thickness. After being unwound and evened, the silk is passed through an eyelet and run upon a single bobbin. This bobbin is then placed in the spinning frame, where, in being wound off upon another bobbin, the thread receives a twist of so many turns to the inch. It is then what is called *tram*, and is used for the filling in weaving. For the warp, which is called *organzine*, two threads of the tram are doubled and spun upon another spool, the twist being given in the opposite direction to make the thread stronger. The twist for the filling is looser than that for the warp. The coarseness of the filling depends upon the variety of goods that are required. There are about eighteen threads of the cocoon in the finest numbers of sewing silk. After the silk is thus "thrown," as the process of winding and doubling is called, it is reeled into skeins and sent to the dyer, where the gum is boiled out and the silk is treated to a new color. Heavy silks are all dyed in the skein. The lighter

milliner's silks and pongees are frequently dyed in the piece, and are dried upon large heated rollers after coming from the final vat. On leaving the dye-house the stuff has lost every particle of its gum and has a soft, silky feeling. Then, when carefully rewound on bobbins, it is ready for sewing silk and for the various purposes of weaving into broad or narrow goods, or for the ingenious devices in trimming.

Among the remote and unfamiliar curiosities of Harvard College Library is a little book printed in London in 1655, with a very prolonged title, the essential part of which is "The Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm; or, a Rare and New Discovery of a Speedy Way, and Easie Means, found out by a Young Lady in England . . . for the Feeding of Silk-Worms in the Woods, on the Mulberry-Tree-Leaves in Virginia." This little book is a curious mixture of prose and poetry, commercial shrewdness, exuberant piety, and an ingenious, money-making philanthropy. The writer is intensely enthusiastic in his hopes for the establishment of silk culture in America, and is thoroughly confident that its introduction there "will not only be the means of enriching the colonies and the mother country, but will result in the civilization and conversion of the Indians."

It is two hundred and twenty-three years since that book was written. The Indians have been pushed from Virginia beyond the Missouri, and our domain has been extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but silk culture in the United States is just as much in futurity as it was then, and the beautiful sample of reeled silk lying before us, from the single colony in our country (at Silkville, Kansas) which is now trying the experiment, is just as much a curiosity as the specimens sent from Virginia to England two centuries and a half ago. This curious little book, with its extravagance of precept and prophecy, finds an ante-

cedent in a more sober work on the same shelf, written thirty-three years before, which contains a letter on the subject by James I. to the Earl of Southampton, treasurer of the plantation in Virginia, and which really introduces us to the first attempt to establish silk culture in America. James I. had tried the experiment of raising the silk-worm in England, but after a series of costly failures abandoned the attempt. What could not be done there he was sure could be done in the genial climate of Virginia. This interest in silk was stimulated by his hatred of tobacco, against which he wrote his famous but unsuccessful *Counterblast*. He hoped by introducing the cultivation of silk to drive out tobacco. Coercion and reward were both tried. The letter above mentioned was written. Planters were commanded, under heavy penalty, to plant ten mulberry-trees to every one hundred acres. Parliament and the Colonial Assembly offered liberal premiums for raw silk and cocoons. In 1660 the culture had so far advanced that the coronation robe of Charles II. was made of raw silk raised in the colonies. But tobacco was profitable and silk was not. In the struggle for existence the weed conquered the worm. At the close of that century silk culture became almost extinct in Virginia.

It is interesting to note that in the next century one of the most important American colonies was founded under the desire to establish silk culture in this country. The enterprising Oglethorpe was the moving spirit. Even before the departure from England the seal of the new colony had on one side a representation of silk-worms, some beginning, some completing, their labors. Georgia was settled in 1732. Two years later, eight pounds of raw silk were sent to England, and in 1735 a small trunk full of the same material. This was presented to Queen Caroline, who appeared on his majesty's birthday in a full

robe of Georgia silk. Later a filature or reeling establishment was opened at Savannah. From ten to fifteen thousand pounds of cocoons were annually delivered to this establishment. In 1766 the amount reached twenty thousand pounds. The annual export of reeled silk ranged from five hundred to one thousand pounds, and brought in the London market from two to three shillings more a pound than the silk from any other part of the world. After a few years the silk trade in Georgia began to decline, and in 1774 the filature at Savannah was abandoned. The cause of this decline was the uncertainty of the climate, the price of labor, and above all things the greater profitableness of the cotton crop.

The history of the failure of silk culture in Georgia is, in brief, its history in most of the other colonies. Early attempts were made in South Carolina and also in Louisiana, only to be ultimately abandoned. Favored by generous bounties, the experiment was tried in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Benjamin Franklin was instrumental in establishing a filature at Philadelphia in 1770. Incited by reports from the South, strong efforts were made to introduce the silk-worm into New England. Foremost in this attempt were President Stiles, of Yale College, and Dr. Jared Eliot, of Boston, the author of a practical book of *Essays upon Field Husbandry* in New England, printed in 1760. In this book Dr. Eliot strongly urges the planting of the mulberry-tree, and argues that besides feeding silk-worms, they afford a good supply of fire-wood, and furnish valuable timber; are well worth planting for shade and ornament; that the fruit is good for swine and poultry; and finally, as if to clinch his argument, he adds a consideration worthy of a true Bostonian, namely, "Such groves are proper places for retirement, study, and meditation. . . . This will have weight with those who love contempla-

tion, those who are wise and good." He anticipates Thoreau in the next sentence by saying that "he that is not company for himself when alone will be none of the most pleasant or edifying company for others. Narrow minds who have no fund for their own entertainment will afford but bare entertainment for others." "The Garden of Eden," he reminds us, "was not furnished with palaces, but with a great variety of trees." And was it not Abraham who "planted a grove in Beer-sheba and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God"? Dr. Stiles reduced his preaching to practice, and in 1788 appeared at college commencement with a robe made entirely of Connecticut silk. Silk culture was established at Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1760, and was kept up for more than eighty years.

To most of the children of the present generation in Massachusetts a silk cocoonery would be a novel sight; but there are many older persons who remember the time when numerous farmers and several enterprising clergymen throughout the State had a few silk-worms in their houses or barns, whose care was sometimes intrusted to the women and children of the family. For although at the beginning of this century the silk culture in this country had almost died out, yet strong efforts were made to revive it. Indeed, for two hundred and fifty years this branch of industry has been seeking a foothold in America through a series of periodical and enthusiastic revivals, each of which has been followed by a re-active failure. Such a revival took place some fifty years ago. It extended over all the Eastern and Middle States. Congress even was affected by it, and appointed a committee to report on the culture of the mulberry with reference to the silk-worm. Massachusetts took fire. Its legislature in 1831 appropriated \$600 for the publication and distribution of a manual on silk, which was prepared

by Jonathan H. Cobb, of Dedham, who was one of the most earnest silk culturists in the State. We are reminded of the enthusiasm of the author of the *Virginian Silk-Worm* when we read in the report of the legislative committee that they were "satisfied beyond a doubt that we have power to produce and manufacture silk in this commonwealth to an immense extent, and that no difficulty is to be encountered either from soil or climate." The argument for the cultivation of silk was enforced by the alarming fact that about this time, 1825, the export of breadstuffs was only about one half the value of the silk imported.

Silk culture soon took the form of a feverish speculation, and grew into a surprisingly large bubble. This inflation was brought about through the purported discovery that the *Morus multicaulis*, or many-branched mulberry, was the best of all trees for silk-worms. An intense rage for this tree sprang up. The most extravagant prices were demanded. Dr. Brockett tells us, in his *Centennial History of the Silk Trade*, that young trees or cuttings came to be worth twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two hundred, and even five hundred dollars a hundred. Immense numbers were imported from France. But suddenly, in 1839, the bubble burst. Not a few nursery-men were utterly ruined, and the next spring "multicaulis trees were offered in vain to the neighboring farmers, at a dollar a hundred, for pea brush." This branch of the industry has never recovered from that disaster, and to-day there is less silk raised in all the United States than there was in Georgia one hundred and twenty years ago.

The result of many experiments in silk culture in this country has been to prove that as fine a quality of silk can be raised in the United States as in any part of the world. But it has also as positively proven that the silk cannot

be raised here and reeled as cheaply as the raw silk can be imported from China and Japan. It may be done in "Ultimate America," but with the present relations of labor and capital it cannot easily be done now. Silk raising must preferably be confined to countries where there is a dense population. In the feeding season it requires an immense amount of labor, which comes all at once. To give wages for feeding silk-worms, anything like the wages that are given for work in our mills, would not pay any more than it would to set men to feeding chickens. Wherever the experiment of raising silk-worms on a large scale has been tried, it has failed. They are too liable to get diseased. They do better in isolated communities or families. The only way in which silk raising can be carried on without loss in this country is for each farmer, where the climate will permit, to raise a moderate quantity of cocoons yearly, sending them to large filatures, where they may be successfully reeled. Years ago, reeling was done in the family where the silk was raised. It is now, fortunately, a separate branch of the business. Even in China and Japan this has come to be the case, the large filatures, with improved machinery, doing the work better than it could be done at home.

There is no country that has a finer climate for silk raising than California. The experiment has been tried there. An excellent quality of cocoons and eggs has been raised, but instead of rearing them for the silk, the few Californians who engaged in the business found it more profitable to ship the eggs to France, to repair the ravages made by the silk-worm disease. The only well-organized attempt in silk culture in this country now was started by M. de Boissiere, a French gentleman residing in Franklin County, Kansas. He has established a small mill, and, assisted by M. Crozier, who has written a treatise

on the raising of silk-worms, is working vigorously among the farmers of Kansas. These gentlemen are fully aware of the difficulties in their way, but they are full of hope and enthusiasm.

The history of silk culture in America is a history of failure; but when we turn to the *manufacture of silk* from the reeled article, we have the history of a surprising success. Failures in silk growing left open but one other course, — the importation of raw silk from the great silk-growing countries and its manufacture into fabrics upon American looms. A few facts will show the result of this policy, protected as it has been by a sufficient tariff.

Rodney and Horatio Hanks are credited with erecting in 1810, at Mansfield, Conn., the first silk mill on this continent. Mr. William H. Horstmann, of Cassel, Germany, established the second at Philadelphia in 1815, and is said to have been the pioneer manufacturer in the use of the Jacquard loom, which he introduced about 1824. The first silk mill in Paterson, N. J. (which has now become the Lyons of America), was established in 1840 by Christopher Colt, Jr., of Hartford. The surprising growth of the industry in this city is seen from records compiled by Franklin Allen, secretary of the Silk Association of America. Starting with one mill in 1840, in thirty-eight years the number of firms and corporations has grown to thirty-two, with five dyeing establishments, employing altogether 8000 persons (two thirds of whom are females), whose wages amount to from \$2,000,000 to \$2,600,000 yearly. There are 74,000 throwing spindles and 23,000 braiding spindles; 730 power looms and 563 hand looms; 550,000 pounds of silk are dyed in a year. The amount of capital invested in mills, machinery, and manufacture amounts to nearly \$6,000,000. The classes of goods made at Paterson embrace tram, orgazine, fringes, sewing-silks, machine and twist, ribbons, dress,

and fancy silks, handkerchiefs, veils, and dress trimmings, braids and bindings, and upholstery trimmings. The manufacture of silk lace is carried on extensively and with great success by Mr. A. G. Jennings, of Brooklyn, so that nearly every variety of silk manufacture is represented in the United States. The quality of the work will compare with, and in some departments is superior to, that of any other country in the world. There are few of our countrymen who realize how much the silk industry owes to the improvements we have made in silk machinery. The judges of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia pronounced our machinery to be in advance of that of all other countries. The display of American goods at Philadelphia not only surprised foreign experts, but completely surprised many Americans themselves.

Twenty years ago our supply of dress silks, ribbons, silk laces, shawls, etc., came mainly from England and France. To-day, beyond a few fancy and mixed goods we buy no silks from Great Britain. The failure of the silk manufacture in Great Britain was due to the abrogation of the duties on manufactured silk. A similar repeal of the duties here no doubt would result in a similar disaster. The duty on manufactured silk is about sixty per cent., about the same as the duty on sugar; yet as a result of home competition silk goods were never lower in our market than they are to-day, and the conclusive proof that this tariff is not prohibitory is seen in the fact that in the lists of the value of imported articles silk stands third, being second only to sugar and wool.

Including some twenty-five importers and dealers in raw silk, there are about two hundred and seventy-nine firms engaged in silk manufacture in America, of which the greater number are in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. There are 18,000 operatives who receive annu-

ally over \$6,000,000; the amount of capital invested is about \$18,000,000, and the total value of product \$27,000,000. In June, 1872, the silk manufacturers of this country formed an association known as The Silk Association of America, which has its head-quarters in New York, and whose object is to further the interests of the trade in the United States.

There is one branch of the silk industry in which it may confidently be said that America leads the world; and that is in the manufacture of what is called spun or waste silks. The perfection which has been reached in this branch is due to the ingenuity, patience, and perseverance of the Cheney Brothers, of South Manchester, Conn., who own the largest silk mill on the continent, and whose products are known all over this country, and are now being imitated in Europe. The history of the Cheney family, if it were the province of this article to give it, would be a little biographical sermon on the text, "How pleasant" (and we might add how profitable) "it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." There were eight brothers in this family, but not one too many. They all became early interested in silk culture and started a mill at South Manchester, in 1838, two years before the first mill at Paterson. Besides making various attempts to colonize the silk-worm in Connecticut, Ohio, New Jersey, and Georgia, they published a monthly journal, — *The American Silk-Grower and Farmer's Manual*. But their silk-growing experiments failed. They gradually returned to South Manchester and started the manufacture of sewing silk from imported raw silk. At that time this country was supplied almost entirely from Italy. The Cheney family made a close study of the Italian method. After experimenting for some time, Mr. Frank Cheney succeeded in twisting silk on the same plan that the Italians did; but what they did by hand the Cheney family did by machinery. This was the beginning

of their success. Their business grew rapidly, and they grew with their business. New buildings began to dot the fields at South Manchester, and the number of operatives steadily increased until the old farm was converted into a beautiful manufacturing village.

In 1854 they took up the manufacture of waste or spun silk, which has now become their specialty. But what is waste silk? Many people have an idea that it is simply shoddy,—the product of old dresses or remnants. This is not the case. To explain it, let us go back again to the cocoon of the silk-worm. We have seen that a certain number of cocoons must be reserved for breeding. In these the moth is suffered to make his way out, which renders them unfit for reeling. In Japan the number of pierced cocoons is very large, owing to the great demand for silk-worm eggs in Europe. Something like three million eggs go through this country from Japan *en route* to Europe every year. There are also the dupions or double cocoons, which cannot be easily wound off, and there is the floss and the *frison*, or waste, which comes from reeling. Under ordinary manufacture from raw silk all these cocoons, amounting to a vast number, would go to waste. The Japanese made from them a sort of wadding with which they lined their dresses, much as we use cotton batting. For a long time no use was made of them by silk manufacturers; but under the efforts of science to utilize waste products, this outcast silk has succumbed to a regenerating process which the Cheney's have brought to great perfection. These waste cocoons are imported from China, Japan, and Italy. They are carefully sorted by women, who pick out the sticks and stones with which the Celestials sometimes find it convenient to pack them. The next step is to extract the gum, which is done by placing them in a large vat with a certain preparation of alkali, varying with the kind of cocoons. They are then

washed and dried, and the treatment which follows is an endeavor to draw out the fibre as much as possible, as in flax or long wool. The fibre is so fine that the work must be done very delicately. The dry cocoons are placed in the cocoon opener, a large cylinder with combs attached, which draws out the fibre so that it resembles a long, thin sheet of cotton batting. These sheets, or laps, go to the filling engine, also composed of large cylinders and armed with teeth, where they receive another combing, and still again into a dressing machine, by which time the silk is thoroughly cleansed and is much in the condition of combed wool. The clean, flossy silk from the dressing machine is then fed into the drawing machine and passed through a series of gills or teeth, from which it issues in the form of a beautiful cascade or stream of flowing silk. The sheet has by this time been drawn out to the size of a small rope. It is drawn out still further on the roving machine and wound on a bobbin. As the fibre is very sensitive to electric influences steam is allowed to escape into the room from pipes provided for the purpose, to counteract this effect. Coming from the roving machine the silk goes to the spinning frames, where it passes through the same process as the raw silk.

It will be seen that while the unpierced cocoons are simply unwound, and reeled into hanks, a lengthy process with very costly machinery is required to convert the waste cocoons into a continuous thread of the same size. Spun silk is superseding reeled silk for many purposes. About one half the product of spun silk goes into ribbons, and the balance of it into gros-grains, handkerchiefs, pongees, and silk for millinery purposes. It is largely used for filling in the weaving of broad goods, reeled silk being used for the warp. The broad silks made by the Cheney Brothers lack some of the lustre of the reeled silk article, but are remarkable for their dura-

bility and cheapness. Foreign manufacturers admit that a much better ribbon is made by the Cheney's than they can make from the same stuff, and the best proof of this admission is seen in the sincere flattery with which they imitate the labels and the goods of this firm, compelling the Cheney's to issue a circular warning the trade against foreign counterfeits.

There is another important particular in which the spun silk goods and most American reeled silks are superior to foreign ones. American goods are generally pure. Foreign silks are now so largely weighted with extraneous matter that their quality is sometimes utterly ruined. This adulteration is effected in the dyeing process. When you put a pound of reeled silk into the dye vats, it loses in washing about four ounces. It is considered by most manufacturers allowable to get back in the dye what is lost in the gum. A perfectly pure black silk, it is said, would have a lifeless, kid-glove feeling, and would be totally devoid of the rustle which so effectively heralds the wearer. But foreign manufacturers are not content with recovering the equivalent of the lost gum. Their goods are sometimes so heavily weighted that a pound of silk is made to weigh three, four, and even five pounds. For fringes, of course, which are made to be looked at, this weight is not so objectionable, though bad enough, but when dress goods are loaded in this way the practice is utterly fraudulent. The durability of the fibre and its cohesiveness are almost entirely destroyed. This practice is not confined to firms of no repute. Adulterations have been detected in the goods of some of the most prominent French firms. Mr. W. H. Seaman, of New York, has invented a process, which is being adopted by many importers, for washing out the dye in silk, and thus ascertaining the extent of adulteration. The writer of this article was lately shown some specimens which

had been subjected to this process. The difference between the pure and the impure silk was evident. The former retained its close and perfect texture. The dye was merely a coloring. In the adulterated goods, when the dye was removed, the silk resembled mosquito netting. It is hoped that the discovery of this process may assist in checking this dishonest practice.

One of the pleasantest and most noteworthy features in connection with the work of the Cheney Brothers is not merely the improvements they have made in silk machinery, but their practical solution of the question of the pleasant and equitable relation between capital and labor. They have established, and been able to manage with surprising success, an ideal manufacturing village. The reputation they have gained among philanthropists and economists is hardly second to the reputation of their silks. Many persons visit South Manchester yearly, not to see the silk looms, but simply to see their charming village and learn the secret of their success. To the Cheney's there is no secret about it. They started their mills and have conducted them for business purposes, not merely for social experiments. But they began and have continued in the right way. They have treated their employes not as slaves, but as men and women. Instead of living in the city away from their mills, as most stockholders do, and thus having no personal interest in the welfare of the village, they have built their own houses upon beautiful sites near their mills. They have built a large number of cottages on the place, which they let to married employes at a low rent. They have established boarding-houses for the unmarried, and school-houses for the children. A large hall, erected and furnished at a cost of nearly \$60,000, which is supplied with a good organ, scenery, and dramatic appliances, is one of the best monuments of their generosity. A free library and reading-room

furnishes their employés with the latest newspapers and magazines and the best current literature. Unsectarian religious services and a Sunday-school are provided every Sunday in the hall, the Cheneys paying the expenses of preaching. There is also a Methodist and an Orthodox Congregational church in the place, which many of the operatives attend. An excellent orchestra, numbering eight or ten pieces, organized from among the employés, meets for practice every Sunday afternoon in the large hall, and, accompanied on the piano by the accomplished daughter of one of the employers, renders some of the most difficult classical music. Concerts and dramatic entertainments take place occasionally, which furnish cheap and excellent sources of amusement. The cottages are each supplied with water, gas,

and a pleasant garden plot. The mills are well lighted and ventilated. The grounds are laid out with great taste; there is no fence on the whole place. In fact, everything is done to make it pleasant and convenient for the employés. South Manchester seems rather like a great factory family than a factory town. When one compares this kind of factory life with that which exists in England or in large cities in this country, this little Connecticut village seems a terrestrial paradise. It is hardly necessary to say that the Cheneys have never suffered from strikes. We cannot help thinking that the good will to men, which they have shown in all their relations to their operatives, some way finds its way through honest hearts and deft fingers into the warp and woof of their excellent silks.

S. J. Barrows.

HIS BEST.

It was late in August, and up in the mountains the evenings had already begun to grow cool. Helen Franklin stood on the stile, at the end of the long gravel walk, in front of the house, the slant rays of the setting sun falling directly on her, and bringing out more distinctly the bright expectation expressed in her attitude and countenance. She was a tall, vigorous girl, rather compactly than slightly made, with large gray eyes, curling light-brown hair, and a soft, smooth, sallow complexion. Her face in repose, with its irregular features and neutrality of tint, would not be called handsome; but certainly she is very attractive to look upon as she stands waiting, her figure bathed in a flood of rosy light, her lips parted in a smile.

The approaching vehicle was an unpretentious looking affair enough, — a small covered wagon, drawn by one

horse; the driver a broad-shouldered, thick-set man, his fresh complexion a good deal tanned, his dark hair slightly mixed with gray where it was tufted at the temples, and pleasant blue eyes, — a physiognomy decidedly not remarkable; his dress was that of a country laborer, his age forty or thereabouts.

He touched his straw hat respectfully, as he drew up in front of the stile. "Good evening," she responded. "You see I expected you, Mr. Lafferty."

"Yes, and I've a lot of letters for you to-day, Miss Helen; more than common, I think."

She took the packet eagerly, saying, "You are so kind that we have come to look for you every evening, just as if we had a right to your services. It is certainly very nice to get our mail so promptly, but I am afraid sometimes you inconvenience yourself about it."

"Oh, no, miss," earnestly, a little Hibernianism creeping into his speech as his manner became more interested; "it's meself that's glad to be of use to ye."

"You are very kind," she repeated, a little mechanically, as she looked over the addresses of her letters. Then she said, raising her head, "I don't think we shall be quite so troublesome in the future, Mr. Lafferty. Some of our friends are coming on soon to make us a long visit, so of course they won't write us letters, and you won't have to bring them."

The man's sunburnt face changed a little. "Ye're to have company from the city then, Miss Helen," he observed after a slight pause, during which Helen had selected two of the letters, holding them in her hand, while she placed the others on the tall fence-post beside her. "Well," he continued, "I've often thought it must be lonesome for you off here in the country, up in th' mount'ns." Another pause; then hesitantly, as if conscious of taking a liberty, "You say ye look for your friends soon, miss."

"Y-e-s, very soon," she replied absently, the sense of the question finding its way slowly to her preoccupied attention. "The 19th," she said in a low tone, talking to herself. "Why, *that's* nearly three weeks off! Let's see," counting on her fingers, "27th, and seven — makes the 8d — 10th — 17th, a-n-d two — three weeks and two days." Then she smiled, looking toward the mountains.

The man ventured no more remarks, nor did he offer to go. He sat perfectly still and patient, looking at her, as she stood before him.

Her sister's voice, speaking from the house, roused her: "Helen, Helen! what are you thinking of? Do you know you are keeping Mr. Lafferty waiting? Have you any business with him?"

The girl started, blushing slightly as she met his steady gaze.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Lafferty," she said, laughing a little. "I did not mean to detain you. It was very thoughtless in me, but I *entirely* forgot you were waiting. Why did n't you remind me? Would you like to see Mrs. Richardson about anything? Shall I call her?"

"It didn't make any difference at all, Miss Helen; I did n't mind waitin'. No, miss, I don't want to see Mrs. Richardson this afternoon. I waited to ask if ye wanted me to take in'ing back to Woodberry for ye."

"Oh, you make me ashamed of myself for being so thoughtless. No, thank you. I've nothing to send to the office just now. How are your pretty calves?" she continued. "Is my namesake as charming as ever? I think Alderney calves are just the very prettiest creatures!"

"They're well, miss, and the dun heifer's handsomer than ever. *She's* obliged to flourish; I take care of her meself. You must come to see her, the next time ye drive to Woodberry, Miss Helen."

"Yes, indeed I will."

She began gathering some of the roses and honeysuckle which grew within her reach.

"Do you care for flowers, Mr. Lafferty?" she said kindly, to make amends for her late inattention. "Would you like to have these?" giving them. "I think these old-fashioned flowers are sweeter than most of the garden plants which we cultivate so carefully."

He placed them beside him on the wagon-seat, lest they should wither in his hand, saying, "Thank ye kindly, miss;" then with the natural gallantry of his race he added, "I shall think more than common of these here flowers for the sake of the lady that give them to me. Good evenin', Miss Helen," gathering the reins and turning to go.

"Good evening," she replied, nodding pleasantly. "You compel me to be

obliged to you all the time, Mr. Lafferty."

He seemed about to speak again, but Helen evidently thought the interview at an end. She had seated herself, and was smiling encouragingly to her two-year-old nephew, who was toddling from the house toward her. So he merely made an inarticulate sound, ending in a quick catching of the breath, like the beginning of a sigh, and drove off down the road toward the farm-gate. Through this gate one passed immediately into the woods, the road winding through the forest in a circuitous course, the ground beginning at the woodland to rise steadily toward the Blue Ridge, some seven miles away.

The man drove on briskly until he entered the forest. He then halted, and, alighting, climbed a bowlder and looked back between the trees, toward the house. There was still light enough for him to see distinctly. Helen was sitting on the stile, her figure in its light summer dress and red shawl relieved against the dark brown house; her head was bent over something in her hand; she was reading. He stood watching her for some time, until she rose and walked into the house; he then mounted his wagon, and drove off into the lonely, darkening wood.

Joseph Lafferty was an Irishman, who having served faithfully in one of the Louisiana regiments during the war had, after Lee's surrender, settled in the Luray valley, where he resumed his occupation as a butcher.

By thrift he had come to be quite a successful operator in buying and selling cattle. Latterly he had made this his principal business, although he still supplied a few families in the neighborhood. He was a quiet, peaceable man, good-hearted, and well liked by his neighbors. His speech was an odd compromise between the West Virginia vernacular and the Irish brogue, — unless, indeed, when under the influence of

strong feeling; then he relapsed into his native dialect. But this occurred very seldom, because, as I said before, he was naturally a quiet fellow, possessing apparently an even, un-Hibernian temper. "A good citizen" (I quote the village politicians), "not saying much, but always voting for the right man." His religious opinions, moreover, held him aloof from the neighbors of his class. He was a strict Roman Catholic, perhaps the only one in the county. So the frequent "all-day meetings," revivals, etc., held in the neighborhood and esteemed the most approved form of dissipation in that locality, were of course tabooed him. He was not illiterate, although he had received little school education. A prominent lawyer, calling one day to see him on business, was surprised to find him reading Motley's *Dutch Republic*. "Why, Lafferty," he said, "I did not know that the study of history was exactly in your line."

"Well, sir," replied the butcher, "a man livin' to himself has to read something for company, and I think he may as well learn a little from his readin', while he's about it." He used to go to Mr. Richardson's three times a week, to supply the family with meat. There, a few months before, he had seen Helen Franklin, who had come from her city home to spend the summer with her sister. She was a frank, unaffected woman, noble and true to her heart's core, and moreover was so full of energy and vitality that it was not long before the whole neighborhood came to know and admire her. She was an almost indefatigable walker, and Lafferty was constantly encountering her, as he made his daily expeditions up and down the road. She would generally say a few pleasant words to him in passing, and once, happening to meet him near the house, she asked him to take a letter to the village post-office for her, remarking as she did so that "Tom" (the negro lad usually dispatched on such errands) "was so

slow he was often too late for the mail." After that, Lafferty called every day to learn if he could be of service. He lived in the village, and his business, he said, brought him constantly in the vicinity of the Richardson place; besides, the poor fellow would have *walked* four times the distance for the sake of Helen's gracious thanks and smile. For she was engaged to be married, and, being very much in love, she was disposed to treat the bringer of her love-letters very kindly. Lafferty did not realize the nature or extent of his feeling for Helen. Men of his stamp, with healthy bodies, constant occupation, and sound, well-balanced minds, even when they belong to a higher and more cultivated class, are not much given to mental analysis where there is nothing to suggest it. And Helen Franklin had so little self-consciousness in her composition that she never once suspected the fact of his devotion,—a fact which would have discovered itself to a vainer, more susceptible organized woman, as she would have felt a change in the atmosphere.

Sometimes she experienced a little annoyance at the continued feeling of obligation to Lafferty, and one day after he had brought the mail she spoke to her sister about it.

"He is so polite about my letters I begin to feel badly about letting him fetch them all the time; I would like to make some return. What do you think about it? I have hesitated about offering him money, because he seems such a well-informed man, with such delicate impulses, that somehow I did n't like to. Why, do you know, Ada, the other day, when I was standing on the stile with a letter in my hand which he had just brought me, I dropped it,—the letter, I mean; the seal was broken, and it tumbled out, and the wind blew it off into the road. There was a photograph of himself, which Philip had sent me. Of course that fell out too, face up. Well, Lafferty jumped from his wagon, gath-

ered the sheets and the *carte* together, and handed them to me without once glancing at them; it was done like a gentleman."

"Well, he *is* a gentleman, at heart," remarked her brother-in-law, whom they had supposed absorbed in the newspaper. "All his impulses are those of a gentleman. I tell you Joe Lafferty is a *mighty* good fellow; a brave soldier he was too. He'll never flash in the pan. I wish there were more like him in the country. No, Nell, don't offer him money; it gives him pleasure to oblige you."

"But it is *not* pleasant to have to be always the obliged party," she persisted.

"Well, then, if you like, you can make him some little present; but don't offer him money, it would n't do at all."

In the mean time the first two weeks of September went by; the morning of the 18th was an uncompromising rainy day. Indeed, it had been raining for thirty hours or more. The clouds drifted persistently one way; driven before a strong southeast wind, they all sailed one after another toward the west, their dark-gray fringed borders raveling off, as they passed, into long, slanting lines of rain. The tops of the mountains had been invisible for three days. Lower down, their great sides were encircled by pale, irregular belts of mist, which in effect divided them into two broad green strips, giving a curious appearance to the horizon. Mr. Richardson was out in the barn with the farm hands around him. They sat grouped for the most part near the open door, regarding in desultory fashion the aspect of that autumn morning. It presented nothing new: in the distance, drenched fields, the gray-brown wheat-stubble showing scantily above the abundant green growth, and all dimly seen through the driving mist; nearer, the storm-swayed trees in the orchard, stretching their branchy limbs westward; in the foreground, a flock of ducks, jubilant at the state of affairs, dipping their bills in the muddy

pools with a rippling noise expressive of great contentment.

"Well," said the master at length, his long-drawn breath and rising inflection plainly accepting the inevitable, "we shan't be able to go on with the plowing to-day, *that's* certain. So you may as well get to the threshing, Henry," turning to a raw-boned, wiry mountaineer.

The man addressed took a bite at a head of wheat which he held in his hand. "Thet's so, squaw'r," he affirmed in a hoarse falsetto, chewing the grain slowly. "Don't show much sign er clarin' up, certin'." He rose deliberately, shook and brushed himself free from the straw, and walked to the door. "No, *sir*," surveying the heavens, "no sign er clarin' up ter-day. An' t' river soun's l-i-i-ke sh' is putty tollerbul high *now*. Thar's one man don't 'pear ter min' rain, though, fur yere comes Joe Lafferty in hit all." Wheels could be heard outside, crunching the wet, pebbly soil.

Mr. Richardson advanced to the door. Lafferty was seated under the doubtful shelter of a very dilapidated umbrella, his feet crowded into an uncomfortable position to avoid contact with the contents of the cart, which were carefully covered with some impervious cloth. "I brought your beef, squire," he said, after the usual greetings were exchanged, "but indeed it was as much as I could do to get here. I thought at one time I should n't be able to cross at all."

"What's the matter? river up?"

"Indeed yes. Th' ford was no ford at all. I tried it in th' wagon, but found it would n't do, so I'd to go back for th' cairt; then I'd haird work to cross in th' ferry boat."

Mr. Richardson looked uneasy. "I've known that little Shenandoah to do ugly tricks in its day. Three times I've had a whole crop of corn destroyed by a freshet, and they say I've the finest to be seen for fifty miles around this fall.

"T would be right rough to have to lose it now. Jim, go down into the meadow, and see if there is any chance of a freshet."

The dwelling-house and out-houses, dairy, meat-house, and barn, and the kitchen, which in the South is always apart from the dwelling, were built on a considerable eminence which in front sloped gently toward the mountains; but in the rear, the ground fell away as abruptly as if it had been sliced off with a gigantic knife. The kitchen, directly back of the house, stood on the very verge of a rocky declivity which descended sharp and sheer to the meadow lands below. From the back window of the little building one looked beneath on fertile fields of arable land which bordered the Shenandoah for many a mile. The opposite shore was precipitous. Cross the river just back of the Richardson place, clamber up the steep bank, and you find yourself at the foot of a mountain, — the tall Massaruttin. The barn stood at some little distance to the right of the dwelling-house. Here the descent from the plateau was much more gradual; the winding path which conducted the pedestrian to the corn-fields below was now being threaded by the boy sent to reconnoitre. Lafferty had in the mean time entered the barn.

The squire resumed: "The river must have risen very suddenly. We have a visitor at the house, a gentleman who arrived last evening from the West. He forded in my carriage; said the river was somewhat swollen, but nothing like a freshet."

"Well, Shanadó, she *do* rise quick w'en sh' gits started," observed an old man in a high, husky quaver. "But we don't hev *no* river risin's nowadays ter what we us'ter, — not nigh so. W'y, I kin 'member w'en I wuz' er boy, t' whole medder thar wuz kivered. Thet wuz 'fore you wuz born, squaw'r, an' your father owned more 'n two thousan' acres er lan' in this yere county, an' we los'

a mons'ous big crap er corn by hit. I 'member us chillun wuz all fas' sleep, an' mammy come an' wuk us up ter come see. We run out on t' hill whar t' kitchen his now, an' by t' time we got thar, yere come ole Jim Bloss's house a-floatin' down t' river; we could yere t' folks a-hollerin' inside, 'fore it jam up agin er rock an' bust ter pieces. Thet *wuz* er river risin' wuth talkin' 'bout. I 'member hit well."

"What become of th' people?" asked Lafferty.

"Drownded, all but one. T' ole man fell hup 'gin a tree an' he hung thar fur two days tell t' river come outen t' kinks an' t' fotched 'im down. Them what seed him sed he wuz t' hongriest man they ever see; 'peared like he could n't never git 'nuff t' eat."

"I heered tell on thet time," put in one of the men. "My daddy seen hit all."

"T wuz er *big* river risin', shore," repeated the other.

The hush which fell on the party was presently broken by a burst of gay feminine laughter, light and sweet. In the doorway from whence it proceeded were seen the head and shoulders of a man, standing with his back to the spectators and apparently assisting some one to climb the ladder. A moment more and the bright face of Helen Franklin appeared. She alighted on the floor with a spring, anticipating her companion's outstretched hand. Then she laughed afresh at something which she saw in his face, as he turned, and they came forward together.

"Where did you come from, Nell?" asked her brother-in-law.

"From the house, to be sure," she replied, throwing off her water-proof. "We got tired indoors. So I proposed we should pay you a visit. Are n't you glad to see me?"

"Very glad, mademoiselle; but did n't you get your feet soaking?"

"A little, but I don't mind. It's not

the first time, and it was n't *your* fault either," turning to her companion. "So you need n't look so mournful."

She glanced around, and spied Lafferty, who had shrunk back intuitively at her approach.

"How do you do, Mr. Lafferty?" said she, advancing toward him, and extending her hand. In her happiness she felt like being very friendly with everybody. "This is Mr. Lafferty, who has been so kind to me. You know I told you about him to-day."

The stranger came forward.

"My cousin, Mr. Spalding, from Cincinnati," explained Helen.

"Miss Franklin tells me she is under a good deal of obligation to you," said the other, courteously acknowledging the introduction. He was a tall, personable man, well dressed and unaffected. Lafferty acknowledged these qualities to himself as he tried to reply. His answer was short and confused. He began to feel the sharp nascent pang of miserable self-consciousness as he stood twisting his hat in his hand, while Helen talked on, trying to broach subjects which would interest him and draw him out. At last she said, "You remember, Mr. Lafferty, I told you some time ago I expected friends about this time. Or perhaps you've forgotten it. This gentleman is one of them."

"No, miss. I mane I did n't forget. I remimber very well."

Mr. Richardson here relieved this embarrassed interview. The messenger had arrived from the river-bank, reporting favorably on the condition of affairs there, and in the conference held between him, his master, and Mr. Spalding, Lafferty moved quietly to the door. Mr. Richardson, while talking over the crops, had occasion to refer to him, and glancing around in search of him discovered his absence. When he walked to the door he found the man seated in his cart, about to start.

"I must get to me work," he said in

explanation. "I've some orders to fill up th' road a piece, and it's past ten now."

"Well, you must come back here and spend the night. You'll never be able to cross the river this evening. Henry's wife can give you a room in their cabin. And oh, Lafferty, now while I think of it, can you furnish me with some first-class beef and mutton in about six weeks' time? Something very fine? We are to have a good deal of company then, and"—he hesitated; then he said, smiling, "I may as well tell you that Miss Helen is to be married to the gentleman you saw just now, and I want to give her an old-fashioned Virginia wedding. Mr. Spalding's friends are coming from the West, to stay three or four days before the ceremony, and I'd like to show them how we get up such things in this part of the world. Why, man," laughing, "you look as astonished as if it were not a thing to be expected. However, I suppose it *is* news to you, although they've been engaged for a year or more. He has been away in England on business, this summer, or he would have been here before. But about those supplies. Can you furnish me? I'd rather get them here than have to send all the way to Baltimore for them."

"Yes, sir, I think I can. What time will you need them?"

"Let's see; this is the 18th. They will be married about the last of October. So you will have plenty of time to look about you. You'll not fail me, then?"

"No, sir, I'll not fail."

Lafferty felt sick and faint as he resolutely faced the storm. He was glad to be alone. His first sensation was of bewilderment,—he had received a hard blow, a shock; he was stunned and confused. Something had happened. What? All the dimly-defined impressions which had been troubling him for two weeks past seemed to gather into

an aggregation which still took no distinct shape, nor could he find a name in all his consciousness for this revelation of a feeling which was yet somehow strangely familiar,—as if all the years he had lived had tended to this, and to nothing else.

The years he had lived! They passed before him in quick review. He was only forty. He might live to be twice as old. . . . How long had it been since he parted from Richardson? An hour? No longer? How many hours in forty years? He began mechanically to calculate, then stopped, confused. How could he ever wear out all that time!

This flood of fancies surged through his mind all day, as he distributed the contents of his cart from place to place. Now, the occupation held a suggestion that was loathsome. He wondered what was *his* occupation—the man he had seen with her. As he thought bitterly of the other's white hands and well-tailored person, his Celtic blood at last asserted itself, flushing his cheeks purple and tightening his fingers upon what they grasped, while he despised himself at the same time for his miserable jealousy! These latter thoughts predominated toward evening, when the storm redoubled in violence. The clouds no longer took visible shape,—they settled into leaden uniformity, and the rain descended from the misty blank like a cataract. He noted this in a dull sort of fashion, as he plodded on in the twilight, drenched to the skin, taking a sort of savage delight in his physical discomfort, while at the same time the sense of it entered largely into the protest against everything which possessed him.

As he neared the house, a vision of mockery rose before him,—the tasteful interior, Helen's graceful dress, the warmth and comfort and happiness there. What had he done that his lot should differ so from that of the man in there! He was driving past the stile when a sound from within arrested his atten-

tion; he drew up to listen. Above the roar of the elements swelled the clear vibrant tones of a fresh soprano voice, thrilling through the air in well-defined melody. He waited until the song ceased. The form of the singer which his fancy conjured up accentuated the immeasurable distance between them.

"Holy Mother!" he muttered, half aloud, as he passed his hand over his forehead. "What's come over me, th' loikes uv me to be thinkin' uv her at all, and her the swatest craychure God ever made! I've been ready to kill 'um to-night, and her singin' loike an angel. Th' saints pairdin me." He listened for her voice again, but all was still. "God bless her!" and he passed on.

An hour afterward Mrs. Richardson entered the parlor. "What a singular noise the rain makes," she exclaimed. "Don't you hear it? I've been trying to read, but the continued sound made me so nervous I thought I'd come in here."

"Where is James?"

"Fast asleep; he rises so early, you know. But just listen."

There was a subtle change in the atmosphere; the air had grown cooler. Philip Spalding raised the window facing the west. A strong gust poured in. "The wind has shifted," he said, "and," looking upward, "it is clear; see, the stars are out."

It was true; half heaven was studded with stars; the fugitive clouds skurried panic-stricken eastward before the west wind. Above its shrill whistle could be heard a hoarse continuous roar. They looked in each other's faces, the same thought occurring to all. Just then the door burst open; it was the German gardener; he made a significant backward gesture: "Der wasser eet iss almost to de house; coom, madame, loo-ok, oh, coom right away."

"I'll call James; go and see, you two," to the young people.

They hurried out the back door toward the kitchen, outside of which they found assembled a motley crowd, blacks and whites, most of them farm laborers and their wives.

All eyes were directed below, toward what had been the meadow, now an angry torrent. By the starlight they could discern dark floating objects, hurrying down the waters in quick succession. The only response to their eager questions was tearful ejaculations, gaping stupidity, or utter bewilderment. Agitated whispers of dire import began to be circulated, and to these they listened. "Hit may git hup yere." "Hit could n't git hup t' hill." "Dunno 'bout thet; whar's t' trees on t' river sho'? Look thar, putty nigh kivered." They pushed their way to the front. "Where are the trees?" asked Helen.

"Thar's what's left on 'em," replied a man pointing across the flood to a dark rippling fringe, beyond which raved a madder stream.

"Gregg's mill's bound ter go." This sentence drifted back through the crowd like a receding wave, and then with gathered force swept forward again. "Gregg's mill? Some 'un seen hit go by!" "Hit's a lie; 't ain't light 'nuff fur ter see."

Helen broke from her lover and caught the arm of the last speaker; he carried a lantern.

"Tell me!" she cried; then as he turned, and she recognized him, "Henry, did *any* of you see anything like a house go by?"

"Some on um says so," began he, — "but I cain't" —

"Henry Cubbidge," interposed an angry voice from the darkness, "ye'd better kape yer mouth shut, uv yer can't spake the thruth. Miss Helen, ye'd best come into the kitchen, miss, from the crowd; ye'll find th' squire there, and your sister too."

Standing around the kitchen fire, they received a coherent account of the flood

from the Irishman. After he put his horse away he had not felt like eating supper. "I'd a bit of a headache, an' I thought a little fresh air might do me good," he said. The rain was over; the wind had already shifted. He walked along by the barn. He could see the corn in the meadow waving in the wind, and the swollen river beyond. The inundation had been very sudden. As he stood looking below, all at once there was a mighty rushing sound. The water rose like a wall against the opposite cliff, then fell in the recoil with a noise like thunder, and the fields were covered in a moment. "I know," said Mr. Richardson, "the narrow gorge just above is at right angles with the opposite shore. Of course the water could make no headway rising against a mountain. So it spread over my meadow."

"Yes, sir, that's it. I knew when I saw it Gregg's mill was bound to go, but though I watched for it, nothin' like it went by that I could make out."

"It may have been dashed to pieces."

"Yes, ma'am, it may be so, but it's hardly loikely such a big thing should be broken to pieces in such a short time."

"No," said the squire. "It's *not* likely, and until we hear it's gone we must hope for the best."

This hope was speedily dashed to the ground, as a wild-eyed mountaineer entered, gasping, —

"Hit's gone! both on 'em's gone!"

"How do you know?"

"I jist come from thar; hed ter run fur hit. Jim Gregg's house is bust ter pieces, clean gone; thar's nuthin but water thar now. You can yere hit rip-pin' an' tarin' fur half a mile. O Lord!" shivering, "I might er gone too. Yer see," he said, more composedly, "I wuz stoppin' ter Jim Gregg's all night. I jist stepped out fur a minnit t' see arter my horse, an' w'en I come from t' stable t' house wuz gone."

"Mrs. Gregg, and the little baby?" asked Helen.

"Gone down, all on 'em."

She stared at him in horror, then burst into tears.

"Come, Nellie, don't give way," said her brother. "We want all our courage now. You go into the house with your sister; there's no use in your sitting up all night. We *may* find those poor souls in the morning, and we will need your help then. We will let you know if anything happens. Take them in, Spalding." And so by dint of alternate coaxing and exercise of authority he managed to induce them to return to the house, and the night wore away somehow. Fires were built on the hill; but nothing human had been discerned among the floating masses in the meadow.

With the day came later tidings. A lot of plank, uprooted trees, and other *débris* had accumulated in the tree-tops which skirted the original river-bank. Lodged on this drift were three or four people. Through the field-glass their faces could be plainly distinguished. Gregg, the mill-owner, his brother, and an old man with a white beard, — his father. There was besides a still, prostrate form, evidently a woman. Was she alive? As a glittering segment of the sun appeared above the hills, the woman moved, and then rose. She held something in her arms, something which she presently extended far forward. At that instant a child's shrill scream came cutting through the morning air.

"My God!" said James Richardson, looking through the glass again. "It's Mrs. Gregg and the child!" A pause, and then he turned abruptly. "Is there a boat on the place?"

After a moment's silence, Henry Cubidge said deprecatingly, "Thar's t' ole boat in t' loft; but she's got 'er big hole in t' bottom."

"Get her down right away, and let me see what can be done with her. All hands to work. I am going out to those people by noon."

"Let me go, Richardson," said Spalding. "I'm — I'm not married. I've no family."

"No; I understand the river better. There's less danger for me. If I tire after a trip or two, you can take my place. Come, men, I'm in earnest; don't stand gaping, like a lot of fools. To the barn with you, — every last man of you."

The sound of hammering was soon heard from the barn, the ladies busying themselves with provisions for the comfort of the workers. James Richardson and Philip Spalding alone rested. They were reserving their strength, each mentally resolving that he was the better man for the hazardous undertaking. Joe Lafferty stood apart near the house, looking out toward the drift, a short, half-filled pipe between his teeth; in his hand a piece of twine, which he twisted into knots, tying and untying them. If any one had taken the trouble to observe, he would have seen that the pipe had gone out long ago. What was he thinking of? In the bustle of preparation every one was too busy to notice his preoccupation. None could guess what a battle of emotions was being fought in his mind, the evil warring with the good. Tempting suggestions, mocking possibilities, they assaulted his better nature again and yet again. Spalding knew very little about managing a boat; he had said as much; if he was to make the attempt and go down, what then? What then? The bitter thoughts of yesterday, which last night had "gone out" of him, now returned in seven-fold strength.

By twelve o'clock the boat was ready and borne to the water's edge. An altercation then ensued between Richardson and Spalding, each asserting that he intended to go. In the midst of the discussion Lafferty, came forward; he had thrown aside his coat, and wore now a knitted cardigan jacket. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I'm th' mon to take

this trip, an' it's takin' it I'm goin' to do. I was brought up on th' water, and I know as much about a boat as iny one. I reckon I can make ut safe an' sound, — and if I should n't — well, I'm a lone mon — th' ould people are gone long ago — and I've none depindin' on me."

The others began to protest.

"No. I'm goin'," he replied resolutely. "I've made up me moind, and it's no use tryin' to kape me."

"It's a dangerous business, Lafferty."

"Yes, squire, I know ut very well, but it must be clear to you, sir, that if there's danger I'm th' best mon to go, and it's goin' I am." He spoke with a decision which overbore remonstrance. "There's no time to lose; I'd best be stairtin'."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir, all ready."

He stepped into the boat, which half a dozen men were steadying.

"Do you want anything more?" asked Richardson.

"No, sir, there's food, brandy, and blankets."

"All right, then. Good-by, good luck to you. Give her a good shove out, boys."

"Good-by."

He began his work slowly and carefully. The current was so rapid that the boat constantly drifted downward. This he had to fight against all the time, as well as to avoid collision with the floating masses of timber, constantly impelled down the stream. It was awful to think how much depended on that little rocking skiff! The poor creatures on the drift, the crowd on the shore, how they watched it as it crept on in its errand of mercy! Sometimes the current sweeps it downward for ten yards or more. Slowly it nears the drift; it touches some distance below, then begins a vigorous propelling up stream until it reaches the waiting group. Lafferty throws the rope fastened to the chain, the men seize it, and make fast the boat;

he then disembarks and waits for half an hour, "to rest," explains Mr. Richardson, looking through the glass. After a while there is a stir on the drift; the men between them place the woman and child on board. Lafferty follows, and the homeward journey begins. Long before they can hope to reach the shore, an eager crowd is assembled at the landing-place to welcome and assist them. Even more slowly than before, for it carries double weight, the boat gradually approaches the shore, and the poor half-sodden woman and her little one are brought safe to land.

She, poor soul, is concerned for her husband. "He don't git on tell t' las'," she explains, as they bear her into the house. "Bob is so delikit, Jim is 'fraid fur him ter stay out thar long, an' daddy's ole an' weak; they'll leave Jim tell t' las'."

The men carried Lafferty on their shoulders to the barn, where he waited awhile. It took nearly two hours to make the trip, short as was the distance. It is just two o'clock when he embarks again. This time he understands his peculiar difficulties better, and the younger Gregg is landed at a little after three.

Another and a longer rest; nor does Lafferty disdain to take a good pull at the brandy bottle, for the strain is beginning to tell on him. Another successful battle with the waters, and at six there remains but one man to be rescued; but the sun is just dipping behind the mountains.

"Don't try it again to-night, Lafferty," urged the squire. "Jim Gregg is a strong, healthy fellow; he can manage to stay there until to-morrow; by that time the river'll begin to fall some and there'll be less danger."

"No, sir, there'll be more; when the river starts to fall, I take it, she'll come down pretty quick. The only chance is from a boat, an' by this toime to-morrer there may n't be water enough to float one; he won't be able to cross

th' meader through th' mud and water for a week, and by that toime he'd stairve. I'll go out to 'um with food and blankets,—he's got brandy a plenty,—and we'll pass th' night on th' drift, and cross fust thing in th' mornin'."

There was the usual amount of objection and deliberation. Philip Spalding again offered, and insisted on taking Lafferty's place; but the latter adhered doggedly to his resolution, and the time was too valuable to be spent in argument.

There was a great deal of peril involved. The rough, jagged edges of the drift, with the rapidity of the current, made a dangerous combination in broad daylight. Twilight was closing in. If in the darkness the boat should strike against a protruding object, she would almost inevitably capsize and be swept down. Every one felt that a man was about to take his life in his own hands, although very few words were spoken. Some of the farm hands, indeed, talked apart, in whispers. Richardson and Spalding busied themselves about the boat while Lafferty sat in the kitchen, writing with a pencil in a small memorandum book. Presently everything was ready and he was summoned; he came at once. They all gathered together to see him start.

"You will have just about time to get there before dark," said the squire. "Try and make yourself comfortable; and, Lafferty, I've put some matches and light-wood in this box. As soon as you get there, strike a light to let us know you're all right. You'd better make a little blaze every now and then through the night; some of us will sit up, and it will make all hands feel better."

"All right, sir, I'll do ut. In that box, you say. Good-by, squire. Good-by, sir," to Spalding.

The two men grasped his hands in turn, and wrung them hard.

He then looked toward Helen, who

stood a little apart with her sister and Gregg's wife.

"Would you like to speak to me, Mr. Lafferty?" said she, coming forward.

"Yes, miss, ef ye plaze." He withdrew from the others, who fell back, leaving them together. He began at once. "It was only about some things that I've got in the wurld belongin' to me. 'Tis n't so much I've got to lave, to be sure; but ivery mon likes to lave his own to plaze himself. If inyth'ing should happin to me, miss, if you'd be so koin'd to look in this book, I've left wurrd how th' things is to go. Me relachuns in th' ould country are well-to-do people; 't isn't much use they'd be to him; but I've a cousin in Louisiana, a poor widow woman, as maybe they'd be a help to. If—if inyth'ing should happin to me, miss, ye'll plaze sind for th' praste from Jackson. I've money a plenty at home fur th' funeral an' th' mass,—Father Kelly in Wheeling will see to th' mass. And ye'll plaze tell th' praste from Jackson, Father Murphy, that I went to confession last week in Wheeling, and Father Kelly gave me absolution."

He spoke composedly enough so far; his next sentences were more broken. He twisted his hat in his hand, hesitated, and finally pulled out his large silver watch, attached to a handsome gold chain. "I know this will same a poor thing to th' loikes uv ye, miss," speaking in broad brogue, "but uv ye would n't be displazed wid me . . . I should be proud. Of course," deprecatingly, "I know it's not a suitable thing fur a lady to wear. I on'y thought uv I *should* go down, and uv ye'd be so koin'd to kape ut by ye, to put ye in moind uv Joe Lafferty, now and thin, it's a proud mon ye'd make me fur th' rest of me life."

Helen was inexpressibly touched; she could not speak at once. Lafferty, misunderstanding her silence, grew more con-

fused. "Ye'll pairdin me uv I've been too bold, miss," he said constrainedly; "I meant no offense."

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried, "it was n't *that*! Give it to me; I shall be proud to have it, and if you should—if anything *should* happen, I will do my best to carry out your wishes; but you must n't talk so. You'll come back. I hope so. I pray God you may. We can't spare you."

He gave a slight, mournful smile. "It's few that'll miss me, I'm thinkin'," he said, simply, "but I shan't lose my life uv I can help ut. Good-by, Miss Helen."

"Good-by," she said; "you're a noble man. God bless and protect you."

He bowed his head humbly. "Thank ye for that wurrd, Miss Nellie; I shall remember it, miss; but th' Lord above knows I'm not th' good mon ye think me, may th' Holy Mother forgive me!" He turned to go, but came back and said with marked hesitation, "Ev inyth'ing else should be found about me, plaze let it be put away wid me."

"Yes," she replied, not quite understanding, and offering him her hand.

He took it, glancing at her betrothal ring as he did so, but he merely shook her hand, saying, "Good-by miss," and walked away.

As he seated himself in the boat and took the paddle, Gregg's wife called to him from above, "Joe, bring Jim back to-morrer."

"I'll thry,—I'll do my best," he replied, and the little boat launched once more into the stream. They saw the gray speck travel slowly over the angry flood; by straining their eyes they could make out the silhouette of a man on the drift; they saw the moving speck approach him; then darkness shrouded them in gloom and there was nothing to be done except to wait for the signal-light.

That signal never came. All through the tardy hours of the night they wait-

ed, and hoped until at midnight hope left them, and pale patience kept her long vigil alone.

The poor wife sat by the fire in an upper room of the house, her child in her arms, her eyes looking vacantly forward into the blaze, listening mechanically to the words of cheer which Helen tried to whisper, herself cheerless. In the small hours she prevailed on Mrs. Gregg to lie down, placing the sleeping child beside her. After a while she sank into a heavy, exhausted slumber. Helen threw a coverlet over her, as the air was getting very chill, extinguished the lamp, and drew aside the curtain to admit the first faint gray glimmer. What news would the coming day have for them?

She was unable to sit still and think. Pacing noiselessly up and down, her lips framing inaudible prayers, in this way she passed nearly an hour. Then as the east began to glow, she dropped the curtain, that the sleeper might not be awakened, and descended the stairs.

The house below was deserted, except by the sleeping children. As she ran out a wild, ringing shout hastened her steps toward the edge of the plateau. The crowd was gathered there, her sister among them. As Helen touched her shoulder, Mrs. Richardson pointed across the water. The two figures were just stepping into the boat. Again and yet again the shout peals forth, the hills sending back the reverberation. On they come; the drift is left to itself; the little craft bears the last soul to safety. As she approaches they perceive that Lafferty is sitting in the head of the boat, which he propels stern foremost with a plank. As they learned afterward, he had lost his paddle, together with the materials for the signal agreed upon, by a collision with the drift. Suddenly there is a movement in the crowd. They give place to some one. It is Gregg's wife, who has been awakened by the noise. Pale and eager, her hair

disordered, her eyes wild with excitement, she breaks from the hands that would restrain her, and rushes down the slope to the very water's edge. She stands there in breathless expectation, her feet almost in the water, her arms extended forward, as if to shorten the distance between her husband and her.

The shouts cease, as Gregg rises and stands erect upon the stern-seat. When within a few feet of the shore he makes a sudden spring, and lands in his wife's arms. At the same time there is a cry of horror from the crowd.

The tiny boat, unable to resist the impetus, is thrust back into the stream, just in the track of a huge tree which the waters are trundling down, its jagged limbs alternately appearing and disappearing as it comes. One of these giant arms is just descending, and before Lafferty can avoid it, he is caught in its deadly grasp, and borne under, and man and boat go down together.

It was late in the afternoon before they found him. The body had lodged among some driftwood on the neighboring place. He had been struck as the boat overturned, and was probably killed instantly. Slowly and reverently they bore him to the house, — the man who had died doing "his best."

That evening, as Helen sat with her lover beside her, Mr. Richardson entered.

"Nellie," he said, in a subdued voice, "I believe that splendid fellow gave you charge of his effects. We found this around his neck just now; it is nothing but a sealed envelope containing something which looks like withered flowers. Did he say anything to you about it? I thought may be, as he was a Catholic, it was a relic of some kind. Did he tell you?"

She took it, her tears dropping fast on the already soaked paper. They were the flowers she had given him, although she did not recognize them.

"Perhaps it is a relic," she said, in a low, broken tone; "he seems to have treasured it. Or he may have loved some one, — somehow I think he did, he was so grave sometimes."

Then she remembered his words, half understood the evening before. "Where is he?" she said, rising abruptly.

Richardson took her hand, without speaking, and led her into an adjoining room. Philip Spalding followed. They would have remained, but, obeying an undefinable impulse, she made a gesture of withdrawal and they left her alone with the dead.

She raised the face covering and stood still. He was unchanged, except for the deep black bruise on the left temple, and the awful dignity of death. The countenance was perfectly calm and peaceful, the mouth wearing a look of still, sweet gravity. He rested like one who had already heard the "Well done" of the Master.

She gazed with bated breath, her agitated features gathering calm as she looked at the quiet sleeper. Then, as footsteps approached and some one would have entered, she placed the withered flowers gently on his breast.

STORMS OF AUTUMN.

GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, BOOK I., VERSES 311-334.

(*Quid tempestates autumni et sidera dicam, etc.*)

BUT how of the autumn stars and storms to sing,
Or all the sleepless vigilance owed of men
When the great heats pass, and the days are shortening?
Or how of the deluge-laden springtime, when
Upon tender stalks, milk-full, and heads that sway
Light in the acre, falleth a swift dismay?
Yea, I have seen, when harvest days are early
And the first reapers the golden fields among,
Shredding from slender stems the ripened barley,
Shock as of all the winds together flung
In battle; then, the very stalks upturn
By the furious hurricane aloft are borne,
And whirled into the blackness of the storm
The culms and the winged stubble. Or yet again,
Far over the deep, the clouds their squadrons form
And the mighty mass rolls inland foul with rain,
And, like a foe, the flood bursts out of the sky,
And the very æther topples from on high!
Lost now the happy labor of man and beast;
Nor seed nor furrow resists the whelming wave;
The dikes are full, and the running streams increast
Till they roar again; and panteth each ocean cave
And inlet, and by night the vivid lance
Of the lightning in the Father's hand doth glance.

Earth shakes as the bolt descends, wild creatures flee,
 And slavish fear strikes into the heart of man.
 But he, with his flaming sword, smites Rhodope
 Or Athos, or the Acroceraunian
 Peaks, while the rushing rainfall thickens the sky,
 And the wood sighs loud in the gale, and the sea-sands cry.
H. W. Preston.

INTIMATE LIFE OF A NOBLE GERMAN FAMILY.

PART III.

I SHOULD mention a very charming dinner-party at the hunting-seat of the Duke of S——, a gentleman who, although of very distinguished French family on the paternal side, was himself a German subject.

It so happened that on the same day there was to be a "missionary festival" in the duke's immediate neighborhood, and as B—— makes it a point to attend punctiliously all occasions of a religious character within her reach, we went early, in order to be present. What there was of a "festive" nature about the affair would be hard to say, but I was obliged to believe that *anything* which draws a dozen or two people together is called, in Germany, a *Fest*. The church, like all I saw in the "rural districts," was small, and rude to the last degree. It was closely packed with a congregation of peasantry, and the air, all windows being closed to avoid that bugbear of Germans, a draught, was positively suffocating. As a natural consequence, being in full dress, and *therefore* in possession of a fan (only used on full-dress occasions in this part of Germany), I began fanning myself vigorously, whereupon B—— leaned forward and begged me in a horrified whisper to cease. "We never fan ourselves *in church!*" she added.

I thought of an American church on a hot Sunday, with its numberless flut-

tering fans, and the minister himself fanning "between times"! I hid my dismay under a calm exterior, and turned my attention to the missionary. He had just returned from Africa, and had with him a specimen convert, a Kaffre black as Erebus, whom he was taking about the country with him. When the missionary had delivered himself, the Kaffre rose, and favored us with a long discourse in his native tongue, which was duly translated into German by his mentor. He confessed to having had *four wives*, at which a thrill of horror swept through the congregation. It was touching to see the tenderness with which the missionary enveloped his tropical *protégé* in shawls and mufflers, at the close of the service, and entertaining to observe the shrinking awe with which the humble worshipers deposited their contributions in his little box as they passed through the church door.

From this scene we were transported to the entrance of the park, where two of the duke's retainers stood at each side of the gate, in brilliant uniforms and impressive attitudes. Half a dozen resplendent flunkies received us at the door. No ladies of the family being present, we were received by a smart French housekeeper and two equally smart maids, and shown into a suite of dressing and sleeping rooms, fitted up exquisitely in French style. At the

door of the grand *salon* the duke, a small, spare gentleman of the old school, received us, and presented to us many other guests. I was much exercised in my mind over the *non*-presentation of a magnificent young man, a handsome blonde fellow, who, in a rich dark green uniform almost covered with silvery embroidery and ornaments, threw all the other gentlemen present quite in the shade. While I was still wondering why this charming "young officer" hung about the door, with nothing to say to anybody, dinner was announced. Shades of my ancestors, what did I behold! That gorgeous creature in green and silver took his place behind the duke's chair! It was his highness's *Leibjäger*, a sort of body servant! Thus rudely are one's illusions dispelled in this much-uniformed and much-titled country.

The dinner was such a meal as divests eating of its grossness, saluting all the senses delightfully, refreshing, satisfying, even elevating. After the leisurely repast we enjoyed a drive until dark over the estate,—a possession to make one sigh, yet only one item in the duke's great wealth. He was exceedingly polite, and made many pretty speeches about America, which showed that *he*, at least, was well-posted in regard to our peculiar institutions.

When we came away he presented me with his own hand a basket of hot-house flowers, and another mysterious basket was handed up to our coachman. After we were on our way home, B—— informed me with *empressment* that the duke, having understood that Americans dote upon tomatoes, had sent a large basketful along for my delectation. As soon as we reached home I examined the basket, and found myself the happy possessor of about half a bushel of *green* tomatoes! I explained to B—— that we eat them in a ripe state. "What *shall* we do with them?" she answered, despondingly. "Pickles!" I replied; and "pickles" it was. The ducal toma-

atoes were sliced, mixed with a due proportion of pearl onions and mustard seed, and became pickles. I probably had the honor to be the first to introduce into the fatherland that palatable comestible known among us as tomato chow-chow.

The peasant life interested me much, but I found little opportunity for more than a casual and superficial glance, and on this account, and because restricted to one small place, my observations can have no great value. What I did see and hear saddened more than it surprised me.

Occasionally I would slip away from the Schloss, and following a little path which led behind the shrubbery, along the great blooming fields of rape and lupines, and at last through a shady lane into the village, I would seat myself under a hedge of wild roses and elder, and watch for an hour or two the village life before me.

The younger women, the children of an age to labor, and the few young men not in the army were generally absent in the fields. Only very aged persons and small children were consequently left for my studies. Although the horrible *Kauderwelsch* which they spoke and my own perhaps *too* carefully spoken German somewhat obscured our conversation, the language of *Pfennige* (the smallest coin in use) was fully understood, and under its spell the little tow-heads became familiar and the old people friendly and communicative. The babies and their feathered and bristled comrades of dung-heap and puddle appeared to have a language of their own, and to be on the best of terms. The old women tottered back and forth with fagots or huge bundles of grass, which, viewed from behind, left only their bare brown legs visible. The little boys climbed the poplar-trees which bordered the *chaussée* and stripped off the leaves, which are stored up for sheep fodder in winter. They find a use for everything.

One Sunday afternoon,—it was soon after my arrival,—I went to the village and found on the green a *Carroussel* in operation. I had seen a similar contrivance at German festivals in America. It corresponds, I think, to the “merry-go-round” of the English. This one was a cumbrous affair, consisting of four clumsy wooden effigies of the horse attached to a circular ring, which was made to turn by a crank in the hands of a grimy showman. For a Pfennig one was permitted to mount one of these foaming chargers, and revolve for five minutes to strains evolved by a disreputable-looking peasant woman from the inner consciousness of a fiendish organ. The people seemed to enjoy this exciting recreation, in a stolid sort of way. They were out *en masse*, and in their poor Sunday best. The attire of the men could hardly be called a “costume,” but that of the women was rather picturesque, especially on the few young and comely girls I saw. The main features of this costume were the curiously arranged head-kerchiefs, one of white lawn, the other of black silk. The former is first bound about the head, covering the hair entirely, the two stiffly-starched corners standing out like wings behind the ears. Over this the black kerchief is tightly wound, and tied in a large bow, like the Alsatian, on the top of the head. Another mentionable feature is a superabundance of very full-gathered woolen skirts. To attain the number of fourteen, all worn at once, the longest beneath, that the edges of all may be seen and counted, is the desire which lies nearest every well-regulated peasant girl’s heart.

The people looked miserable and degraded. From all I could learn, nothing like morality is expected of them. We hear much in America of the sober, honest, beer-drinking peasant of Germany. In the section where I spent those months of which I write, intemperance raged fearfully. They man-

ufacture and consume great quantities of a fiery liquor distilled from potatoes. This, with coarse bread and *Quaak*, a kind of sour-milk cheese, forms their sustenance. Men, women, and children reek with the fumes of this direful liquor. Meat they seldom taste, and though they have many ducks, geese, etc., these are kept only for their feathers and eggs. I once asked B—— why no one endeavored to instruct and elevate them, or to introduce a better way of living. “Oh, my dear,” was the answer, “they have *always* lived so. New ideas would disturb them and render them unhappy. They are contented so. Let them remain in the condition where God has placed them”!

Ah, if they only looked “contented”! But I seldom saw a cheerful adult face. They pass to and fro in the fields, silent and downcast, or conversing in harsh, discordant tones. They toil for a miserable pittance in summer, and grovel through the long winters breathing the miasma of unventilated dwellings, and drowning their misery in fiery draughts of potato brandy. It must be said in extenuation of the situation that the soil is mostly very poor and the number of laborers very large, which keeps the wages pitifully low, and is doubtless the chief cause of their degradation. At the close of the harvest the people celebrated the harvest home. They came in the morning in a noisy crowd, with huge wreaths and bouquets for the *Herrschaften*, and expecting from each member of the family the everlasting *Trinkgeld* which they of course received, and departed to spend the day in all manner of rough sports and such dissipation as the place afforded. In the evening they had a dance in a hall over the brewery, which is situated in the court. It is customary for the *Herrschaften* to attend this dance, and the ladies of the family are expected to accept the harvest-king as a partner. B—— absented herself on some diaphanous pretext or other, but I, accom-

panied by the governess and the lady's-maid, went to the scene of revelry. The low, dingy room was crowded; the air, what with the smoke of primitive oil-lamps and the fumes of liquor, absolutely suffocating. The women were mostly bare-legged, frightful creatures; the men disgusting. All were decorated with garlands, and in a festive mood. Two fiddles and a flageolet furnished music for their gambols. The harvest-king, a dirty wretch with a faded garland on his head and another about his body, came immediately up to our party, and invited me to dance. I was suffering from a slight lameness, and excused myself. He accepted my refusal with so surly an air that Fräulein D——, the governess, dared not decline, and with ill-concealed disgust surrendered herself to his greasy embrace, and waltzed with him twice about the hall. It was an amusing contrast. Her stylish blonde puffs towered above his garlanded head; her voluminous pink drapery almost enveloped him. It was a dreadful moment for her.

I would like to give a prettier picture of peasant life, but I am dealing solely with facts, and writing of a very small portion of Germany. Elsewhere I know, and am glad indeed to know, that the condition of the peasantry is much superior to that which came within my own observations.

Among the guests whose visits at Y—— deprived me of my precious siestas, and at the same time added to the pleasures of the summer, was the dear lady whose kind reception of me and mine in Berlin had left a lasting impress on my memory. She took possession of me absolutely and entirely immediately upon her arrival. She made me the companion of her daily walks; she appointed me her teacher in the English language, which she persisted in maltreating to an extent I have never heard surpassed; and it was besides my fate to support her each day through four-

handed struggles with the old composers. She exercised over me a gentle but persistent tyranny, against which I never rebelled, but how I rued the day I ever learned "to play"! Dear, genial-hearted creature though she was, those hours at the ill-fated instrument were hours of rack and thumb-screw torture. She informed me, innocently, that a young girl whom she had once engaged to play duets with her two hours a day had become a hopeless, raving maniac after a few months' experience. The old baroness ascribed her mental undoing to unrequited love, but I shall ever entertain a different opinion. All her own mistakes she ascribed to the luckless instrument, which she wrathfully belabored and loaded with opprobrious epithets. Being descended from a military stock and having married into "*les militaires*," the good creature's opportunities for acquiring a choice vocabulary of overwhelming and unflattering epithets had been unusual, and had *not* been unappreciated. I never realized the richness of the German tongue in this respect before. When I was quite convulsed with laughter, she would turn her eye-glasses upon me with a look of innocent amazement, and say in an irresistibly ludicrous manner, "You tink me foony, ya-as?"

Her character was in every way worthy of study. At one moment hurling fiery objurgations at republican principles, at the next you might have believed her the goriest of reds; at one moment uttering intense scorn of a misalliance, at the next she would declare love the only sovereign, indisputable and supreme. She loved children to excess, and went about armed with a *bonbonnière* of choicest *chocolat* wherewith to purchase the favor of the small tyrants. She was in fact a big-hearted, spoiled child herself, bubbling over with fun, and abounding in whims and pranks. One day, just as we had started together for a walk to the nearest vineyard, we were overtaken by the boys, who were

about to start for a drive in their donkey-wagon. The old baroness immediately insisted upon ousting the little fellows, and riding herself at least to the foot of the vineyard. I looked from her to the diminutive beast, and ventured a remonstrance, which was resented with much spirit. "Mein Gott!" she cried shrilly, "Is not von human mehr als von donkey?"

I felt that this particular "human" was more than *two* donkeys, but I did not venture on further remonstrance, and helped her ladyship into the little wagon, which settled down and creaked ominously beneath her. She not only *filled* it, but her azure drapery overflowed it on all sides. One of the boys urged on the poor beast, while the other and myself walked at either side and held the delicate frills away from the wheels. In this manner we toiled through the sand of the village, creating intense interest and excitement in its biped and quadruped inhabitants. We must have formed a spectacle for gods and men, but I could not see that the people found it funny. They simply looked gravely astonished. Perhaps, from force of habit, they never dream of laughing at the *Herrschaften*.

When we arrived at the foot of the vineyard, I extorted a promise from the baroness to return on foot, and we dismissed the equipage, to the rapture of our youthful escort. We walked slowly up the sunny hill-side, where the grapes were nearly ripe. There were many heavily loaded plum-trees, whose purple fruit women were gathering in barrows and wheeling off to the court, where it is slowly dried in great ovens, and sent to all parts of the world. One who knows these plums only in their mummified condition can have no conception of their wholesome, delicious qualities. On the top of the hill was a little hut of interwoven branches, for the accommodation of the night-watch. The vineyards, as well as the miles of road-side cherry and

pear trees, must be protected against thieves during the ripening season.

Descending, we tasted the grapes, hardly ripe enough for eating then, but later proving most excellent. Wine is produced abundantly, and of a quality celebrated in the inexhaustible drinking-songs of the fatherland as *Dreimännerwein*, it being said to require three men for its consumption,—one to swallow it, a second to hold him during the process, and a third to pour it down. Of the justice of this cruel satire I leave those more competent than myself to judge.

During the summer I made several flying visits to cities not too far distant,—to Berlin, Dresden, etc.; but it is not my purpose to go over ground already familiar to reader and traveler. A visit of a few days to O——, the family seat of F——'s ancestors, offers, perhaps, a glimpse into a life and scenes of fresher interest.

We arrived at O—— early one summer evening. The stately castle and its picturesque surroundings lay in a sea of moonlight. The widow of F——'s brother resides here, holding the estate in trust for her two boys. She, together with other members of the family and several guests, was awaiting us at the door. This lady was of a striking figure, with quite a masculine voice and bearing. She seemed to me a woman of remarkable mental power,—what we should call a strong-minded woman of the highest type. She was said to bear her great responsibilities with astonishing ease, and to manage her affairs as administrator and guardian with manly shrewdness and energy. She leaves her duties as housewife in competent hands (although, one could see at a glance, still under her own supervision), and spends a large part of each day riding over her vast estate, looking after every detail with keen and observant eyes. She wore at such times a plain linen gown, broad-brimmed hat, and gloves. When

the hat was removed, you noticed at once, on each side of her face, a stripe of white, untanned skin, where the broad ribbons passed under her chin. At dinner she appeared in silk and lace, affable, witty, but always a little cold and haughty.

The estate comprises five villages within its bounds, whose inhabitants, excepting the smaller land-owners, derive their existence from their labors in its vast fields and vineyards. It seemed to me that everything of use or value which the earth produces was raised here. The wool, honey, and fruit are quite famous. The Schloss itself I found to be, as B—— had often assured me, a lordly mansion, although more imposing than beautiful. The outer walls are six feet thick, the inner at least three. About forty immense rooms are in present use, the whole of the upper story being given over to dust and silence. The rooms are frescoed and handsomely furnished with mingled modern and ancient furniture. Paintings, statues, busts, tapestry, china, carvings, are everywhere about, with no evident attempt at a "collection" or at any effective disposal. Still the eyes find at every point something agreeable or curious to rest upon. The establishment is kept up in grand style, the five daily meals sumptuously served by richly-liveried lackeys.

The grounds are extensive and beautiful, with parterres and beds of flowers, fountains and statuary, and what old, old trees in the park! They looked as if they had *always* been there, and as if they could never die. There were hot-houses for grapes, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, melons, peaches, and strawberries. Wandering about the garden, I came upon a spot which I recognized at once from a description given me in years gone by. It was a *chef d'œuvre* of the gardener,—the monogram of F——'s parents surmounted by a coronet, etc., laid out on a great scale, and

planted in box. This was done perhaps forty years ago, on some festal occasion, and is to-day as green and fresh and carefully kept as in the first year, while its designer and those in whose honor it was planned, together with most of the children born to them, are long since dust.

On the second floor of the Schloss is an immense apartment, whose vaulted ceiling reaches to the roof. It is the *Rittersaal*, or hall of knights, and is used only upon very grand occasions, such as a wedding or a funeral. The ceiling is frescoed with scenes from the Nibelungen and surrounded by a broad cornice of gilded stucco. The first night of my visit the countess, followed by a maid with candles, escorted me to my room. The way led through this hall, and in the flickering candle-light the gods, warriors, dwarfs, nymphs, and valkyrias, struggling and bleeding on the painted dome, seemed endowed with motion. The effect was splendid, but not soothing. When left alone I found, to my dismay, that there were no fastenings on either of the doors of my apartment, the one leading into the chamber of horrors just left, the other into a great empty room with a few ghastly portraits on its walls,—a room which appeared to me eminently fitted to be haunted.

The room I occupied was immense. It was furnished as rooms for the occupancy of two persons are always furnished in Germany, namely, with every article in duplicate, from bed and wardrobe down to the minutest detail. In this case all that was wanting to make two separate rooms was a partition. The floor was covered with faded tapestry; the furniture dark with age and rich with carvings and inlaid work. The beds were dressed out in pillows and plumeaux of scarlet satin, and over these were thrown great spreads of richly embroidered yellow old lace. On retiring, I lay awake a long time before I could summon courage to extinguish the can-

dles, which lighted fitfully a small place around my bed, and left the distant corners full of lurking shadows; and after I *had* done so I lay awake a long time, listening with beating heart to strange echoes, sounds like deep-drawn sighs and rustling garments. Not until the closing of doors in some remote part of the castle and subsequent silence told me that all had retired did I succeed in sleeping, and then only to be followed by troubled visions. How foolish it all seemed when, on rising in the morning, I threw open the great casement looking out upon the park, and let in a flood of sweet air, sunshine, and song of bird!

In one of the walks which I took in company with the ladies of the family, we came to a wooden pavilion crowning a small but steep eminence beyond the village. While seated there enjoying a very pretty view, one of the young ladies told me the following story: The Schloss of O—— was built two hundred years before by a nobleman with an altogether unspellable and unpronounceable name. Tradition says he was a knight of the genuine feudal style, fierce, tyrannical, God-and-man defying. Some years previous to his death he caused to be built, upon the place where we were sitting, a pavilion, and beneath it a vault for the reception of his much-abused body when it could no longer serve him. Adjoining this vault he had excavated an apartment where, up to the time of his death at an advanced age, he held nightly revels with his godless comrades. He also made a will, in which he decreed that the peasantry should hold annual dances in the pavilion above his tomb. He died, and his body, attired in rich uniform, including boots with spurs of solid gold, was consigned to its destined place of rest; but the tomb was broken into by robbers, and the corpse despoiled of its rich ornaments. The boots containing the detached limbs of the wretched old sinner were found next day upon the

highway. After that the body was inclosed in a stone coffin surrounded with a grating of iron, and moldered henceforth in peace. The annual dance was kept up until the estate passed into more pious hands. The pavilion has been constantly repaired on account of the fine view it offers.

The story, told as it was by a pair of rosy lips, amid my own exclamations of horror and much consequent laughter at my expense, threw a shadow over the beautiful, peaceful landscape around us. I went, with secret shrinkings, but under an impulse not to be conquered, down the rough stone steps to take a look at the vaulted hall of revelry. It was dark, moldy, and full of rubbish. A drunken peasant, with unconscious observance of the eternal fitness of things, was sleeping off his debauch upon a pile of straw in one corner. I peered through the rusty grating into the tomb, where, with not unpleasant thrills, I saw the dim outline of the great coffin and the faint gleam of a white crucifix upon its lid. After that, the blue sky and green trees and yellow wheat fields outside wore an added loveliness.

While at O—— I drove with the countess for several hours from one part of her domains to the other. The condition of the peasantry here is superior in all respects to that of the people at Y——, probably because, the soil being richer, wages are higher. Not an acre of the vast plain but was made to produce *something*. The countess seemed cognizant of everything transpiring throughout the whole estate. She stopped now and then on our route to hold brief conferences with inspectors, foresters, etc. She inquired after all diseased cattle and horses, weakly calves and lambs, and, in exactly the same tone, after the women in child-bed, disabled men, and sick babies of the different villages through which we passed. Her bearing towards all was that of a sovereign, though a benignant one. The people

conducted themselves in her presence with respect, not to say servility. I knew not at which to marvel most. This queen of a petty province was evidently troubled by no misgivings. It has always been so. It seems to her

that it will always remain so. Will the little blue-eyed fellow who sat at our feet in the carriage, gravely observant of what passed before him, — will he, too, on reaching man's estate, rest equally secure?

THE FUTURE OF WEATHER FORETELLING.

IN no other part of her wide realm has Science done so little for the good of man or her own fame as in the department of meteorology. In the solid earth her prophecies have long had a high value, in the far-off heavens her empire is affirmed, but in the unstable air between these two well-possessed provinces there is a region that is not yet subjugated. Around the border of the domain of meteorology some gains to the cause of law and order have indeed been made: we control the lightning, we are able to track a clearly defined storm for days on its path, and can help the sailor to knowledge that often enables him to escape its clutches when it assails him on the deep sea; but as for foretelling the weather in any proper sense, we have not yet attained to it. Is it attainable? Can we hope to compass the conditions of our days so that we may sow and reap, travel, feast, or make war in weather of our choice? This is, after all, perhaps the most interesting of the questions that the future history of science must determine. But though the perfect answer is not to be given at present, there are some things in the existing conditions of our science that make us hopeful that we are but at the beginning of the work of weather forecasting.

There have been two distinct scientific efforts at weather foretelling, as distinguished from the current survival of the modes of thought of ancient ages that are introduced in our ordinary weather

prophecies, that undertaken by Admiral Fitzroy, in England, and that begun in this country by the United States Signal Corps, under the control of the late General Myer. Both of these have made their basis of the simple principle that weather always has a history; that it means conditions that pass from one region to another by certain laws of movement and at a certain rate. This general fact was long ago recognized by meteorologists, but it was not until the telegraph enabled knowledge to outstrip the storms that it was possible to make any use of it in foretelling the weather. By the admirable labors of the United States Signal Service this method of announcing the weather that is journeying towards any locality has been brought to a high point of perfection, but it has not to any extent helped us to foretell the creation of weather. When a weather area forms in the far West, it is now traced as clearly as the path of an army, until it passes away. Sometimes the state of the barometer will tell something about storms that have not yet gathered themselves for their eastward march, but beyond this there have as yet been no means of foreseeing. The weather bureau is of no more use than a ground-hog or a goose-bone for telling us whether our coming spring or summer is to be warm or cold, rainy or dry. Is this the end of our advance? Can we hope to do no more than take the storms we find afloat, and trace them on their courses; or can we

hope to look behind them to the conditions of their origin so clearly that we can foretell their time and place of working?

To take the measure of our hope we must ask ourselves some questions concerning the nature of weather. Though the most familiar thing in the world, weather is much the most complicated of all the familiar spectacles that the world affords. The phenomena of weather changes rest primarily on a few principal causes: these are, in brief, the extreme fluidity of the air, which permits slight changes in its weight to set it in motion; the irregular distribution of the sun's heat over the earth's surface, brought about by the curved outline of the planet; the ease with which the air takes up a part of the earth's water, and the many accidents that tend to cast this water back to earth again; the coming and going of the annual polar nights and days, giving alternate warmth and cold to the region about either end of the earth's axis. In these four classes of changeful conditions are locked up a variety of effects, that defy computation or statement. The particular conditions of sky and temperature on any morning are dependent on a practically infinite variety of factors. There are involved therein not only the great general causes (the supply of heat from the sun, the character of the great heat-distributing currents of air and sea, etc.), but a thousand smaller actions, that are so far beyond the reach of foresight that we must give up hope of being able to predict them. A thunder or hail storm here or there, the occurrence of any of those sudden meteoric changes that are no more predictable than the time when a leaf will fall from a bough or a sparrow's life end, may give a momentary set to the weather that will bring cloud or rain where else would have been fair sky.

But in the idea of weather we include not only the momentary accidents of the

daily changes, but the longer and more general accidents of the seasons. We know that the seasonal changes of the weather are included in the limits of the predictable things. We know that summer brings warmth and winter cold, and in a less absolute way we know that spring and autumn have their proper kinds of weather. We know that March and November are seasons of wind, and even the forms of clouds in the several seasons are the subjects of law. Moreover, this is the sort of knowledge that human society needs. It is relatively of small importance for us to know the momentary chances of the daily weather, but it would be very greatly to our advantage to be able to extend the rough predictions we now are able to make concerning the several kinds of weather. On the variations in mass of the seasons, on their average heat and rain-fall, depends in the most absolute way the first interest of men,—their supply of food from the soil. We know, for instance, that in this country a cold, snowy winter and a summer of average heat and moisture mean an abundant crop of wheat, and that an open winter, with a following summer that shall be very wet or very dry, will be unfavorable to a good crop. In India the crop depends entirely on a supply of a certain amount of water in certain months. Even in the present state of the earth's peoples any contribution to our knowledge of what the kind of weather six months or a year hence is likely to be would be a gift to man beside which cheap electric light would be a bauble. And with the rapid increase of population that now marks the peoples of all lands this sort of knowledge becomes yearly more important. The very fact that the seasons are in a general way predictable seems to be a fair basis for hope that science may succeed in extending the grounds of affirmation, and not only enable us to say that next summer will be warm, but enable us further to predict what sort

of a season it will be, in a general way, — whether the rain-fall will be large or small, etc. We observe, at the outset, that science has made its greatest successes in extending the limits of the known rather than in opening altogether new fields of knowledge. Whenever men have been able reasonably to assert anything by crude popular knowledge, scientific methods have generally been able to increase the certainty to a very wide extent. So the fact that the seasons are in a certain way predictable gives a fair basis for hope that scientific methods of inquiry may take this crude knowledge and make it more certain in its details.

A study of the nature of the seasonal differences adds to the reasons that lead us to believe that we may in time be able to forecast their character pretty accurately. The momentary accidents that make it impossible to prophesy the precise conditions of any given day or days half a year hence are swallowed up in the more general phenomena of the seasonal divisions of the weather. The conditions that are to determine the particular variety of weather for the next Fourth of July can hardly be said to exist, but the conditions which fix the fact that the month of July will be warmer than the month of March are, we may say, in existence, and the only difficulty is to find and weigh them. Speaking generally, the seasonal conditions that determine the weather of any district are not very complicated, though they are hard to compute. The first condition is that of the heat brought into the given area. This heat, though primarily all from the sun and the fixed stars, comes to each region in several different ways. In the first place, about one half of it is derived from the fixed stars, or other slightly luminous celestial bodies. This portion of heat comes to the earth in every direction, so that each square foot of its surface receives an equal share. Then we have the heat of the sun, which gives

the other half of the heat that the earth receives. This, unlike the heat of the stars, falls with great inequality on the different parts of the earth. The star heat, though not far from one half of the earth's whole share, is only enough to lift the temperature of the earth's surface from about five hundred below zero of Fahrenheit to about two hundred below zero. So it is the sun that does the effective work of heating on the earth's surface, the star heat only serving partly to fill the abyss of cold that wraps the world about. Now, if the sun's heat stayed where it fell, the regions beyond the parallels of forty degrees would be deserts of cold, the intertropical regions would be uninhabitable on account of their heat, and the belt between would fare badly from the war between the fierce conditions that lie on either side. But as soon as the sun's heat falls upon the earth it is seized by a great machinery that serves to transport it from the regions where it is in excess to other regions where it is deficient in quantity. These conditions are very simple, but singularly perfect even for this well-ordered world. They are briefly as follows: the overheated air of the surface line at the equator rises, and to replace it the winds come down from the polar regions. The upper air at the equator in turn runs off to the poles, where it settles and regains the surface. The activity of these winds depends upon the difference between the circumpolar and the intertropical temperature. The old view was that these winds bring about the distribution of heat over the earth's surface, but the truth is that the winds are not worth much as heat carriers, for they can only do much of this work by virtue of the water they carry, and a very little cooling takes out the greater part of their moisture. They practically do their work at second hand through the ocean currents they set in motion. The trade-winds sweeping down from the pole make strong westward-running

streams in the great oceans beneath the equator. These great rivers of the sea, heated to a high temperature by the rays of a vertical sun, are turned out of their westward course by the shores of the continents that lie across their paths, and flow back toward the poles whence they came, bearing with them a vast store of heat, which they give to the cooler regions in the high north. The effect of this tide of heat upon the ultra-tropical regions of Europe and America is very great. It is not too much to say that the springs of all the life of Northern Europe flow out of the Florida seas in the waters of the Gulf Stream. Were it to cease its northward journey, the life of the region north of the Alps would practically cease to be. Mr. James Croll, whose luminous contributions to the study of climatal phenomena have thrown a flood of light upon this class of questions, has clearly shown that the region within the arctic circle receives about as much heat from the waters of the Gulf Stream as comes to it in the direct rays of the sun. We do not know with equal certainty how much of the heat of Northern Europe is derived from this source, but there can be no doubt that the Gulf Stream is the most important factor in its climate. In the North Pacific there is a similar ocean stream, only grander in its dimensions, the waters of which bear their warmth to the northwestern shore of our continent, and redeem a thousand miles of it from the arctic cold that would otherwise possess it.

Although the winds are incompetent to carry the surplus equatorial heat from the tropics to high latitudes, on account of the ease with which they are stripped of moisture, they are able to do the more limited duty of bearing the heat from the point where the ocean currents discharge it against the shores into the interior of the neighboring lands, and as fast as these warm waters saturate the air they touch with their

moisture, it flows off on to the lands to discharge its burdens of heat and water. If the sun's heat remained absolutely steadfast in its amount, and these currents always carried equal shares of heat from the tropics toward the poles, the conditions of our climate would not be subject to variations from this source; but there is reason to believe that, from several causes, the volume of these oceanic streams varies a good deal from time to time, and that from year to year, or from series of years to series of years, their volume, or their heat, or both, is subject to changes. Now a change in any year in the heat-carrying power of the Gulf Stream by as much as five per cent. of its total effective heat would certainly have a sensible influence upon the climate of Northern Europe, and even less considerable changes might give important results. Observations made by the venerable and distinguished Sir Edward Sabine, I believe as yet unpublished, led him to the conclusion that there was a manifest relation between the winter climate of Great Britain and the temperature of the Atlantic waters; so that it might be possible to make some general forecasts of the weather in the winter season on these islands by a study of the warm temperature to the westward. Now if this effect really exists,—and all we know of the conditions leads us to believe that it does,—then it may be possible to determine what the average temperature of the waters off the coast of Great Britain will be some months in advance. The water now flowing westward under the equator to the Central Atlantic will arrive off the west coast of Europe in from eight to twelve months from to-day. So if we knew that the equatorial current was warm and strong beyond the average of its conditions, then we could say that as far as the Gulf Stream could effect it the north of Europe would have conditions favorable for a warm and humid winter in

1880-81. Observations upon the temperature and the volume and rate of movement of this stream are not beyond the limits of inquiry. We know that about one half of the stream passes through the Straits of Florida, and there it can be measured with almost the accuracy we could give to the measurement of an ordinary river. The part that passes outside of the Caribbean to the east of the Lesser Antilles is probably also determinable by observations not too costly for possible use.

In the present state of our means of observation of marine movements there is no way of ascertaining the facts except by vessels cruising in the waters which it is proposed to examine; but there is no reason to doubt the possibility of making a buoy-shaped float, which should be anchored in the ocean currents, and which should, by telegraphic connections with the land, give us the means of determining the speed and temperature of the water that passes by the place where it is fixed. There is no doubt that the placing of such a buoy in the far seas, with telegraphic land connection, would be a matter of large expense, and it is conceivable that it would be better to accomplish the result at remote points by relays of government ships, which might as well be employed in this work as in any of the duties that are now assigned to them in time of peace. But most of the points where observations need be made are near the land, and could probably be observed by a system of buoys such as suggested above. For the Gulf Stream a set of observations in the straits between the Windward Islands and another in the Straits of Florida would be sufficient to afford a test for the value of such observations. A small steamer, with a reserve of a second vessel in case of accidents, would answer for each of these points. The simple observation could be made with great accuracy practically, with but little addition to the expense

of the governments which undertook the work. All modern navies abound in dispatch boats and other hardy steam craft fitted for such duty. They likewise abound in scientific men capable of such work and willing to do it. So that it cannot be said that the expense would be a startling feature of the plan.

It is desirable that the work should be supplemented by a set of studies of the extra Gulf Stream, — that little-known division of it that passes outside of the West Indian Archipelago. This could only be accomplished by an untried system of buoys, as before suggested, or by steamers cruising in those waters. This system of observations should occupy as many vessels as could be afforded for a few years; in a decade it should be possible to learn the laws of flow of the Gulf Stream in the Antillan and Floridian region so well that thenceforth three cruising steamers would probably accomplish all the result sought for. It might be found useful to extend the observations by a system of studies on the course of the Gulf Stream north of the Straits of Florida; but while these inquiries would have a general scientific interest, and would serve to supplement the excellent observations made by the United States Coast Survey, it is not likely that they would throw much additional light upon the climatal problem we are now considering. It is probable that the rate of flow and volume of the Gulf Stream when it passes the Straits of Florida, with the observations on the varying force and direction of the winds of the North Atlantic, — which latter point could be determined by the logs of the transatlantic steamers, — would suffice for determining the volume and heat-carrying power of this current.

The effects of the Gulf Stream are greatly intermingled with that of the Japan current, its twin stream in the Pacific Ocean. It is certain that the Japan current has much less influence on the temperature of the lands about

the boreal pole than the Gulf Stream has, yet the effects it has cannot be neglected if we would get an adequate idea of the possibilities of predicting the seasons in the northern parts of Europe and America. The study of this stream would be far more perplexing than that of the Gulf Stream. We know as yet much less of its general structure than we do of its Atlantic equivalent, and the acquisition of this knowledge will be a more difficult task. At no point does the Japan stream pass through such a gate-like channel as the Gulf Stream when it traverses the Straits of Florida. Its history must be sought in the open regions of the western part of the Pacific Ocean, where it finds its devious way among the coral islands of the great archipelagoes that strew that sea. It would probably require at least four times as many observers to trace the movements of the Pacific stream as we should need for the Atlantic current, and it would be necessary to have a careful system of weather reports from Oregon and the coast to the northward as far as Behring's Straits. We should also need current observations on Behring's Straits, to determine the amount of Pacific water that enters the Polar Sea through that gate-way, if any part whatever passes that gate.

It is likely that next after the action of these ocean currents the most powerful agent of climatal change is to be found in the relative amount of solar heat received on the earth during different years. It now seems probable that the sun's heat does vary in its power from one series of years to another. The actual value of this element of solar radiation would have been much better known were it not for the fact that our meteorological stations have been very badly placed for observations on this matter. Almost all our stations where observations on the radiant power of the sun are made are accumulated in the regions where frequent clouds and a great

variation in the heat-transmitting power of the atmosphere have made it impossible to obtain very accurate results. We need a number of stations chosen solely for measurement of the sun's radiant energy, and placed in those regions where the most perfectly cloudless skies could be found. There are several regions where the skies are practically without clouds for from three to six months each year, and by comparing the observations of several station, together we could probably get a close reckoning of the value of the sun's heat for each day in the year.

With such a system of observation we could hope to have the basis for approximately predicting the heat and rain-fall of the lands around the North Atlantic Ocean. It would doubtless require some years of careful study before the relations between the facts observed and the subsequent climatal conditions could be clearly discerned, but as soon as the matter was well in hand we could hope for forecasts of a very valuable nature concerning the economic weather that the growing season would be likely to bring to the several lands. Predictions of this sort, even if fulfilled only in general terms, would have a very great value. In all our husbandry there is more or less choice between several crops which suit different sorts of weather. A farmer may make sure of a crop of oats in just such weather as that in which he would lose his crop of maize, and forage plants do well in conditions that are much against wheat. There can be no doubt that as a whole such predictions would be more generally profitable than any extension of the present system of brief forecasts of weather can be.

To carry out such a scheme would require great continuity of labor, and probably a degree of patience under failure that is hardly to be expected from any one government. It seems to me that the risk could be better taken and the work better done by a commission that

should be appointed by several maritime states of the Atlantic. The United States, England, France, and Germany could divide the cost of such a work without feeling the burden, and a board of experts could be easily chosen from among their scientific men, who would direct the researches. Supposing that the half dozen or so steamers could be loaned and maintained by the several governments from their naval forces, the total cost of the inquiry, including a sufficiency of stations to observe the Gulf Stream, the Pacific currents, and the solar radiation, should not exceed half a million of dollars, — less, indeed, than is required to maintain a regiment in the field or a war ship on the seas.

Even if the results of this inquiry should be to show that the unobserved and at present unobservable forces that enter into the making of our several climates so far perturb the action of these great factors which it is proposed to study that we could not use them for forecasts, still the inquiry would not be in vain. We should have gained in a few years, and with a completeness we could secure in no other way, a knowledge of the facts concerning some of the most momentous phenomena of climate, and would have a better chance for making effective our further inquiries into its problems. It is not reasonable to suppose, however, that the inquiry would meet with a complete check; there can be no tenable doubt of a certain measure of success; and, as in all great inquiries, the elements of failure will themselves

be the germs of successes by pointing the way to supplementary inquiries which will narrow the limits of the unknown. In connection with this scheme an international commission could doubtless do very much to extend our general knowledge of thalassography, or the physical geography of the sea, by recommending to their several governments a system of observations at sea, to be made by their merchant marines.

The United States have already won an enviable prominence for their surveys of the wild countries that fall to their lot. They are, moreover, peculiarly well placed for this inquiry, as they constitute the only state that lies upon the two great climate-making seas of the earth. There seems a certain fitness in their undertaking to lead in this inquiry. The work could best be done as a joint work, but if the other states which should feel a peculiar interest in this task should neglect it, it would be fit that our own government should itself take up the burden. It is surely many times more promising of results to science and to the more immediate interests of humanity than all the schemes for attaining the north and south poles that now vex the spirit of adventurous peoples. Our government made the first adequate beginnings in the work of forecasting the weather, and it did the first good work that was done in the study of the marine currents. It can well afford to follow up these lines of inquiry, which are clearly adapted to the genius of its people.

N. S. Shaler.

A SLEEPING CITY.

Two hours past midnight — how the city sleeps!

But how heaven marches! When I last lay down
No star I knew was in the azure deeps;

Blank was the vault as this vast silent town.

Look now! Look there! The obverse now upwhirled!
 Bossy and spiked with fires from th' underworld,
 With great Orion's mailed arm and heel,
 The Bull's horns tipped with suns, the hosts of steel
 A serried stream, upon the mighty Way!
 At what command? Whence is it all this sweeps?
 Adown what drifting void, what black abyss?
 Who knows? Sleep, then, not struggle, sting, and hiss!
 Sleep close! sleep well! all Life that Nature steeps
 And wakes but to remand to sleep, mold, growth, decay!

E. H. Clement.

PHILOSOPHY AND APPLES.

A LOITERER who approached Concord during the progress of the summer school there reported the woods full of enthusiastic persons, some of whom smothered their mental fervor in linen dusters, inquiring for the shortest way to the new oracle. One of them, who got nearer than the rest to the shrine, paused at a little distance, startled by the sound of a resonant and pathetic voice from within the Hillside Chapel. The words which this voice bore to his ear were these: "Living is flying—living is flying . . . wings . . . Paradise." And instantly he flew—*away* from the chapel, to seek his Paradise elsewhere.

But this, I fear, is a frivolous anecdote. It is the custom of the world to laugh at devout pilgrims who set out avowedly to search for truth. Yet I sometimes fancy that when the world does this, imagining that it has a right to pity the folly or innocent faith of such a quest, it is unconsciously laughing at its own expense, — jeering at its own doubting and disheartened state.

However this may be, it is always amazingly interested in that which it so affects to look down upon. So when, a year and a half ago, a small body of men and women proposed to discuss philosophy in a certain old brown house

standing in a roadside orchard of Concord, the lesser in size, but greater in history, the scoffers became active at once. This year they were more respectful, and some even came to a session or two; but no one could fairly pronounce on the school from such a test. It was necessary to attend one or two courses, and listen to the conversation — often the more profitable exercise — which followed each monologue. And after one had done that, — what then? If his impression proved favorable, how should he convey the reasons thereof to the outer world? Clearly, this cannot be done by formal proof. What I have got by a process of infiltration from the speech of a number of men and women I can give out again only in the same gradual way that it entered, unless I could set down, word for word, the whole utterance, with an account of all the original conditions and associations.

But it is not every one living on a rural highway who can boast of so illustrious a neighbor as a school of philosophy; and, despite the obstacles to a good understanding, the writer of this may be pardoned for wishing to fulfill the duties of such neighborhood by trying in a few words to describe what took place beyond some spruces and larches, a few

rods from the spot where these lines are penned.

Not much can be shown in the form of concrete results, perhaps. The benefit got from the school was, for most of us, one of healthy stimulation and nutriment, rather than external accumulation. One can tell, nevertheless, how the process went on. Not only the cold, larger world, but also the village itself, was skeptical at first. For the Concord average does not differ greatly from the averages of other New England towns, except in greater keenness of a general practical intelligence, and a livelier talent for enjoying life in its wonted pastimes, or through the forms of art and literature. Yet it was natural that a scheme of this sort should originate in Concord, because the place has had in it so much more than the merely average. High thinking is as native to the soil as thrifty shrewdness. Next to Mr. Alcott's Orchard House stands the house of one of the best farmers in Massachusetts, whose land also skirts the highway opposite. Hens from the farm-land, seeking, perhaps, a grain of heavenly mustard-seed, sometimes invaded the apple-bowered slope on which the school rested; but the owner of the hens never came. And rightly enough; for he had his own business to attend to, and the thinkers had theirs. They kept apart in obedience to the same law which appointed that on one side of the turnpike should grow asparagus and prize-roses, and on the other pitch-pines and philosophy.

But this summer, when in spring a little edifice of butter-colored boards was seen growing up into peak and porch, on the site of an old arbor on the grassy terrace, and expressly designed with reference to being bedecked by a grapevine that grew there, the derisive tone had somewhat subsided. This was not because the discussions of the previous summer had convinced the doubters, nor were they overawed by the modest build-

ing; but it was known that the school was a success, that it had doubled its membership, and that every boarding-place in the village had more applications than it could satisfy. Indeed, many of the inhabitants, who preferred privacy, admitted hospitably the perplexed pilgrims who could not find lodging; and it is perhaps an evidence of American adaptability and good-nature that in this relation some pleasant acquaintances were formed. At all events, the community worked willingly, now, to increase the success of the thriving experiment; although nearly every one, both in and out of the school, indulged in some good-humored laughter at sundry amusing things connected with it. Perhaps the most unremittingly serious person of all concerned was the proprietor of the hack-line which conveyed the students to and from the meeting-place, and did a thriving business. Mingled with all the sincerity and keen interest which others felt was more or less of the holiday picnic mood.

Small was the audience at the opening session, and consisted mainly of women. They came very simply, in prints and gingham, — unaffected and womanly women; seated themselves on the unpainted, hard-backed chairs that were ranged about the half-finished interior; and listened with quiet rapture to the first strains of enthusiasm and eloquence. By and by, as the attendance swelled, the number of men increased, and the dress of the ladies took on a gayer and haughtier aspect. The fresh water-lilies that stood sometimes on the lecturer's desk were responded to by the artificial ones that bloomed upon a young girl's bonnet. Even a few diamonds sparkled in the chilly light of pure reason; and when the day arrived for a discourse by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on *Modern Society*, an almost worldly air of fashion pervaded the unpretentious room. Contrary to the canons of the scoffer, these

ladies were not lean nor unprepossessing, nor in the technical sense strong-minded. Some were young and pretty; others, robust matrons; a few, far advanced in years; and some looked worn and thin from too much care. Among them were teachers and clerks, the wives of professional or business men, or ladies of leisure. The male listeners embraced general students, recent college graduates, journalists, and teachers. One or two had read philosophy in the remote West or South, and came for scholarly companionship; and now and then a serene-faced man of business would drop in on occasion of some literary theme, for relaxation. Of wild-eyed or shaggy theorists, looking permanently disconcerted at something they had discovered about life, there were infrequent examples. The school reserves for a future of larger prosperity, if ever, the creation of a special long-haired department, where these can dilate without harm. But one day there came a poet, whose name and work are known on both sides of the Atlantic, and lavished generous praises on the budding academy.

"What is going on in that small building," he said, vehemently, as we walked away under the lindens behind Orchard House and the chapel, "is the most wonderful thing in the world at this moment, — especially that it should be going on in America. If it is well managed and lasts a few years, it ought to prove the germ of the greatest modern school of philosophy!"

A vigorous exaltation arose from the first gatherings, when all the congregated brains were unjaded, which made this prophecy seem not very extravagant, even if certain injudicious tendencies afterward displayed would, unless strictly pruned, make it unjustifiable. Should the school broaden into a field for wide discussion, where every philosophy worthy of the name could be properly set forth and courteously com-

bated by those representing other systems, its uses would be as admirable as novel. In two days the auditors seemed to live a week, so crowded was that brief space with thoughts of infinitude, with large reasoning, noble sentiments, and vital suggestions. All events other than the present or the coming lecture shrank, for many, into a belittling perspective: the presidential campaign, the Eastern Question, and the rejoicings of the French republic over its birthday faded, when compared with the verities with which the school was busy. And when bundles of an evening paper, with daily accounts of the proceedings, were brought by a villager, who combines the occupations of antiquarian and news-dealer, — the past and the present, — and his hastening figure was seen retreating from our porch to the green slopes of the lower world, then, in truth, it was easy to fancy it the figure of Time himself, forced to withdraw, after being eliminated by that science of the mind which transcends all mundane seasons. This mood made it peculiarly fascinating to sit there and watch the misty light among the pine-tops without, or the upward sweep of the grassy hill close by the northern windows; and to look out on other sides at the graceful drooping of apple-boughs loaded with small green fruit, and the leaves of grape-vines that spread larger, week by week; while words of inspiration blended with an occasional creaking call from the blue-jays in the woods, or the random note of a robin. The evening sessions, also, had an attractiveness of their own. The kerosene had been forgotten, the first night, and for a few moments it seemed possible, as the twilight deepened, that spiritual illumination would be the sole dependence. But, after that, the lamps of the wise virgins could not have outshone those in the chapel fixtures. With a cool breeze streaming in at open windows, where fine netting repelled the attacks of the

pessimistic mosquito, the audience sat with ears intent and hungry note-books. Then, on breaking up, they passed out, under lanterns hung by the door or from a fruit-tree close by, into the star-dark, carrying with them fragments enough for discussion all the way on the mile-long stretch of grass-bordered sidewalk to the village centre.

From an outline of speculative philosophy to a close scrutiny of Platonic doctrines; from these to a discussion of Shakespeare's "content," or, as some called it, "rationalizing Shakespeare," or to a rambling, lamp-lit disquisition on one of the mystics, — these were some of the transitions and choices afforded. Then, again, the philosophy of history, the personality of God, literary art, Hawthorne and Thoreau, were among the themes; and one lecturer showed that the sublime and beautiful might be as full of bones as a shad. The intellectual fervor spread; large parties were held at private houses for conversation on a fixed subject. People met in companies, of afternoons between lectures, to read each other original poems and essays; to debate a tough point in Kant; to hear about Persian poetry, Margaret Fuller, and Primeval Man.

"The hot weather is a good discipline," one of the younger men had said at the beginning of the term. "It calls our patience into play and makes us receptive to thought."

But even he was obliged to descend from this sublimity of sacrifice. He acknowledged that there had not been enough of the discipline to last. Rumors also filled the air that where the philosophers were thickest in the boarding-houses they had begun to fall sick. For, in addition to the morning and evening sessions, each more than two hours long, and the miscellaneous meetings, they had taken dialectics three times a day with their meals. What wonder that some of them sought relief in the characteristic water-parties of Concord,

or even in the poor-children's picnics at Walden!

The lecturers themselves faltered, at times. Though acting harmoniously on a general theistic basis, in some cases they disagreed sharply, and the gallant amiability which they maintained must have undermined their strength. Then, too, there were hard-headed opponents among the auditors, to whom the spectacle of Herbert Spencer falling in ruins regularly, every forty-eight hours, was almost more than they could bear; and the surcharged electricity of their usually silent grief may have had an oppressive effect on the readers, who sometimes showed a slight subjective disinclination to answer questions satisfactorily. The mystics and the logicians were of course indirectly at war; but the logicians generally got the best of it. This was not much regretted, apparently; in particular after the chief of the mystics had made a speech, which, without any desire but that of accuracy in the recording, may be set down as very nearly like this:—

"We cannot think annihilation. When I think of myself as nothing, I prove that I am something. If I say I am, I am really *is-ing*. This is the power by which we *thing* things. I who am, or *is-ing* I, think this that other somewhat. The thing must be what I think or thing it. In other words, I think my thing, and that *things* things."

The Hegelian's reasoning — technical and abstruse, but delicately poised and running noiselessly, like those huge steam-engines which accomplish such stupendous motions with such smooth, limber might — produced no such confusing effect, even on uninstructed ears. To those who did not understand him, it was like watching a man who bends his head to listen to some interior or mysteriously hidden music, whence they could see that he caught a perfect harmony, even though they could not hear it. Those who did understand marveled

at the intricate workmanship of the vast cage of thought he had constructed, after once entering which there is no hope of escape except into the infinite and the belief in a personal God. Hegelianism, we are told by the young apostles of recentness, is already outgrown; but this may be like the idea of the little elated bird on a cathedral spire, that he is a good deal more important than the cathedral, because he can perch on it.

As for the rest, it seemed at times as if they were too much engaged in asking the old questions and leaving them unanswered, except by analogies and assumptions that ignored the necessity of proof. I know of at least one listener who strayed away from the hall of eloquence, to find a more soothing, if less positive response from the trees and the sky. On one occasion he watched a tame though uncaged squirrel, playing about the bole of an enormous elm and returning his gaze with beady eyes that defied all attempts to surprise the secret of his being. Finally the squirrel, tearing a leaf from a weed near by, ran with it up the elm, jumped from the tip of a topmost branch to another neighbor elm of equal size, and then came down the trunk of that to the lowest fork of the boughs, where he disappeared. Presently he was in sight again without the leaf, and stared impertinently at his human observer, as if to say, "Can you tell where I have hidden it? That's a riddle you can't answer, any more than the pundits over there can really solve the vital problems of the world!"

In truth, there were complaints on the part of some among the pilgrims at the extent to which abstractions were dealt in by the school. "I wish they would teach us how to live," said one of the most earnest, albeit not erudite, among them. "I wish they would talk more

about something else than the eternal and the abstract. I don't mean to be irreverent, but really we have had God *hashed up* in so many forms, like the Chinese kittens, that I'm sick of it."

Yet, in any serious view, it cannot be doubted that the school did good. It inspired. It is no derogation from its dignity that women chiefly sustained it; for they are the true conservators of culture in this land of ours, where the great body of men live for barbaric ends of wealth and physical achievement. It is a good omen, too, that so sincere and self-sacrificing a person as Elizabeth Thompson should have furnished the financial sinews for its present activity. The five weeks of devout, and in the main candid, thinking which those of us who were present have to remember, form the only realization I ever met with of the proverbial "month of Sundays;" for every day of the term had something about it that rose above the secular. When it was all over, and the bond which had held such various elements together so long was dissolved, did not the fact that the thing had been at all, though now so intangible, prove the power and reality of ideas and of immortal aspirations? The words that had been said had faded away into the pale summer air, as if they were nothing; but though utterance passes away like the individual of a species, the idea, the influence, remains, like the universal type of the species. And the immediate effect or result is not all.

When the valedictory had been pronounced and the session adjourned for the last time, it was seen that some of the green apples in the orchard were already rosy-ripe and full of sustenance. Others, on other trees, were but faintly streaked with the morning-red of coming maturity. The more valuable and enduring fruit will ripen later.

G. P. Lathrop.

A SEARCH FOR THE PLEIADES.

THE newspapers describe a throng of tourists as passing through the White Mountains all summer long; but we forget that, when tried by the standard of Swiss or Scotch hill-country, ours is still unexplored and unopened. Even the laborious Appalachian Club has as yet barely called attention to a few of the wilder recesses. Half a mile to the right or left of many a much-traveled pathway lies the untamed and shaggy wilderness, traversed here and there, at intervals of years, by some hunter or trapper, but too high in air for the lumberman or trout-fisherman, and unseen by the tourist. It is the realm of the shy deer and bear, of the nocturnal *loup-cervier* and catamount; one may thread his way through it for many hours without coming upon the trace of a human being.

It was in such a region, on the side of Mount Moosilauke, that I went to seek for the Pleiades.

Few of the White Mountains have a summit so fine and characteristic in formation as is that of Moosilauke. After you ascend above the more luxuriant vegetation, and find yourself in a cooler zone, passing, as it were, from summer back to spring, — leaving, for instance, the ripe red raspberries below, and perceiving them still green above, — after you have come to interrupted groves and ever-dwindling trees, you step out at length upon a bare and narrow ridge. With one bold curve, it sweeps away in air, and leads the eye to a little summit half a mile beyond, on which the Tip-Top House, a low stone building, clings. There can be nothing finer than this curving crest, raised nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, and just wide enough to hold the rough wagon road built some years since to the top. As you traverse it, you

seem to walk along the heights of heaven. Looking down, you see on one hand all the fertile valley of the Connecticut and the broad farms of Vermont; and on the other side there lie spread all Maine and New Hampshire. Within the embrace of this bending ridge, held as in its arm, there drops a precipitous gorge, densely wooded and utterly pathless, and it was in this wild depth, known locally as the Jobildunk Ravine, that the Pleiades were to be sought.

Little, the historian of Warren, describes this ravine as “wild and hideous,” and estimates its depth at three thousand feet. Osgood’s White Mountain Guide Book says that it is “one of the wildest places in the State, but is difficult to explore on account of its forests,” and adds that “in its upper part are the woodland beauties of the Seven Cascades.” At the two hotels, on the side of the mountain we found no very definite knowledge of these cascades, and they were confounded with certain other waterfalls on Baker’s River, several miles away. At the last field meeting of the Appalachian Club, however, an interesting report had been presented by Rev. G. H. Scott, of Plymouth, N. H., who, with Rev. H. O. Ladd, of Hopkinton, had once spent the night on top of Moosilauke, and had descended into Jobildunk Ravine next day for fishing purposes, and had come upon these falls; after which they had followed Gorge Brook, as it is called, through the forest to Baker’s River, and so on to the village of Warren. These two clerical explorers, it appeared, were so delighted with the beauty of the cascades as to feel moved to do all that could be done for them in recognition; so in due form, by what may be called a self-acting baptismal process, — since the brook itself furnished the font, — they christened the

sisterhood "the Pleiades." Such was the region we wished to visit.

The rule as to the inevitable exaggeration of the unseen — *omne ignotum pro mirifico* — applies only to the person nearest to the wonder, and for all others is reversed. The larger your estimate of the size of your unlanded trout, the more derisively small is the guess of your fellow-fishermen. As with unseen trout, so with waterfalls unvisited; and Mr. Scott soon found that he must inspect his newly-christened cascades again, and take with him witnesses. I went as one of these, having as our guide James Merrill, of the Breezy Point House, who had long hunted and trapped through all that region, and had, many years ago, passed by these falls, though he was now by no means sure of their precise position.

It was the hottest day of the summer; the breeziness of the hotel which was our rendezvous lay that day in its name only, and the mercury on the piazza stood at 85° Fahrenheit in the shade. As we had come from Plymouth, N. H., in the morning, we could not set off on our walk until a little before noon, and must stop presently to eat our lunch. When we resumed our march, it was still within that period of the day when, as the ancients fabled, the great god Pan sleeps, and must not be awakened, and when even wood-paths are apt to be unshaded; and as we climbed we found ourselves zigzagging from side to side, to make the most of every bit of shade, — beating up to shadowward, as it were, instead of to windward. Our guide walked on before us, erect and manly, wearing one of those broad canvas hats which are characteristic of this region, and furnish one of our few glimpses of picturesque costume. He had led for years the genuinely out-door life which belongs to our mountaineers. As a rule, farmers are far less rich in conversation than sea-side people, — sailors, pilots, fishermen; the rural lives are rather

monotonous and uneventful; but when you come where the farms actually abut upon untamed forest, the art of conversation revives, and James Merrill was as good as Thoreau, so far as the habit of observation could carry him.

He showed us, in the occasional deposits of soft mud by the water bars on the mountain road, how to distinguish squirrel-tracks, sable-tracks, bear-tracks. A bear had passed, as he proved to us, within a few days, had weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was probably two years old. He pointed out to us where, in sandy places, the young partridges had nestled and fluttered like hens in the path, and where the hedgehogs had gnawed and torn the roots in the wood. He told us how these little "quill-pigs," as they are popularly called, defend themselves with their tails, thrashing them about till the nose of a dog or other animal is full of bristles; the dogs instinctively fear this, and seize the creature by the head, where the bristles turn the other way, and cannot hurt. The hedgehog is in winter the chief food of the "fisher-cat," and this in turn is trapped for its fur. This small quadruped is jet-black, with a few white hairs; is as large as a large cat, but is shaped like a mink, having short legs. The fisher-cat and sable — pronounced uniformly "saple" — climb trees like cats, in pursuit of squirrels, and will run from tree to tree as easily as the game they hunt, though unable to spring like them through the air. Both of these species are active and daring, venturing sometimes into the hunters' camps at night in search of food. The ordinary wild-cat, or "bob-cat," or "lucivee" (*loup-cervier*) is also found on Moosilauke, but not the larger "catamount," or that half-mythical beast known among Maine lumbermen as the "Indian devil." This bob-cat is often as large to the eye as a Newfoundland dog, but its fur is so deceptively thick that it really does not weigh more

than thirty pounds. Merrill was eloquent about its shriek at night. "When you hear it near you," he said, "it makes every hair stand up straight, and you feel about as big as your finger. I have heard it when it made me feel as if my hat was two feet from my head. It is as much bigger than the house-cat's noise as that is bigger than a canary's."

Of the larger animals, the deer is still hunted in this region, although the present laws, which protect these animals from January 1st to August 1st, have cut off the snow-hunting, which was the most profitable. Before this legislation, Merrill had once taken three deer alive in a single day, pursuing them in snow-shoes with a dog, when the slender hoofs cut through the crusted snow, and they could be overtaken. When thrown down in the snow the deer defend themselves actively with their hoofs, which are used very swiftly and cut like razors. The best way to quiet them is to hold their heads down by the ears, and after this has been done for fifteen or twenty minutes they will usually submit, and can afterwards be led along, although sometimes the old bucks will fight, from first to last, so furiously that the hunter, entangled in his snow-shoes, must kill his opponent in self-defense. Of bears not more than three or four are annually taken here, — a bounty of ten dollars being paid, — but a good many visit the region, keeping in the valley between Moosilauke and Carr's Mountain, and always attracted by ponds and sloughs, in which they wallow, and by berry-pastures, among which they feed. The foot-prints we saw — in which the claws, by the way, were to be clearly distinguished — were near a large patch of wild raspberries. Wolves are pretty well exterminated from this whole region. The last report of one was several years ago, when some unknown animal devastated the sheep-folds. A mighty hunter from beyond the mountain was offered forty dollars by the farmers, in

addition to the legal bounty of half that sum, for the destruction of the wolf. He brought in the head, as by law required, and received the money; but avowed, a year or two later, that he had only exhibited the head of a harmless dog, peculiarly wolf-like in appearance, which he had bought for a dollar in a distant hamlet. However, the sheep-folds were thenceforth left unmolested, though the unseen enemy was never trapped.

Many of our guide's facts were before known to us, but some were wholly new, as when he told us that a deer, if forced into water too shallow for his long legs, will swim easily on his side, instead of wading. There is always pleasure in listening to the simplest woodcraft from those who habitually live by its pursuit, — those who know nothing of books, but supply observations for the book-makers. Such talk links us with the Rocky Mountains, and with Scott's novels and the great French forests in old days of royal hunting. All the "venerers, prickers, and verderers" of romance have now come down to a few plain incidents like these, but no matter; so long as there is a squirrel on a bough or a partridge in the woods, it will keep us in contact with that healthful out-door nature which is the background of all our civilization. Thus discoursing, at any rate, we toiled up the mountain beneath an increasing shade. It was pretty to observe the graceful effect of the increased elevation on the wild flowers. At the base, this being August 2d, I sought in vain among the wood-sorrel and dwarf-cornel leaves for a single blossom; when half-way up, we saw them beginning to spangle the green beds; and at the top they were in fullest bloom, amid the linnæa and mountain cranberry. It was strange also to see meadow plants, like the snake-head and American hellebore, growing abundantly in dry places at an elevation of four thousand feet; and even to find lingering blossoms of the latter, which we are ac-

customed to regard as an early spring flower. The longer one lives, the less rigid appear the rules and forms of external nature; she seems to bid her wild flowers bloom where she will, and almost when she will, and to delight in setting at naught the most careful assertions of the botanists. The time may come, perhaps, when one can pluck passion-flowers off a glacier without surprise, so fearless are nature's combinations.

All the party had climbed Moosilauke before, and there had been a good deal of debate as to whether, for our present purpose, we should leave the mountain path far down, and strike through the forest for the base of the cascades, or whether we should ascend nearly to the summit, and search downward for the uppermost falls. The latter counsel at length prevailed, and even the point of departure was fixed upon. There are on Moosilauke several springs of water, along its upper regions,—each kindly provided by some good Samaritan with sheets of birch bark, such as Samaria never saw, but such as the New Hampshire woodsman easily twists into a cup. At the highest of these springs—said popularly, but wrongly, to be the origin of the very brook in question—we left the carriage-road, and struck boldly downwards into the unbroken woods. In two minutes we seemed wholly beyond reach of the steep height we were leaving behind us, so sharp was the descent. It seemed as irretraceable as a plunge over Niagara, and all civilized and sheltered life was as absolutely withdrawn. Beneath us and around us was a craggy world of boulders and broken rock, all united into one continuous and treacherous surface by an emerald garment of the softest moss. Our feet sank and slipped in it; it was a delicious cushion on which to leap from rock to rock; but the leaps were too dangerous, for none could tell by the eye whether there was any foot-hold. Meantime we were twisting and writhing our bodies among close-

ly-set trees, never very large, since it was too high in air for that, but tough and firmly knit, their branches being stunted into a magnificent vigor. Their insecurity was in their foot-hold among those mossy rocks: in some cases they had so wrenched and gripped their roots into the crevices as to seem a part of the mountain side, while other trees were scarcely more than poised upon the rocks, and were wholly unable to bear the weight of a man. The brook soon disappeared beneath the rocks, leaving only moisture enough for the beautiful slender spikes of the northern white orchis (*Platanthera dilatata*), which we afterwards found abundantly throughout the water-courses of the ravine. Still we descended; it seemed like slipping cautiously down the interminable steeple of a gigantic church, on which boulders had somehow stayed themselves, and trees and moss had contrived to grow. The great danger was of going forward headlong, with a sudden insertion of one's feet in a sharp cleft of these beautiful, treacherous, moss-hidden rocks. It was a positive relief to tread occasionally upon some prostrate tree-trunk, green with ferns and half decayed, yet bristling with spiked branches, and giving a safe though difficult bridge, as it slanted down the hill-side. Meanwhile, we could see nothing overhead or outward, so dense were the trunks and boughs; and we had only an occasional glimpse of the broad hat of our guide, still descending without remorse. Once, when we had halted, and some one had expressed fervent gratitude that we had not to reascend that formidable ravine, Merrill looked round with a chuckle, and said, "It would be easier to go up there again than to go back the way you expect to go." We too looked round and up. The suggestion seemed like that of reascending the church steeple already mentioned, and holding on by the moss as we went up. Any distance, any form of descent, should be welcomed, we re-

solved, rather than attempt that "wild and hideous" climb.

During all this time we had listened vainly for the brook, which should be rippling somewhere below. If it was there, every step of our stumbling progress brought us nearer to it, but no one knew just where to find it, and there was a perpetual murmur in the trees, drowning all minor sounds. At length a softer splash, as of plunging waters, mingled in the strain, and almost before we knew it we stood in a green dell, where all the shaggy terrors of the precipitous ravine suddenly vanished, as if they had never been. We stood with level feet, at last, beside a little stream, on whose flat and mossy rocks it seemed as if nothing rougher than the moccasined foot of an Indian had ever rested. As far up and down as the woods disclosed them extended a series of dainty waterfalls, — never high or sweeping, like the Artists' Fall in North Conway, or the far bolder Llama Falls near Lake Dunmore in Vermont, but more like the graceful Chase Cascades in Brattleborough, as they were while yet unspoiled. As for the precise number of these cascades in Jobildunk Ravine, it was of no consequence; the brook dropped almost continuously from ledge to ledge, and there might be seven or seventeen, as one chose to count them for purposes of baptism. At any rate, our lost Pleiades were found.

When we had once reached them, instantaneous was the change in our condition. No longer slipping and staggering down the craggy ravine, amid tangled roots and trunks, seeking in vain for a footing, until, as in Lowell's description of old-time Cambridge mud, one's legs became mere corkscrews to extract one's boots, — no longer thus afflicted, we trod on smooth slabs of rock, cushioned with velvet moss, that would have invited repose but for the delicate rills of trickling water that preserved its emerald hue. What matter for these! — they

cooled our feet; and very sweet was the forest chill that made an atmosphere about the stream. A lingering "Peabody-bird" welcomed us from the ravine, now silent with summer. Above and below us spread the cascades: some spanned by forest trunks, long since fallen, but still green with mosses; others open to the sky, and with only a suggestive rill of water; while others, again, held even this little stream invisible, murmuring beneath the rocks. We could not have asked for a sweeter rest after our descent, or for a lovelier bower of peace, than we found in the valley of the Seven Cascades.

There is nothing in nature so shy and virginal as a cascade in primeval woods; it seems alone with its own beauty, and unfit for any ruder contact than that of the deer which comes, timid and lonely as itself, to drink at its pure basin. On this particular day, it must be owned, we could have wished for our wood nymph an ampler garment of water. Still there was enough to adorn her beauty, and we could readily accept the apologies of our friend, the original explorer, who had seen her, so to speak, in full flow of drapery. But it is the beauty of a cascade, as of a lake, that it adapts itself easily to any margin; nor did the beauty of this scene of peace require for its full appreciation the severe prelude of fatigue through which we had passed.

The immediate question before us was that which the English poet Faber long since set to music, "Up a stream or down?" We had struck the cascades, it was guessed, about half-way up their course; and they were, at any rate, so much nearer the top of the ravine than the bottom that it was a question which route to pursue. We could follow them up and reach the summit, thence descending the mountain by the ordinary road; or we could follow the stream itself down, an easier but perhaps longer route, especially with a guide not thoroughly

familiar with the way. It was already half past four, and, being on the eastern or shadowy slope of Moosilauke, we could not safely count on more than two hours of time. Deciding, at last, to ascend, we pressed on in the path of the brook, our feet treading

"On the stubs of living rock
Ages ago it crenelled,"

as Browning has it. A few turns of the stream brought us to the most beautiful cascade of all. Looking upward, we saw a green cave or grotto, built with the regularity of art, and arching towards us over the little pool into which its waters fell. The cascade came from an overhanging ledge, precisely as if the arch which surmounted the cave had lost its key-stone, and the water passed through between two mossy slabs. The fall was of eight or ten feet only, but the hollow cave which received it—a grotto all emerald with glistening moss—gave it a beauty that nothing was needed to enhance except the solitary deer which should have been, but was not, drinking in that still place.

The brook soon left us, dwindling to a gurgle among the stones, and then vanishing, while we pushed on towards upper air, our guide marking the trees for future explorers, or for a possible pathway. We noted how skillfully he "spotted" with his axe,—the word "blaze" is rarely used, in this sense, in New England,—not cutting deeply in, as a novice would have done, but simply scarring the bark, and thus leaving a more unmistakable mark for future years than if the wood itself were indented. The wall we were climbing grew rapidly steeper, until it was the counterpart of that we had descended; and though the fatigue of the ascent was doubtless greater, we yet knew better what we were doing, and the risk of broken limbs was less. At intervals we had glimpses of the ridge above us, still seeming incredibly far away, and gradually swathed in such a dimness that we

knew, although we could not see, that the vapors must be gathering in the air. Still we toiled on, up mossy dells, palisaded with the shy white orchis, until suddenly a shout from some one above caused me to look round, and I saw a sight of exquisite beauty. An opening in the woods showed the ravine behind us, dark, almost black, with shadow; but beyond this the sunlight was so poured on the eastern slope of Mount Washington and his companions as to make them glisten in double prominence, and it was almost impossible to believe that they were not snow-covered,—I do not mean coated with continuous and dazzling snow, like Mont Blanc, but rather clad in that scattered and sprinkled whiteness which clings upon the terrible peak of the Matterhorn. As we went a step farther, the trees hid this fair sight, and we entered a domain of utter shadow, fitly preparing us for the change that was presently to come, in the drama of the day.

Climbing a few steps higher, I saw clearly—for we were now getting above the trees—the meaning of the deepening blackness and the weird light. A storm was upon us,—such a storm as explained the superstitions of Indians about these mountain summits, and their refusal to climb them. The sky was all obscured,—not densely black, as with a thunder-cloud, but lighter than the already dark ravine; yet there were flashes of lightning in it, and murmurings of thunder. Its chief terror appeared to lie not in darkness, but in motion. All immediately around us was absolutely still, yet on the side of the ravine toward the Tip-Top House there was in the woods a roar that I can only describe as ferocious; it seemed as if the force which made that sound could sweep from the ravine below us the whole forest that clothed it, and count the work a trifle. Meantime, upon the mountain-crest the mass of pale cloud was accumulating, and suddenly, as with

one word of command, it was unloosed. We saw a detached body of cloud, that seemed to obey an order of its own and have its own separate work to do, come sweeping down into the ravine beside us, — not toward us, — with a sense of power and direction that no wings of eagles could symbolize, and an effect of swiftness such as no swallow's flight, no rush of railway train, could represent. I knew that it was a filmy, bodiless thing, — that if it changed direction and came toward us we should know it but as rain and wind; yet as I watched it, the Oriental hymns to the storm-gods seemed too little for an invocation of its power, and one could fancy a great army of men halting and retreating before its awful majesty. "The charge of the six hundred!" called one of my companions. The clouds went first, the rain followed; we could see it pouring in great sheets between us and the side of the ravine, and yet we escaped for a time. At last it reached us.

It came with a discharge like that from a steam fire-engine, yet we were by this time so warm that we welcomed it for our bodies' sake; we were like men working at a great conflagration, who beseech the engines to play on them. Yet the instinct of self-protection for a moment prevailed; and the dwarf spruce-trees under which we could easily shelter ourselves made a dry defense. But what was the use? Every atom of vegetation must soon be saturated, and we were now where we must crawl through it, and under it, and over it, to reach the top. We were in the region known as "scrub," — above where trees could be trees, but where they were condensed into stiff bushes, gnarled spikes, holding in every twig the vigor of a limb. Vegetation driven to its alpine stronghold does its worst at last, before it vanishes and leaves you in free air. You must clamber above it, you must burrow through it; you cannot stop to find out whether it is branch or root on which you are

treading, since they seem equally rugged. Sometimes, in creeping beneath a bough, I found myself trailing my wet breast over some exquisite bed of wood-sorrel and linnæa, the sweet pink flowers fading unseen where no eye had looked on their race before.

At last, as with magic, all obstruction vanished, and I stood in increasing darkness on the bare ridge, with thousands of feet of stormy vapor spreading and sinking on either hand.

So great was the sense of freedom — for there was now nothing before us but a descent of five miles by the rough carriage-road to Merrill's — that I remember no feeling except of exhilaration. I had nothing on but a thin tennis-shirt and trowsers, with shoes and stockings all saturated; but I recall a distinct savage enjoyment in the pelting of the cold rain, mixed with a slight hail, upon my shoulders. Fatigue seemed to vanish; we all felt as if at the beginning of our day's work. Nature presently responded to our mood; already the veil of cloud was thin over the western outlook, and soon it burst away into soft, rosy fragments. The vast valley of the Connecticut, with nearly all of Vermont, lay visible before us; lakes glistened, grain fields spread, glimpses of rivers showed themselves. It was like a vast battle-field in the multiplicity of little vapors that hung like smokes over detached points; and on distant hills lay level bars of absolutely golden light. The Green Mountains and the far Adirondacks and the curious Notch in which lies Willoughby Lake were all closely shrouded with these gorgeous splendors; and, as we looked down from above, it was as if the sunset itself lay in state. Yet glittering raindrops were still falling on us, and we were glad to speed rapidly downward, away from this bright scene, to the mountain's foot, there to seek dry clothing, made up from many wardrobes, at the Breezy Point House, and to take our way by the mountain

wagon to the railway station. The next day we felt a certain triumph amidst our bruises. We were not exactly like Keats's

"watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,"
but we had at least re-discovered the
Pleiades.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

VIII.

THE TYLER ADMINISTRATION, 1843-1845.

THE Tyler administration became odious to the whigs, while the democrats despised it. Mr. Tyler had succeeded in having every vestige of the whig legislation enacted at the extra session of 1841 swept from the statute-book, yet the democrats continued to stand aloof from his administration, until, as a last resort, he advocated the admission of Texas as a State. He was urged to take this step by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, his favorite adviser, and by the numerous holders of Texas bonds and war-scrip in Washington.

Before the victims on the Princeton were shrouded, Mr. Wise called upon Mr. McDuffie, then a member of the senate, who represented Mr. Calhoun's interests at Washington, and informed him that the distinguished South Carolinian would be appointed secretary of state. He urged him to write to Mr. Calhoun at once, begging him not to decline the position should he be nominated and confirmed. Mr. McDuffie did not ask Mr. Wise if he spoke by Mr. Tyler's authority, but evidently believed that he was authorized to make the request, and promised to write to Mr. Calhoun by that afternoon's mail.

Mr. Wise then went to the Executive Mansion, where he found Mr. Tyler in the breakfast-room, much affected as he read the account of the awful catastro-

phe of the day previous, which he had found in that morning's National Intelligencer. Mr. Wise told him rather abruptly that it was no time for grief, as there were vacancies in the cabinet to be filled, that urgent matters then under his control might be disposed of. "What is to be done?" asked President Tyler. Mr. Wise had an answer ready: "Your most important work is the annexation of Texas, and the man for that work is John C. Calhoun as secretary of state. Send for him at once."

"No, sir!" replied the president, rather coldly. "The annexation of Texas is important, but Mr. Calhoun is not the man of my choice." The ladies of the family just then came in, and all sat down to breakfast.

This was rather a damper on the programme of Mr. Wise, as he feared that Mr. McDuffie's letter would reach Mr. Calhoun about the time some one else was nominated as secretary of state. He sat through a long breakfast, patiently listening to the president's prolix account of what had taken place on the Princeton, and finally determined to follow Hoyle's advice to whist-players holding the third hand, and "play high." When the party at last rose from the table, and the ladies left the room, he took his hat, and going to where the president was standing said, in his most impressive manner, "Sir! In saying good-morning to you now, I may be taking a lasting farewell. I have unselfishly tried to be your friend for many years, and especially since you have been

president. Prompted by friendship for you, I have to-day prevailed upon Mr. McDuffie to write to Mr. Calhoun, and ask him to accept the place of secretary of state from you. If you do not sanction this unauthorized act of mine for your own sake, — not mine, — you will place me where you would be loath to place a foe, much less a friend."

The president looked surprised for a moment, and then, lifting both hands, said, "Wise! you are the most extraordinary man I ever saw, the most willful and wayward, the most incorrigible, and I see there is nothing for me to do but yield. No other man would have done what you have done, but you have done it, and I now authorize you to take the office and tender it to Mr. Calhoun."

But Mr. Wise did not wish to tender it, as he feared that Mr. Calhoun would not accept it. So he insisted, and the president finally consented, that the nomination should be sent to the senate at once. It was accordingly sent, and confirmed without opposition. Mr. Calhoun came to Washington immediately, and was soon installed as secretary of state, with able associates in the other executive departments.

Mr. Calhoun's course on the annexation of Texas had not been consistent. In 1819, when a member of President Monroe's cabinet, he had concurred in virtually giving Texas away, to conciliate the antislavery sentiment of New England, by preventing the increase of slave-holding States at the Southwest. But in 1836 he had advocated immediate annexation as calculated to injure the presidential prospects of Mr. Van Buren, and he was prompt in completing the negotiations carried on by Mr. Upshur, his predecessor in the department of state, with Messrs. Van Zandt and Henderson, the envoys sent to place the "lone star" in the azure field of the ensign of the republic. It took Mr. Calhoun only from February 28th to

April 12th to conclude the negotiations. The treaty of annexation was signed and sent to the senate for ratification, but after a protracted discussion it was rejected by a vote of sixteen yeas against thirty-five nays.

General Jackson had been enlisted in the annexation of Texas, and as an acknowledgment of his services the friends of the measure in Congress passed a law refunding a fine of one thousand dollars which had been imposed on him by Judge Hall, at New Orleans, twenty-five years before. It was for a contempt of court, in refusing to produce, in obedience to a writ of *habeas corpus*, a citizen arrested by his orders under the martial law which he had proclaimed.

Stephen A. Douglas, who had just entered Congress as one of the seven representatives from Illinois, was prominent in procuring the passage of the bill refunding the fine, and when he afterward visited the Hermitage he received General Jackson's earnest thanks. "I felt certain in my own mind," said the general, "that I was not guilty of violating the constitution. But I could never make out a legal justification of my course, nor has it ever been done, sir, until you, on the floor of Congress, established it beyond the possibility of doubt. I thank you, sir, for that speech."

This was the first move made by Mr. Douglas in his canvass for the presidency, but he was soon prominent in that class of candidates of whom Senator William Allen, of Ohio, said, "Sir! they are going about the country like dry-goods drummers, exhibiting samples of their wares." Always on the alert to make new friends and to retain old ones, he was not only a vigorous handshaker, but he would throw his arms fondly around a man, as if he possessed the first place in his heart. No statement was too chary of truth in its composition, no partisan manœuvre was too openly dishonest, no political pathway

was too dangerous, if an opportunity was afforded for making a point for Douglas. He was industrious and sagacious, clothing his brilliant ideas in energetic and emphatic language, and standing like a lion at bay when opposed.

Mr. Douglas had a herculean frame, with the exception of his lower limbs, which were short and small, dwarfing what otherwise would have been a conspicuous figure, and he was popularly known as "the Little Giant." His large round head surmounted a massive neck, and his features were symmetrical, although his small nose deprived them of dignity. His dark eyes, peering from beneath projecting brows, gleamed with energy, mixed with an expression of slyness and sagacity, and his full lips were generally stained at the corners of his mouth with tobacco-juice. His voice was neither musical nor soft, and his gestures were not graceful. But he would speak for hours in clear, well-enunciated tones, and the sharp Illinois attorney soon developed into the statesman at Washington.

The debates in the senate on the treaty with Texas, providing for its annexation, were very acrimonious. Mr. Benton, while he denounced the scheme for the admission of Texas as the work of speculators in scrip and lands, and of political intriguers, showed that disunion was at the bottom of the machination. Under the pretext of getting Texas into the Union, the scheme was to get the South out of it, and to establish a Southern confederacy.

Mr. James Buchanan had always, since he had been a member of Congress, acted with the Southerners, and he sustained the treaty, as did Mr. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Robert J. Walker, a Pennsylvanian by birth, who was at that time a senator from Mississippi. Messrs. Buchanan and Woodbury were ponderous speakers, who always displayed such an unhesitat-

ing air of being irrefragably in the right as they proceeded with their elaborate arguments that every word they uttered sounded like the pronouncement of an oracle. Mr. Walker was small, active, ready in retort, and always prepared to produce an array of statistics in support of his position which no one in the senate could contradict.

In the house of representatives, the venerable ex-president, John Quincy Adams, headed the opposition to Texas, while he maintained his defiant attitude on the right of petition. This so exasperated the Southerners that several of them openly indulged in hostile threats towards him; and one day, when the house was in session, a Virginian named Sangster had "the old man eloquent" called out into the lobby by a page. When Sangster saw Mr. Adams, he said, "You are wrong, — I'll kick you," and made an attempt to seize him, which the old gentleman endeavored to prevent by grasping the wrists of his assailant. Sangster, disengaging one of his hands, then tried to slap Mr. Adams's face, but was prevented by the somewhat tardy interference of the by-standers, and later in the day he was arrested, but not punished. Mr. Adams, nothing daunted by these brutal demonstrations, persevered in his demonstrations against Southern despotism, displaying the traits which Thackeray has told us were possessed by Fielding: "He has an admirable love of truth, and the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective, — it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern."

Joshua R. Giddings was one of the first who came to the aid of Mr. Adams in the house, and he soon attracted attention as a stalwart opponent of slavery. He had succeeded Elisha Whitelsey, with whom he had studied law in Ohio, and during the excitement attendant on the proposition to annex Texas he became so outspoken that a resolution

was passed declaring his conduct "altogether unwarranted and unwarrantable, and deserving the severest condemnation of the country and of the house." Mr. Giddings eloquently protested against the passage of this resolution of censure without giving him an opportunity to be heard, saying that he would accept of no other privilege and would ask no other courtesy. The house refused to permit him to speak, and passed the resolution by a vote of two to one, whereupon Mr. Giddings resigned. Returning to Ohio, he announced himself a candidate for reelection, and he was sent back to Washington by a majority of over three thousand, many democrats voting for him. In a few weeks after he had been censured he was again in his seat, indorsed by his constituents, and a more defiant opponent of the slave-power than he was before the attempt to discipline him. He was taunted, rebuked, insulted, and threatened with chastisement, but he never faltered or turned from what he believed to be his path of duty.

The house of representatives, at that period, could boast of more ability than the senate. Among the most prominent members were the accomplished Robert C. Winthrop, who so well sustained the reputation of his distinguished ancestors; Hamilton Fish, the representative Knickerbocker from the city of New York; Alexander Ramsey, a worthy descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen; the loquacious Garrett Davis, of Kentucky; the emaciated Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who had not apparently a month to live, yet who rivaled Talleyrand in political intrigue; John Wentworth, a tall son of New Hampshire, transplanted to the prairies of Illinois; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a born demagogue and self-constituted champion of the people; the courteous Thomas H. Seymour, of Hartford, and John Slidell, of New Orleans; Robert Dale Owen, the visionary communist from Indiana; Howell Cobb, of

Georgia, and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who were then laying the foundations for the Southern Confederacy, "with slavery as its corner-stone;" the portly Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, who was so large that he could not occupy the arm-chairs at the Capitol, and had to have wider ones made for his use; the brilliant Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio; and the genial Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, who softened the asperities of debate by many pleasant comments in an under-tone, not recorded by the reporters.

President Tyler had great faith in the power of the newspaper press, and secured, by a lavish distribution of the advertising patronage of the executive departments, an "organ" in nearly every State. The journals thus recompensed for their support of the administration were without political influence, but Mr. Tyler prized their support, and personally looked after their interests. Alluding to them in a letter to a friend, he said, "Their motives may be selfish; but if I reject them for that, who among the great mass of office-holders can be trusted? They give me all the aid in their power, and I do not stop to inquire into motives." In another letter he complains of an official at New Orleans, saying, "I have felt no little surprise at the fact that he should have thrown into the Bee [a most abusive paper] advertisements of great value, and refused to hand them to the Republican, a paper zealous and able in the cause of the administration."

The Washington Globe, after Amos Kendall retired from its editorial chair to amass a fortune as one of the proprietors of the Morse telegraph patent, had been conducted by Francis P. Blair. He was aided by Edmund Burke, then a representative from New Hampshire, whose placid countenance was entirely at variance with his aggressive articles; by Jesse E. Dow, poet, orator, and paragraphist; and by John C. Rives, his

partner and business manager. Mr. Rives was one of the kindest-hearted and shrewdest of men, gigantic in person, rough in his manners, with coarse features, and a shock of sandy hair. He indulged in a rather savage style of writing, and if he did not adorn everything that he touched, he had the gift of Midas in turning printing-ink and paper into gold.

"Blair of the Globe," as he was generally called, was about five feet ten inches in height, with an emaciated form and positively ugly features, light hair, and clear, unflinching blue eyes. He wore a broad-brimmed black hat, and his clothes were somewhat of the Quaker cut. He was a trenchant, waspish writer, who apparently sought rather than avoided personal controversies. Although he was almost a skeleton, he once unblushingly called Judge White in an editorial "Calvin Edson," — the name of a man who was then being exhibited to prove that a human being could survive after losing nearly all his flesh. In another article he applied to Senator Poindexter — who was a spare man — the sobriquet of "the devil's darning needle;" indeed, he never appeared to realize, when writing one of his ferocious editorial attacks, that he might be assailed for any of his severe strictures.

He was the disciplinarian of the democratic party, and he had no mercy for those who refused to work in partisan harness. Once, when he was about attacking a man whom he respected personally, but disliked politically, he said to his partner, "Rives, it gives me pain to attack that man, but he is restive and kicking in the traces, and complaining that the collar is too small for him and chafes him. We must whip him in or whip him out at once, before he gets a little crowd to go with him." Mr. Blair was devoted to Van Buren, as he had been to Jackson, and worked hard to secure his nomination by the demo-

crats in 1844, as an opponent of the annexation of Texas.

The New York Tribune was first published during the Tyler administration by Horace Greeley, who had edited with great success a political newspaper during the preceding presidential campaign, called *The Log Cabin*. The Tribune, like the New York Herald and Sun, was then sold at one cent a copy, and was necessarily little more than a brief summary of the news of the day. But it was the germ of what its editor lived to see it, — a great newspaper, — and it soon had a circulation at Washington, where the eminently respectable National Intelligencer and the ponderous Globe failed to satisfy the wants of the reading community. A daily penny paper, called *The Capitol*, was established at Washington, but it was short-lived.

The Congressional Library was then a respectable collection of books, many of which had belonged to the library of Thomas Jefferson, who had sold them to Congress after the burning of the Capitol by the British. Senator Choate and Representative Burke were at the head of the joint congressional committee which selected the books purchased with the small annual appropriation, and the library was the favorite lounging place of the beaux and belles. The genial librarian, Mr. John S. Mehan, was a Washington journalist, who had supported General Jackson, and had received his position in return, displacing Mr. George Watterson, who had been a prominent writer for the anti-democratic press, and had lampooned Mrs. Jackson without mercy. General Cass was at that time the most omnivorous reader, ordering to his room large collections of books of travel and novels. Senator Benton was another industrious reader, and always consulted all available encyclopædias before he made one of his ponderous and exhaustive speeches.

The electric telegraph was then being

made available by Mr. S. B. Morse, who obtained, with great difficulty, an appropriation of \$30,000 to aid in its construction. To some members of Congress, who ridiculed the telegraph, it was a chimera, a visionary dream like mesmerism, rather a matter of merriment than to be seriously entertained. The appropriation was passed in the house only by the close vote of eighty-nine yeas against eighty-three nays, so that a change of three votes would have consigned the invention to oblivion. The first wires, between Washington and Baltimore, were encased in leaden tubes, which were buried under ground, but this mode proved a failure, and the present plan of extending the wires on poles was adopted.

Another prominent inventor at Washington, during the Tyler administration, was Mr., or as he was generally called, Colonel, Samuel Colt. He was a man of fine presence, lavish in his expenditures of time and of money to accomplish any desired results, and of indomitable perseverance. His "six-shooters" had been practically tested in the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida, but a company formed for their manufacture at Patterson, New Jersey, became bankrupt, after having sunk a capital of \$300,000, without any beneficial results, except those gained in the further simplifying the mechanism of the arms, which were improvements on many chambered guns and pistols manufactured in Europe a century before. Disappointed, but not discouraged, Colonel Colt temporarily turned his attention to sub-marine batteries, which he exhibited before the president and a large concourse of officials. A large vessel was started under full sail down the Eastern Branch, opposite the navy yard. As she moved steadily on, the officer and men on board suddenly left her, and in a few moments there was an explosion which threw the doomed ship up on a hillock of water, as it were, until her

keel was for an instant in view. Then, the enormous bubble upon which she rested burst, and her spars and rigging were hurled into fragments, while the remaining portion of the hull pitched heavily forward, and settled slowly to the bottom. "Colt's sub-marine battery" was a decided success.

Mr. Edward K. Collins, a wealthy New York ship-owner, established and run successfully for some years what was known as the "Dramatic Line" of sailing packets between that city and Liverpool. The vessels of this line, named the *Roscus*, *Garrick*, *Sheridan*, *Siddons*, and *Shakespeare*, were the largest merchant packets afloat, and they were well patronized until 1840, when Mr. Samuel Cunard established the line of transatlantic steamers which bears his name. Mr. Collins's pride and patriotism were touched by this eclipse of his "Dramatic Line," and he conceived the idea of building an American line of steamships, to be fitted up in the most expensive manner, and supplied with the choicest fare. To do this, it was necessary to have a subsidy from government; and to obtain this, adroit agents, of both sexes, began long in advance to secure promises of congressional support, by promises of free passages or money. It was the initiation of the lobby-work in behalf of the subsidies voted by Congress to aid railroads and lines of steamships, which have left behind them so many wrecked reputations.

General Scott, after he became commander of the army, established his headquarters at Washington. He had married, when a subaltern, Miss Maria Mayo, of Richmond, at that time the acknowledged reigning belle of the Old Dominion. Each possessed a commanding presence, intelligent features, and great conversational powers, while their only child, Miss Virginia, had inherited the personal and mental charms of her parents.

General Gaines, familiarly known as "the Hero of Fort Erie," was not pleased when General Scott was promoted, although he was then upwards of eighty years of age, and unfit for military duty. Tall, spare, and erect, with snow-white hair and keen eyes, he presented a striking contrast to his small, vivacious, and energetic wife, who was at that time commencing one of the most celebrated of the *causes célèbres* of the United States. Amiable, courteous, and affectionate, Mrs. Gaines became a heroic litigant, and went from court to court, seeking to establish her rights as the lawful heir of her father, Daniel Clark. Mr. Clark was in his day one of the most ambitious young men of New Orleans, who divided the confidence and respect of the people with Governor Claiborne. He was a high-spirited, ambitious young Irishman, full of energy, and wealthy. Embarking in politics, he was elected the first delegate to Congress from Louisiana, when he forgot his vows to his wife, who had not, at the time of his marriage to her, been divorced from her first husband, a confectioner named De Grange. Their child was Myra Clark, subsequently Mrs. Gaines. At Washington, he became infatuated with the beautiful Miss Caton, of Baltimore, and he returned to New Orleans, determined to have his marriage with Madame De Grange pronounced illegal, that he might wed Miss Caton. Pecuniary embarrassments fortunately arrested this resolve, and induced a fatal sickness, during which he repented, and sought to make reparation to Myra by making a will in her favor, in which he acknowledged her as his legitimate daughter. When, shortly afterward, he died, this will could not be found, but a previous one was produced which contained no recognition of Myra. Under this will his real estate in the city of New Orleans was administered on and sold. Nor did his daughter Myra, then a child, know anything

about her parentage and history, until she had grown up, and become the wife of Mr. Whitney. She at once commenced the prosecution of her claim to be recognized as the legitimate daughter and heiress of Daniel Clark. This she continued, and when, after the death of Mr. Whitney, General Gaines addressed her, she consented to become his wife only after he had promised to second her litigation. The great number of persons interested to defeat her and their large means rendered the contest apparently a most unequal one. But what has been wanting in means, influence, and array of great legal talent has been made up by the singular heroism, pertinacity, patience, and indomitable will of this remarkable little lady.

The Russian Legation at Georgetown became, after old Baron Bodisco's marriage to the young and beautiful Miss Williams, the scene of brilliant weekly entertainments, given, it was asserted, by the especial direction of the Emperor Nicholas, who had a special allowance made for table-money. At these entertainments there was dancing, an excellent supper, and a room devoted to whist. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, General Scott, and several of the diplomatic corps were invariably to be seen handling "fifty-two pieces of printed pasteboard," while the old baron, who was not a good player, used, as the host of the evening, to take a hand. One night, when he had thus sat down to play with those better acquainted with the game than he was, he lost over a thousand dollars, and at the supper-table he made the following announcement, in a sad tone: "Ladies and gentlemen! It is my disagreeable duty to make the announce that these receptions must have an end, and to declare them at an end for the present, because why? The fund for their expend, ladies and gentlemen, is exhaust, and they must discontinue."

Ole Bull, then in the pride of manhood, gave a concert at Washington,

which was largely and fashionably attended. In the midst of one of the most exquisite pieces, while every breath was suspended, and every ear attentive to catch the sounds of that magical instrument, the silence was suddenly broken and the harmony harshly interrupted by the well-known voice of Felix Grundy McConnell, a representative from Alabama, shouting, "None of your highfalutin, but give us Hail Columbia, and bear hard on the treble!" "Turn him out!" was shouted from every part of the house, and the police force in attendance undertook to remove him from the hall. "Mac," as he was called, was not only one of the handsomest men in Congress, but one of the most athletic, and it was a difficult task for the policemen, although they used their clubs, to overpower him. As he was carried from the hall, some of his congressional friends interfered, and secured his release.

Father Mathew, the Irish apostle of temperance, undertook to persuade a number of bibulous congressmen to take the total-abstinence pledge, but he was unsuccessful. He accompanied President Tyler and the Archbishop to the annual exhibition at the Convent Academy at Georgetown, under the direction of the Ladies of the Visitation. The exercises took place in the Odeon, which has since given way to a more pretentious hall, but which was admirably calculated for a favorable display of the musical and other accomplishments of the fair pupils. President Tyler awarded the premium crowns, medals, and books, and he, with his daughter, appeared delighted whenever an honor was conferred on a Virginian.

The congressional "messes" continued to be a feature of Washington society. A party of senators or representatives, or both, generally entertaining the same political views, that confidential matters might always be freely discussed, used to occupy the same boarding-house, into which no other

guests were admitted without their consent. Some of the mess-tables were supplied with the choicest cheer and the rarest wines, and occasionally a dinner or a dancing party would be given, that hospitalities received from residents might be reciprocated. One of these parties was given at Mr. King's, on F Street, by the only boarders there, Messrs. James Buchanan and William R. King, the bachelor senators known as the Siamese Twins. Mesdames Linn and Gaines matronized the party, and Senator Crittenden led off a contra-dance to the tune of Money-Musk, with the beautiful Miss Dawson, of Louisiana, as his partner.

Daniel Webster continued to pass his winters at Washington after he left the department of state, attending to his large practice before the supreme court. He had been coldly received on his return to Massachusetts, after having been the recognized premier of John Tyler's administration, and he spoke to a friend with some bitterness of some of "the solid men of Boston" as "sixty-day fellows, with their three days' grace." In his mind's eye he doubtless saw some of them wondering whether certain promissory notes upon which they had put their names would be paid by him or by them. Nor would he admit that, because of the pecuniary aid given him, he was modestly to retire into the rear rank, and let a wealthy cotton-spinner stand foremost among the whigs of Massachusetts.

The most important case conducted by Mr. Webster was an action brought by the heirs of Stephen Girard, to recover his bequest for the establishment and maintenance of a college. Mr. Webster took the broad ground that the plan of education at the Girard College was derogatory to the Christian religion, contrary to sound morals, and subversive of law. He spoke for three days, but he could not answer the arguments of Messrs. Binney and Sergeant, the ablest

lawyers of Philadelphia, who defended the bequest and gained the suit. Mr. Justice Story, in delivering the opinion of the court, said that the case had been "argued with great learning and ability."

Mr. Webster entertained a great many visitors, and his demeanor in his own house was delightful. Naturally generous and hospitable, he welcomed his guests "like a fine old English gentleman," and had for each a pleasant word, or a reminiscence of the past. Sitting at the head of his table, Mr. Webster always carved the principal dishes with the dexterity of an anatomist, seasoning the repast with witticisms, anecdotes, and quotations.

Henry Clay, when he had found it impossible to save the measures of the whig party from the iconoclasm of John Tyler, formally resigned his seat in the United States senate, and commenced his canvass for election to the presidency in 1844. This was acceptable news to the staunch democrats, who regarded him as a man — every inch of him — worth fighting and worth beating. They knew that he would not, like the available Harrison, sail under false colors, but that he would nail to the mast the old whig flag, inscribed, "A national bank, a protective tariff, and the distribution of the surplus revenue from the sale of the public lands." The whig party was jubilant when their chosen leader again took the field, and the truants flocked back to the standard which they had temporarily deserted to support John Tyler. Harmony prevailed among the recognized leaders and in the ranks, and the whig party was again in good working order.

Martin Van Buren, meanwhile, was industriously seeking the democratic nomination. Although he had only received, in 1840, sixty electoral votes, against the two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes given for General Harrison, he believed that the people had been deceived by the whig politi-

cians, and that their "sober second thought" would secure his election in 1844. This result he demonstrated as a mathematician solves his problem, rather than by any calculation based on the popularity of the principles advocated by the opposing parties, and he demanded democratic support. His friends did not entertain a shadow of a doubt that he would be nominated, and his opponents in the democratic ranks had almost lost all hope of defeating him in the convention, when, at the suggestion of Mr. Calhoun, he was adroitly questioned on the annexation of Texas, in a letter written to him by Mr. Hamett, a representative from Mississippi. Mr. Van Buren was too old and sagacious a politician not to discover the pit thus dug for him to fall into, and he replied with great caution, avowing himself in favor of the annexation of Texas, when it could be brought about peacefully and honorably, but against it at that time, when it would be followed by a war with Mexico. This was what the Southern conspirators wanted, and their subsequent action was thus narrated in a letter written a few years afterwards by John Tyler, which has never been published.

"Texas," wrote Mr. Tyler, "was the great theme that occupied me. The delegates to the democratic convention, or a very large majority of them, had been elected under implied pledges to sustain Van Buren. After his letter repudiating annexation, a revulsion had become obvious, but how far it was to operate it was not possible to say. A majority of the delegates at least were believed still to remain in his favor. If he was nominated, the game to be played for Texas was all as one over. What was to be done?"

"My friends," Mr. Tyler went on to say, "advised me to remain at rest, and take my chances in the democratic convention. It was impossible to do so. If I suffered my name to be used in that

convention, then I became bound to sustain the nomination, even if Mr. Van Buren was the nominee. This could not be. I chose to run no hazard, but to raise the banner of Texas, and convoked my friends to sustain it. This was but a few weeks before the meeting of the convention. To my surprise, the notice which was thus issued brought together a thousand delegates, and from every State in the Union. Many called on me on their way to Baltimore to receive my views. My instructions were, 'Go to Baltimore, make your nomination, and then go home, and leave the thing to work its own results.' I said no more, and was obeyed. The democratic convention felt the move. A Texan man or defeat was the choice left, — and they took a Texan man. My withdrawal at a suitable time took place, and the result was soon before the world. I acted to insure the success of a great measure, and I acted not altogether without effect. In so doing I kept my own secrets; to have divulged my purposes would have been to have defeated them."

Meanwhile the national whig convention assembled at Baltimore, and never was a nominating assembly animated with greater enthusiasm or brighter expectations. When ex-Senator B. Watkins Leigh rose to offer a resolution declaring that Henry Clay was the nominee of the convention, he was interrupted by an acclaim which those who were present afterwards confessed their inability to describe. The veterans of the whig party, crowned with gray hairs, stood upon their chairs and waved their hats as they shouted, until they were hoarse, and then sat down, while younger voices continued the acclamations. At the first pause, the presiding officer called upon Mr. Leigh to read the conclusion of the resolution, but it was again interrupted by cheers; and when it had at last been presented to the convention, and accepted, a scene of jubilant tumult ensued, only arrested by the settling of

the floor of the hall, which occasioned a momentary panic. When order was restored, ex-Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was nominated as vice-president. The next day a hundred thousand whigs, from every section of the republic, met in mass convention at Baltimore, with music, banners, and badges, to ratify the ticket. Mr. Webster, with true magnanimity, was one of the speakers, and advocated the election of Clay and Frelinghuysen with all the strength of his eloquence.

Three weeks later, the national democratic convention was held at Baltimore, and remained in session three days. Mr. Van Buren had a majority of votes on the first ballot, but the two-thirds rule had been adopted, and there were half a dozen candidates. Stormy debates ensued as ballot after ballot was taken, and on the eighth ballot James K. Polk, of Tennessee, whose name was presented for the first time, received forty-four votes. The Virginia and New York delegations then retired for consultation, and on their return to the convention Mr. Polk was unanimously nominated.

Mr. Morse had just completed his magnetic telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington, and his Washington instrument was in a basement room in the northeastern corner of the Capitol. Here he received frequent dispatches from the convention, which he promptly read aloud from the window to a congregation of politicians assembled outside to learn the news. The tidings that Mr. Polk had been nominated created a sensation, and soon afterwards Senator Silas Wright received a telegraphic announcement that he had been nominated for vice-president. "Office, not greatness," said Mr. Benton, "was thrust upon him," but he telegraphed back a positive declination. The convention, however, refused to consider information thus conveyed as authentic, and adjourned until the next

day, that a committee might proceed to Washington by rail, and ascertain Mr. Wright's real views. The committee brought back a repetition of the declination received by wire, but did not inform the convention that Mr. Wright had said privately to its chairman that he did not propose to ride behind on the black [slavery] pony, at the funeral of his slaughtered friend, Mr. Van Buren. Mr. George M. Dallas was accordingly nominated.

The presidential campaign of 1844 was very exciting and bitter. The oligarchs of the South were resolved to extend the area of slavery, but their defeat was certain, until Mr. Clay was beguiled by them into writing a letter to his friend Mr. Stephen Miller, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in which he estranged thousands of his Northern supporters. Nearly twenty years before, a toast was given at a public dinner in Boston: "John Quincy Adams, — may he confound his enemies," to which Daniel Webster, who was present, added, "as he has his friends." Mr. Clay confounded many of his Northern friends — among them John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, and Henry Wilson — by sneering in his Miller letter at "the abolitionists," and by announcing that he should be glad to see Texas "annexed without dishonor, without war, with the common consent of the Union, and upon just and fair terms."

This letter fell like a wet blanket upon the whigs, and enabled the adroit democratic managers to deprive Mr. Clay of the vote of New York, by organizing the liberty party, which nominated James G. Birney, of Michigan, as president, and Thomas Morris, of Ohio, as vice-president. This nomination received the support of the anti-slavery men, of many of the disappointed adherents of Mr. Van Buren, and of the anti-masonic and anti-rent factions of the whig party in the State of New York, which had been organized by

William H. Seward. The consequence was that over sixty thousand votes were thrown away on Birney, nine tenths of them being drawn from the whig ranks.

Mr. Polk, who had been selected some months before his nomination by the Southern leaders, went into the canvass pledged to secure the annexation of Texas at all hazards, and to make the latitude "fifty-four forty" the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia. In the Southern States he was sustained as an advocate of comparative free trade; in Pennsylvania his supporters inscribed on their banners, "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of '42." The *Evening Post*, the most respectable democratic newspaper in New York, repudiated the issue of Texas and opposed annexation, while Silas Wright, who had opposed the Texan treaty in the senate, accepted the democratic nomination for governor of the State.

In addition to this duplicity and concealment of the opinions of Mr. Polk, extensive and systematic frauds were unquestionably practiced. In New York, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, some of the offenders were afterwards brought to justice, but the most notorious frauds were in Louisiana, where law was trampled under foot by judges and other officials. Several hundred New Orleans roughs, having voted early and often in that city, were conveyed in steamboats to the parish of Plaquemine, where they went the rounds of the precincts, voting at each polling-place. It was subsequently proven that, although the parish was legally entitled to less than five hundred votes, the number of ballots deposited was 1044, and of these only thirty-seven were for the whig ticket. It was by such frauds that Mr. Polk received a majority of 669 in the State of Louisiana, in a vote of 26,865. The friends of Henry Clay boldly asserted that he had received majorities of the legal votes in New York, in Pennsylv-

vania, in Georgia, and in Louisiana, in addition to the States reported for him, and that he was legally elected president by an electoral vote of one hundred and eighty-three against ninety-two. But as the returns reached Congress, James Knox Polk had received a majority, and he was declared elected.

At the "birth-night ball," on the 22d of February, 1845, President Tyler was accompanied by President-elect Polk, Mrs. Madison was present with Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and the members of the diplomatic corps wore their court uniforms. A few nights afterwards, President Tyler gave a "parting ball" at the White House, his young and handsome wife receiving the guests with great grace. Mr. Polk was prevented from attending by the indisposition of his wife, but the vice-president elect, Mr. Dallas, with his crown of white hair, towered above all other guests except General Scott and "Long John" Wentworth. There was dancing in the East Room, Mrs. Tyler leading off in the first set of quadrilles with Mr. Wilkins, the secretary of war, as her partner. This entertainment concluded

the "Cavalier" reign within the White House, which was soon ruled with "Puritan" austerity by Mrs. Polk.

Near the close of the session of Congress with which the administration of John Tyler terminated, a joint resolution legislating Texas into the Union was introduced. When it had been passed by the house after a determined resistance, it was discussed, amended, and passed by the senate. It reached the president on the 2d of March, received his immediate approval, and the next day a messenger was started for Texas, bearing that portion of it which had only to be accepted to secure annexation. Senator Benton and four other democrats declared that the passage of the joint resolution had been accomplished by a fraud, and Mr. Polk was very indignant that the work could not have been left for him. But President Tyler left the White House rejoicing that he had secured for his administration the coveted honor of annexing Texas, for which he had so earnestly worked. The "Pandora's Box" was again opened, and John Tyler returned with his family to his Virginia farm.

NORTH WIND IN AUTUMN.

I WOKE at midnight, when the moon was low
 And every star shone strangely still and clear;
 And my heart sank within me, love, to hear,
 Over the breathless earth, that solemn, slow,
 Mysterious, warm wind begin to blow.
 Over vast plains it wanders, lifeless, sere,
 Where no green thing remains; and to my ear
 It is the wind of death. Some night, I know
 That wind will be a voice of utter woe,
 When I lie staring out upon the drear,
 Dead waste of life, where you are not. But oh,
 You shall not go alone, and leave me here!
 Lay your dear hand in mine, my love, and so
 Let us go forth *together* when we go.

Anna Head.

WHAT IS A FACT?

THIS is a noisy age. The dreamer can find no sacred silence in which to hide his fantasy. The thinker may double-lock his study door, but the winds of heaven will pilfer his thoughts from him through the window, and the birds of the air will carry the matter; if they do not, the world concludes that there was none to carry. The believer, too, is tremulous to the vibrations of the atmosphere. His mysticism and quietism come by the hardest. If he have a faith, he feels that he must believe aloud. On every hand the air is quick with clamors. The "advanced mind" shouts to the scientist. The theologian thunders at the infidel. The ecclesiastic menaces the liberal Christian. The philosopher sneers at each.

Representing none of these wise and urgent people, the writer of this fragment is moved to say a word concerning that considerable portion of humanity who walk outside the circle of this portentous amphitheatre, yet near enough to be alert to its contests, as well as deafened by its din. To these honest, quiet, and thoughtful people, who in all militant eras press nearest to the combatants, constituting at once their busiest critics and truest friends, and who to-day are possessed of all the refinements of sympathy and recoil characteristic of the age, it seems, if I mistake not, as if the main question in dispute were one uncommonly easy to ask and uncommonly hard to answer.

It seems a long time ago that our great-grandfathers were crossing lances over the doctrine of imputed sin, or the souls of infants condemned by predestination and foreknowledge absolute to an eternal hell. A damned baby at best was a theory. Nobody ever saw one.

This is not the age of theory; hence we long since took our babies to be

blessed by One who thought it worth while to mention the fact that of such was the kingdom of heaven. Thus we care no more whether we are to be punished for the sin of Adam, having enough of our own to look to, to say nothing of the additional doubt whether Adam himself can be called a fact. This, we find, is the age of fact. No one asks to-day, What is your theory? but, Where is your fact?

So, at least, it seems to these good people of whom I speak, who compose what we call "the masses" of the church and the world. The young man of business, who sits under your preaching from Sunday to Sunday, reverend sir, watches you with a keen but yet with a slightly saddened eye. Whether this be an age for the encouragement of faith or the preservation of doctrine he is not sure. Whether he has fallen upon an era of inductive or deductive reasoning he does not know; it is probable that he does not care. But that forces which he does not understand are threatening faiths that he reveres, he does know; and for this, in a downright, manly fashion, he does care very much indeed.

The thoughtful woman at the head of the crowded Bible class which has given such celebrity to your Sunday-school is puzzled, too. She no longer finds Barnes's Notes adequate to the religious difficulties of her observant, critical, restless pupils; she no longer teaches, either, that the world was made in six days, or that the majority of the human race are doomed by a loving Father to an eternal struggle with a lake of material fire. She has heard the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel and even the original authorship of the Golden Rule called in question. She has a general impression that Darwin is to blame, and

that geology is at the bottom of the trouble. She finds this, however, less satisfactory as an argument than might be, when her pet convert, nineteen wise years of age, announces that he will immediately become a free-thinker, on the ground that, next to immorality, there is nothing he so much prays to be delivered from as superstition. Perhaps she learns, as some of us have, to assume in general the marked uselessness of discussion with the initial moods of "emancipated minds."

So, perhaps, our friend, the young pew-owner, feeling himself unable to hold his ground with the fellows at the club, yet all the fonder of the faith which he cannot defend, as the father is of the child whom he sees surrendering to a stealthy disease, saddens a little more and more, but joins himself to the great rank and file of the silent believers, who try to be good fellows, and hope the Lord will clear things up some day. He thinks it would be natural to be able to give good reasons for believing anything so important as the Christian religion, — good business reasons, that were clear as the code of ethics on 'change, and as much to be respected, whether to be obeyed or not, — but finds no such reasons causing such respect, and gradually ceases to look for any.

Is it not safe to say that a part of the difficulties which our friends meet would be relieved, if they could more distinctly, or at least more clearly, define in their own minds some starting-point? — without agreement upon which it is impossible to debate differences of either judgment or feeling, and for lack of which so many of our religious discussions are as wasted as the powder and blood of Malvern Hill.

The average religious argument of to-day takes, perhaps, some such form as this, — the disputants, we may suppose, not having reached that stage of familiarity with each other's views at which controversy is tacitly and mutu-

ally conceded to be no accretion either to friendship or to faith.

The believer — we use this term and its opposite as, on the whole, less objectionable and more precise than any others which existing religious conflict has popularized — the believer begins by timidly expressing a hope that the unbeliever has "found Christ," or "is a Christian," or "is a man of faith." The unbeliever promptly and not at all timidly expresses his complete dissent from every point of conviction involved in these phrases. He may do this arrogantly or sadly, honestly or shrewdly, earnestly or flippantly, gently or maliciously, but he does it with decision. He speaks of the scientific paradoxes in the "poem of Genesis," of the morals of the Old Testament saints, of the physical impossibility of miracles, of the discoveries of geology, of personal imperfections in the character of Jesus, of the superior nature of Socrates, of the howling dervish, the negro revivals, and the damnation of children, — an article of faith which he asserts is generally wrought into the creeds of Christian churches of the present day, and secretly disavowed by kind-hearted but hypocritical people, who have not the courage openly to combat so monstrous a doctrine.

At this point, the believer strikes in rather warmly, and if he does not reply that such ignorance on any other vital point of contemporary difference would condemn his opponent to the strongest criticism of intelligent people, is tempted to do so, and feels a little out of temper and a little penitent, and suggests that the Bible is an inspired book, written by God for men and through men, and that we must expect to find difficulties in it, and earnestly and pointedly asks, Where will you find, on the whole, a better book for the guidance of human weakness?

The unbeliever replies that there is much fine poetry in the Bible, but more bad argument, Oriental superstition, and

confused metaphor; that many men are inspired; that Goethe was a divine man; and that Browning's Paracelsus is as much a work of inspiration as the Song of Solomon, and far more moral. He adds that it is impossible to reconcile God's sovereignty with man's freedom in any such make-shift manner as that adopted by the theologians, and that God either created sin, or he did not; that if he did he was not benevolent, and if he did not he was not omnipotent; and that we are made to cultivate our manhood, express our individuality, and study the secrets of nature.

The believer suggests that it may be possible we do not, as finite beings, understand all the mysteries in the nature of an infinite God; that it is not to be wondered at if we must leave some points unexplained; that this is perhaps a part of the discipline necessary to fit us for the eternal life.

The unbeliever hastens to say that of the eternal life we know absolutely nothing, — we cannot conceive of either beginning or end; that we are here and know it, but further than this we have no right to infer. We may cherish immortality only as a "solemn hope" (the believer's eyes fill, and he mentally ejaculates, "Poor fellow!"), or we may expect to be as the beasts that perish, and live on in the forces of nature, and the resurrection of the seasons, and the memories of unborn generations, and so on, but that geology is making every hour discoveries which are to revolutionize belief; that hope, faith, love, and the energies of imagination are beautiful fancies, but rocks are facts, and therefore (as nearly as the believer can understand) he urges that we cling to the rocks.

The believer suggests that rocks are cold comfort; to the bereaved, for instance, or the remorseful.

The unbeliever replies, vaguely, that he is not sure, either, that we comprehend the difference between infinite or

finite — Finite? Infinite? He is not certain that there is any infinite, or that he himself — in short — is finite — but that science — And so on, and so on.

Now, all this is firing wild. There is no gold in the target. There shows no target in the mist. If we set our aim in a fog-bank, who is to decide whether we have hit?

The believer may seek to "save" the unbeliever in this fashion till "the eve of the day of the Last Awakening," — he will only irritate. The doubting may try to "reason" with the trusting on this wise, till his tongue returns to the dust that he claims his kin to, — he can only depress. The disputants have swerved from the most elementary of the principles of logic. They have discovered no major premise in common. They must agree upon something before they can disagree intelligently about anything. There can be no dispute without a basis of harmony. "We may never, perhaps," as Hamilton says, "arrive at truth, but we can always avoid self-contradiction."

Let us now suppose, as it is the object of this paper to suggest, that these two equally earnest people ask of each other, at the outset of all sincere and serious discussion, one simple question: *What is a Fact?*

The believer, we will assume, happens to put the query. The unbeliever hesitates. Neither of the disputants are psychological scholars. Both are intelligently educated. The unbeliever is the more accustomed of the two, probably, to sophistries of discussion. He perceives the importance of the point, and hesitates. It is one of the maxims of civil law that definitions are hazardous. After a thoughtful pause, he replies, with the blunt courage of common sense, which is quite as apt to hit the truth as the sharply refined point of the artist in philosophical language, that he should say a fact was a thing that could be verified.

To this the believer, without hesitation, agrees. All he claims, he adds, is that religion is a matter of fact as well as science. Grant this, he urges, and we can pursue our discussion. Deny it, and the sooner we agree to disagree the better. The believer's own vision has begun to clarify, with this closer exactness of definition, and his method of expression intensifies.

The unbeliever replies, with animation, that it is impossible to put religion and science upon the same foot-hold. We have, he urges, reached the age of reason — at last. It is no longer practicable for intelligent men to bend their necks to the yoke of superstition. We deal no more with a realm of fancy. Jesus was a rhapsodist. Christianity was full of poetry. It appealed to the imaginative era. We have passed by the birth-time of great poets. Literature acknowledges it. We do not now write epics. We invent the phonograph. Machinery, discovery, action, have replaced reverie, credulity, and dreams. We no longer pray. We telegraph. We have no time to sing psalms. We are engaged in the artificial propagation of fish. Why should we attend church when we can observe the spontaneous generation of animalculæ in a bottle of boiled water?

At this point the listener smiles, and the speaker breaks off with some irritation. He sees nothing to smile at. He is very much in earnest. These are serious subjects which he has mentioned. He is indeed more logical than he had seemed, and abruptly turning upon his opponent says, —

You ask me for my facts. I find them in the investigation of nature. Observe them. They alone are worthy of confidence. We seek, we study, we combine, we infer. The human mind was created —

By whom? interrupts the believer.

Consistently, the unbeliever replies that he does not know. The powers of nature, formerly called God, have not yet fully revealed themselves to our ken. I believe nothing that I do not understand. I will not accept what I cannot prove. This is the first duty of the human reason. Man should receive only what he *knows*. I find myself a mysterious being in a mysterious condition. My business is to investigate my condition. Whether there be another world is none of my concern. No eye has seen it, no foot has returned from it, no voice has spoken from it; it is an absolutely unproved, and therefore unprovable, hypothesis. I find myself in the present world. I have occupation in the study of my limitations. There are mountains, the sea, the stars, the earth. There are geology, astronomy, the nautical sciences, the study of human diseases, the mysteries and *cultus* of the physical organization. I learn from the fossil and the scalpel. The telescope and the microscope, the chart and the battery, command my attention. These give me the undeniable. Exact investigation presents me with my facts. Beyond a fact I am not justified in going.

Where is God? Can you handle him? What is prayer? Go weigh it for me! An immortal soul? My microscope has never revealed it. A fact is a thing revealed or revealable to my senses. Science alone is knowledge. Religion is superstition. Superstition is bondage. I decline to be fettered. Christianity is slavery. I choose freedom. Exact thought is my master.¹ And thus, and thus, and thus.

As the discussion waxes, the believer is oppressed more and more with the hopelessness, but not the helplessness of his effort. In proportion as he learns

¹ "He could not accept Christianity," said Renan of Spinoza (I quote from memory), at the recent celebration in honor of that philosopher's

memory. "He could not thus surrender his liberty. *Descartes was his master*!"

the difficulty of dissuading a man from views hardened as they are acquired by the friction of dissent from hereditary faiths, he gains nerve for his own processes of thought, and muscle for his own maturing belief. If nothing more comes out of the conversation, his faith at least is stouter for it. If he has not "converted" the free-thinker, he has himself become a better Christian.

He who believes much has always the advantage over him who believes little or nothing. Faith is the positive, as skepticism is a negation. He who affirms intelligently and earnestly carries by a sheer moral propulsion, as irresistible as the channel of Niagara, a power, not unlike the primal awe of nature, over him who denies.

Let us hope that our believer, enlightened in his own dimness by his contest with another's darkness, returns upon his antagonist a few ringing words, to which there can be no more convincing reply than the eternal and unsailable finality: I do not agree with you.

You seek, the believer says, the truth, — the whole and holy and invulnerable truth. I seek no other. You desire a religion of facts. I also wish the same. You demand that we construct belief from reason. I, too, prefer a reason for my conclusions. You claim that you alone possess a basis of fact, since you only restrict yourself to what is known. You claim that you find the known alone in physical manifestations, their formulæ and solutions. I deny your claim.

I deny your claim, because (you will pardon me) of what seems to me its *ignorance*. You forget, or you have never learned, that truth is no niggard, and that science is a broad and bounteous term. It is not alone in the hard bosom of the rock that the Eternal rests. It is not only in the fumes of the laboratory that the breath of the devout seeker exhales. There are trained

intellects that are not occupied with the germ theory, or with the latest treatise on the parasites of an unfortunate plant. There are students, as there are scholars, of other than material knowledges. You forget that there are to be found other than the physical sciences. You forget that the history of these other sciences commemorates much of the highest order of intellect, the most precise training, the most generous culture, the most candid research, and the purest sacrifice of self in the investigation of truth that human life has known.

You forget, in short (or you have never learned), that the MENTAL SCIENCES EXIST. You have not remembered that there is a philosophy of *mind*, as there is of *matter*; that there is a philosophy of *soul*, as there is of *sense*.

One need not be a very learned person to recall the facts that the sciences of ethics, of intellectual philosophy (even of theology, though for the sake of controversial comfort we may waive that irritating illustration), have still respectable positions in the world of thought, quite in rank with mathematics or chemistry. It has slipped your mind, for the moment, that there is a study of *Metaphysics* as well as of *Physics*. You have not articulately understood that a sufficient culture overlooks neither the existence of these two forms of human knowledge, nor their relative importance and adjustment to each other.

And this leads me to say (once more I pray your courtesy) that I deny your claim because of what seems to me its *arrogance*.

One need not be very learned, I repeat, to understand something of the debt which the students of matter owe to the students of mind. You and I are not learned, only intelligent people, and the intelligent have heard something of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Bacon; of him who (humanly speaking), it might be said, created exact thought, of him who developed, of him who re-

constructed it. Mental science, as we know, was by centuries the elder born, and father of physical science, in any modern signification of the word; as the brain is the creator and guide of the movements of the hand or foot.¹

To ignore the parental influence of metaphysical upon physical study is a species of filial ingratitude which it is impossible to describe by a smooth adjective. The very processes of thought by which you are trained to investigate the material fact, you owe to ancestral centuries of mental discipline and to apostles of mental science. You speak of conscious and sub-conscious cerebration. You deny the mental entity which you once called a human soul. What enables your prompt lip to utter the challenge? Whence comes your power to deny?

I do not express these things in philosophical language, for, as I have reminded you, we are neither of us learned people, but I desire to make you understand in a plain and direct fashion that which I desire to say. Is it becoming, I ask, is it the modesty of wisdom, for the instrument to ignore the influence? Shall the microscope and the retort say to the eye or the hand, "We have no need of thee"? Shall the probe say to the surgeon, "Go to! It is I who tear or torture, as it is I who heal and save"? Speaking of his scientific *confrères*, one of the most distinguished physicians whom this country has known said, "*They cannot account for the 'I'*"

In short, it seems to me that when a man exalts the science of things which are seen and touched over the science of that which sees and touches; when he prefers to mistake a convolution in the brain for that by which the convolution becomes able to think, feel, and act, — nay, by which alone it is *enabled*

to make the mistake; when he selects the less for the greater, the lower for the loftier, matter for mind, brain for soul, he exhibits the presumption of the servant, sent by his master to cash a check of important value, who struts as if the money were his own.

I object to your claim because, once more, I perceive it to be a *degrading* one. It is not necessary to be great ourselves to know that the great natures of the earth have been believing natures. Even you and I can remember that music, poetry, art, philosophy, literature, nay, physics itself, owe something to faith. It is not easy to forget that Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Milton, Dante, Wordsworth, Raphael and Michael Angelo, Plato and Immanuel Kant and Leibnitz, Goethe and Shakespeare, Kepler and Newton, were believers in the existence of God and the immaterial nature and immortal destiny of the human spirit. It might be comparatively easy to prove that you and I had no souls; to deny one to these people I have mentioned were to go as far as anything could, perhaps, to prove that you are right, and that we, at least, are destitute of any.

Degrading, I say, — degrading to the deeps below all that is truly fine, all that is delicately observant, all that is highly reverential, all that is nobly receptive, all that is capable of assimilating the ideal, the beautiful, the lofty, and the large in human history, — is that view of human mystery which your claim presents. It may be either the cause or the consequence of this view that you flippantly ignore the testimony of the great teachers of human life. You decline to sit at the feet of the prophets, priests, and kings of the world. You turn your back upon the heights; on art, on inspiration, on intuition, on imagination, on aspiration, on song, on

¹ Indeed, the believer might add, we are told by scholars that the father of modern intuitionism was the father of modern mathematics as

well. Descartes was the first of our scientists to study mind in the dissecting-room.

the sources of all that makes men clear and keen in brain, refined and pure in heart. For remember that if you seek to share these things they are no longer properly yours. They are not, they never were, they never can be, the products of a materialistic philosophy. If this is not clear to you, it seems to me that your location quite as well as your attitude puts a finely and simply outlined truth out of perspective to you. He who climbs, sees. "To him, as to Moses," says a French scholar, "secrets unknown to the rabble are revealed upon the mountain-top."

You sit, then, and adjust yourself to the valley. You burrow, you dig, you descend. Choosing the company of the lowest forms of manifestation, you will find that the influence of their atmosphere is upon you. If a human mind keeps the exclusive society of vegetables and insects and fossils, is it to be wondered at that it fails to see the transfigured cloud which veils, while defining, the motions of the eternal sun? If a man's corroding ambition is to be quoted as an "authority on potato-bugs," he *may* be a sensitive appreciator of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, or the "Excursion" of the Lake Poet, or the Gospel of John; but does it surprise us if he is not?

Pardon once more my plainness if I tell you that I cannot accept your claim, because it seems to me not unlike the scoff of the demonstrator in the dissecting-room. His business leads him to handle flesh. How, then, should God be a spirit?

I have somewhat, too, to affirm. You have called my attention to your facts; I should be glad to acquaint you with mine. Yours I accept; it is your conclusions which I refuse. I do not question the evolution of the species, or the zymotic theory of diseases, or the existence of the last comet, or the possibilities of the photophone, or the discoveries of psycho-physics as affecting the

criminal or the insane. Physical science is welcome to do her best or her worst by helpless spectators like yourself or me. A fact is a fact, though it deal with the lowest phases of nature, and truth is holy, whether she hide in a stalactite or an epic, a jelly-fish or an oratorio, a vivisection or a prayer. I accept your facts, retaining the liberty to draw my own conclusions. I only ask that you (retaining, of course, the same liberty) accept my facts before we close or continue this discussion.

Of this, then, I would remind you. The manifestations of mind are at least as much to be respected as the manifestations of matter. He was a real philosopher who gave to his book the title, *Man in his Connection with the Human Body*. What we think and feel is as genuine as what we see and touch. If I handle a chair or table, my thought of them is as individual as the table or the chair. If I take a pen to write these words, that which creates the words is as real as the pen. "I am the soul of the music," said a musician, when his string snapped. "Though the strings are all broken, the *music is there*." Let me add (for you will remind me that I do not touch the pulse of your difficulty) that my thought is as real as the brain-cells by whose activity I am empowered to think it.

Thus, if I listen to music which dissuades me from temptation, or lifts me from gloom, or leads me to despair, these emotions exist as much as the ivory of the piano keys, or the catgut of the violin, or the gray matter in the cerebrum which the piano, the violin, and the emotion set in agitation. I am at least as justified in assertion, as you in denial of these facts. Explain them as you will. I offer them as facts. As such — *until you can prove* that "thought is phosphorus and phosphorus is thought," *without the predominant action of your mind in making that hypothesis* — they ought to be by you respected.

There is a form of the mental life which we call spiritual. This is the highest, as it is the finest, phase of the mystery that we name existence. Coleridge expressed what I mean when he said that "faith is itself a higher reason, and corrects the errors of reason as reason corrects the errors of sense." As the physical life is revealed by its phenomena, as the mental life possesses its expression, so the spiritual life has its manifestation. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected.

As we depend upon the senses to make clear to us the presence of the sunrise, as we rely upon the reason to explain to us the nature of a thought, so we lean upon faith to reveal to us the nature of a spirit.

While the eye brings to us the color of the dawn, it can do no more; the optic nerve of an idiot, though it quiver in precise obedience to the laws of his physical organism, for threescore years and ten, will never reveal to him the rapture of the morning. Sense and reason must act together. So the reason, left to itself, informs us of the character of the thought or of the feeling which we have about the sunrise; then it comes, and there it must come, against its limitation. The intellect of a skeptic, though he cultivate it till he is in his grave, will never produce a prayer for the guidance, or endurance, or delight of the day that is about to be his. Reason and faith must work together. So, we might add, faith, as a disconnected faculty, cannot result in true devotion. Unless guided by reason, the devotee may become a howling dervish, or a hysteric nun. The sense, the mind, and the spirit must live together.

Like the life physical, like the life intellectual, the spiritual life, while yet confessing an interdependence upon these other forms of life, possesses, like them, an individual existence.

"My *soul* to me a kingdom is." In this kingdom there are laws: there is

obedience or disobedience; there is anarchy or order; there is the separation of government; there is the history of growth or decline. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected.

A broken physical law involves its penalty. A denied intellectual law implies a punishment. A defied spiritual law presumes its retribution.

Leap into the ocean; no opposing law of salvation interfering, you will drown. Defraud the hours of rest for study or for dissipation; you lose the mental power of controlling natural sleep. Contest against that surrender of the soul to its Creator which we call the religious life; the religious life withdraws itself from you. Unbelief closes over the willing unbeliever, like the waves of the sea or the tides of insomnia. These are facts. As such they are to be respected.

Again: the great law of development is the law of action. Every natural power grows by exercise. Any school-boy knows that he can create the iron ball of muscle on his arm only by the use and training of the muscle. Any college girl understands that the various faculties of the brain, the mathematical skill of the accountant, the acquisitive power of the linguist, the obedient memory, or what is called the conservative power, of the historian, as well as the rhythmical facility of the poet, the manual dexterity of the musician, and the balanced imagination of both, become serviceable only through action, as they become through inaction inert. As with the brawn, as with the brain, so with the spirit.

To exercise spiritual power, is to develop and strengthen it. To disuse it is to repress or extinguish it.

Now, then, I ask you to remember that we who believe, speak to you out of a condition whose government you have defied or ignored; and that we speak of a faculty whose exercise you have disused. If we mention the spir-

itual life, we mention that of which you are not a citizen, but an exile; whether by deliberate choice or chance misfortune is not to the immediate purpose, — you are exiled. You have not the citizen's right of judgment concerning our affairs. You are incompetent to criticise this life, because you are not in it. Thus, too, if we refer to spiritual power, we refer to that which you do not possess, because you do not train it; whether by accident or design is not at present to the point, — your spiritual faculties are uneducated. You are disqualified from apprehending truth by means of powers which you have atrophied by disuse. These are facts; as such they ought to be respected.

Within this spiritual life, by means of exercised spiritual faculties acting upon and acted upon by our reason, we who believe cherish certain spiritual facts. God is one of these facts. The immortality of human souls is another. The responsibility of conscience is yet a third. The hope of a happy life everlasting is to be counted. The reasonableness of Revelation we add. To the saneuess and usefulness of prayer we have attested. To the power of the personal life of Jesus Christ we thrill to witness. To the facts of forgiven sin and comforted bereavement we bear testimony. Is not a penitent and christianized thief as demonstrable as a clam or a comet? Is not the ecstasy of a martyr as real as the fagots that burn him? Is not the resignation of the desolate mourner as much a matter of proof as the coffin or the marble sleeper over which he weeps?

And yet but once again. As the body has its senses, so has the soul. Burns speaks of "those senses of the mind" by which great religious truths are apprehended. Spiritual truth is received by spiritual powers. Spiritual fact is perceived by the spiritual eye, heard by a spiritual ear, handled by spiritual touch. "The true saint," says

Dr. Holmes, "can be entirely apprehended only by saintly natures."

We share with you the experience of the exercised physical senses, by which you and we alike perceive the physical fact. You do not as yet share with us — and we lay no claim to what is called "saintship" in asserting this — the experience of the trained spiritual sense by which we receive the spiritual fact. To this extent and for this reason, are you as far qualified for making intelligent deductions from our premises as we for drawing such from yours?

In asking you to answer this, as an act of judicial fairness, we cannot refrain from adding that it would seem natural for a broad-minded and intelligent man to feel a certain discontent with the partial nature of his development. He who trains his body and exercises his brain, and *stops there*, is imperfect, unbalanced, crude. He who has not sought to develop his spiritual nature is a half-educated creature.

Spiritual power is the flower of the human growth. In spiritual character we find the highest, finest, and most complex form of the species. All other nature, whether physical or mental, is embryonic to spiritual nature. Spiritual culture is the culmination of human education.

We ask, therefore, evidences of this culture, as the first qualification in any man towards his becoming a critic of such nature, such power, such character, or their philosophy. Failing of this culture, your science should, we submit, grant to our science the respect of ignorance, if not the attention of the student.

We have known invalids, prisoners of their inert muscles during all the bloom and brilliance of life. Some late-found medical inspiration, some personal surrender of devotion on the part of a friend, some unexpected joy or unimagined grief, or even some electric alarm,

has allured, or shocked, or startled the sick man to his feet.

The power of motion was not dead, but slept. Late and loath though they be, the great flexile and extensor actions of the great muscles begin. Between the grave of his life and the grave of his death the man partakes of a resurrection.

Such a discovery of blessedness, we may suppose, comes to him who, after the sluggishness, or willfulness, or disease of unbelieving years, is led by the late cultivation of his spiritual faculties to the possession of spiritual truth.

Facts before which his intellect has been a blank illuminate his conscious-

ness. Mysteries at which he sneered become shrines before which he kneels. Powers which he has not hitherto revealed magnify his nature. Hopes which he has never known irradiate his life. Contrition that he has not understood permeates his heart. Tenderness which he has never approached gives pathos, as it gives purity, to his past. A future of which he has never dreamed intensifies and glorifies his present. He learns the value of his own being, and experiences the friendship of God. In the closing days of his history, as in the final scenes of the apocalyptic vision, there are "new heavens and a new earth."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

LETTERS AND NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

I HAVE still somewhat more to tell my readers about England as it appears in the light of every day, and most of this will naturally arrange itself under distinct headings; but in the present number of *The Atlantic*, and perhaps in one other, I shall record memories of a miscellaneous character, some of which I shall present just as I find them in the letters that I wrote home while I was in England. These will at least have the value and possibly the interest which generally attaches to descriptions and relations written upon the spot.

LETTERS.

I walked from Twickenham to Hampton Court. J. H. went with me. We had walked a few miles, and were skirting a brick wall, which did not attract my attention by being unlike other brick walls that I had seen, when H. said suddenly, "Here we are!" and we turned into a gateway. What a sight!—a sight of trees such as I had never even imagined. I found myself in an avenue

about two hundred yards broad, which stretched on before me for what proved to be a mile and an eighth. On either side were gigantic horse-chestnut trees, standing five deep at regular distances, which had given them ample room to spread. They looked as if they were a hundred feet high. Even as they stretched on before me into the distance I saw that every tree was higher than the roof of any dwelling-house in New York. And such majesty of foliage! There is nothing finer, nothing even so fine, I am told, even in this country of arboral avenues. The great avenue at Windsor Park is longer, but when an avenue is a mile and a furlong in length, what matter as to its effect at any one point how much longer it is or might be! This is the famous avenue of horse-chestnuts at Bushy Park. It is much praised for its beauty when the trees are in blossom; but I was glad that I found it clothed only in green. There is in rural nature hardly anything equal to, surely no other thing quite like, a lane

between two orchards of apple-trees in bloom. In tint, and in perfume, the concentrated expression of all the beauty, material and spiritual, that accompanies our idea of spring finds there its perfect and absolute embodiment. And there is about the apple-tree a homeliness and a home-keeping character which make it fit to don this daintily beautiful and somewhat womanish garb of welcome to the returning year. It is not too grand or too dignified to wear a chaplet of blossoms. But I have always felt that the horse-chestnut was far too lofty and elegant a creature to be beautified by floral decoration. It seems to me like sending bouquets to a big, bearded man. I should as soon think of crowning a statue of Washington or of Wellington with a chaplet of roses. Horse-chestnut trees must have blossoms, or there would be no chestnuts, and the trees would come to an end, — just as a man who marries must figure in the absurd position of bridegroom; but I would rather see Benedick a month or two after the wedding, and the horse-chestnut tree after it has cast its blossoms.

When this avenue has run its mile and its furlong it opens out suddenly into a circle more than a quarter of a mile in diameter, from which stretch avenues which are like transepts to a nave. In the midst of this circle is a vast basin with a fountain. Then come the lawns and the gardens around Hampton Court palace; the former of such closeness and fineness of turf that it seems as if it is the velvet carpet that should be likened to *them*; and all about such old, old yew-trees! The garden is made by formal beds cut out of the turf and filled with flowers and plants with richly colored leaves, which are arranged in patterns. The extent of all this is greater than you would imagine. There is a broad canal that stretches up from the Thames to a terrace in front of the palace. It was used in former days for barges that brought visitors from Lon-

don. Its functions, but not its beauty, are now assumed by the railway. Old "Ego et Rex Meus" may have been a man of unbounded stomach, but beyond dispute he had fine taste in palaces; for you will remember that this noble seat was of Wolsey's planning and building. The first sight of the palace itself is very disappointing; for the principal front which it presents shows at a glance the hand of the architect of the cathedral of St. Paul's; but the part built by Wolsey is very fine, — old Tudor brickwork in excellent preservation. The roof of the great hall — open-work in wood — is beautiful both in outline and detail; but the stained windows seemed to me of dubious date, and to be lacking in richness of tone and simplicity of design.

The whole of the royal apartments have been turned into picture-galleries, which contain a mixture of the good work of great men with not a little rubbish. The Sir Peter Lelys, — portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, — about which there is so much talk, are poor, flimsy, meretricious things. Even the flesh tints, which are the best part of them, are weak and washy; and the drawing is very bad. The eyes are, I think, the worst that I ever saw in paintings of any pretension. The shape of the eye, which is exactly the same in all the beauties, is like that of an Assyrian statue; and the under lids would be costly if the lot were sold at a dollar a pound. All this is much modified and improved in the engravings by which these portraits are generally known. Notwithstanding the presence of the work of some greater men, I was chiefly impressed — no, not chiefly, but very greatly — by some heads by Bassano, which for strength and vitality surpassed any that I had ever seen, except some by Velasquez, and some of Titian; and Holbein's which I knew only through copies or engravings. Perhaps I was the more impressed by them because

the painter was new to me. A great surprise was the portrait of Madame de Pompadour, by Greuse,—an exquisite painting, with all the signs of being a good likeness. It is full of life and character. But to my surprise I found her fair, with bright blue eyes and a retreating chin,—a very manifest double chin too, although she is in the bloom of early womanhood. Her complexion is divinely fair, and her figure shows the perfection of womanly beauty. But I had always thought of the haughty, brilliant, scheming favorite of Louis XV. as a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, with a round, firm chin and a face of great spirit: it was hard to accept in place of my ideal this soft, blue-eyed, simple, almost rustic-seeming beauty. It was only one more added to a thousand lessons from which I should have learned before the truth that Shakespeare makes the disappointed Duncan utter:—

“There is no art
To find the mind’s construction in the face.”

After we had spent a long morning in the palace and its grounds, we went to the Greyhound Inn, just outside the gates, for a little luncheon: some cold beef, of which a huge joint was set before us, the whole of which we might have eaten, if we had chosen, at the same price that we paid for our not very moderate inroads, and some beer, of which we each easily disposed of an imperial pint. We were punctiliously served by a waiter who did not look like a live waiter at all, but just as if John Leech had drawn him.

The walks in the country around Twickenham are idyls. On Sunday evening, as the west was reddening, H. and I went out, and walked three or four

¹ One of these three crossings of the Thames was at Twickenham ferry; the ferry consisting merely of a little skiff and an oarsman. The embarkation, the passage, and the disembarkation occupied about one minute, and the fare was one penny; and yet it was so charming and picturesque an incident of that day’s enjoyment that I shall never forget it. Only a day or two ago I happened to see at Schirmer’s, for the first time, this song:—

miles leisurely, returning just after sunset. It was like living Gray’s *Elegy*. From the old church towers in the distance came the chimes of bells, soft, sweet, and irregular, making a gentle clamor. Everything is soft here; mellow and tender upon the surface, although it may be rich and strong within. We talked when we first set out; but gradually we gave ourselves up in silence to the enjoyment of a sense of harmony that stole alike through eye and ear, and which, like the enjoyment of all beauty of the higher kind, produced an almost sad, submissive feeling.

A few days afterward I took with the same companion a walk of some twenty one or two miles which led us through some of the Thames villages, Kew Gardens and the museums, Richmond and Richmond Park. We started at half past ten in the morning, were on our feet all the time except when we stopped at a little alehouse in Isleworth for a bite and a sup of beer, and we came in at such a pace that it was remarked, as we passed through Twickenham, and I was good for five miles more at the same pace; which, as Pepys said of his dancing, I did wonder to see myself do, particularly when I found that I was as fresh as ever the next morning. Now in the atmosphere of New York or New England neither my companion nor myself could have done that with such comfort and ease,—indeed, such pleasure; for we were both out of all training, not having walked five miles on any day within three years.

What we saw was greatly gratifying, chiefly owing to the Thames, which we skirted frequently and crossed three times.¹ Of the beauty of this river from

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

“O ho! ye ho! ho ye ho! who’s for the ferry?
(The briar’s in bud, and the sun’s going down.)
And I’ll row ye so quick, and I’ll row ye so steady,
And ’tis but a penny to Twickenham town.”
The ferry-man’s slim, and the ferry-man’s young,
And he’s just a soft twang at the end of his tongue,
And he’s fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And ’tis but a penny to Twickenham town.

this distance above London to its upper water we have no type in any one of the United States with which I am acquainted. At Richmond it is hardly as wide as the Mohawk where travelers usually see it; but the land lies around it in such a way as to give it a certain graceful dignity. The banks do not so much slope as gently curve down to it, and everywhere they are covered with the soft, richly green turf which seems to be the natural clothing of this island. This is darkened here and there all along the banks by beautiful trees, singly, in clumps, and in rows, that are to my eye a never-ceasing surprise and delight. Nevertheless, the notion generally prevalent about trees in England is erroneous. I have seen larger oaks and elms in New England and in New Jersey than I saw in England. Except some shells of trunks, I saw no oak so great in girth as that noble tree lately cut down at Tory Corners, near Orange, in New Jersey, the first branches of which were like large trees, and which, although they were rather less horizontal than is common with the oak, had a spread of more than one hundred feet. Nor did I see anywhere in England elms with the massive trunks and domes of green that are to be found in not a few New England villages. It is the multitude of very large trees and the strong, rich, juicy green of their foliage that is so impressive. Oaks and elms with trunks four or five feet in diameter are com-

"O ho! ye ho! he ye ho! I'm for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.)
And it's late as it is, and I have n't a penny;
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?"
She's a rose in her bonnet, and oh she looks sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry.

"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham town."

"O ho! ye ho! ho!" you're too late for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.)
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady:

Yen'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town.
O ho! and O ho! ye may call as ye will;

mon. They stand alone, or in ranks by the roadside; they nod to you over high brick walls; they gather together in great groups upon the meadows, where they do not push and crowd each other, but remain somewhat aloof with a becoming mutual respect. I soon gave over measuring their trunks; early in my walks a circumference of from sixteen to eighteen feet became too common to attract my special attention.

The view from Richmond Hill is of such a grand loveliness, like the beauty of some of Titian's women, that you wonder how nature could accidentally dispose forms and colors so as to give such delight to the eye and the mind of man; and the moist air, because of the light which it holds in solution, marks the distances by a distinct but very delicate gradation. But of this view I have spoken before. From it I went directly to Richmond Park. Everything of note that I have seen here, excepting Stratford-upon-Avon, I have found more beautiful than I expected to find it, but in many cases it has been smaller. Richmond Park, however, is not only more beautiful, but much larger, than I expected,—on a much grander scale. Compared with it, or indeed with any great park that I have seen, our so-called "Central Park" at New York, admirable as it is in many respects, is slight and fanciful. Olmsted is the ablest man in his profession that I know; but even he cannot contend suc-

The moon is a-rising on Petersham hill;
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in rowing to Twickenham town.

Now the existence of this ferry and of this song is highly characteristic of the difference between the two countries. For centuries, ever since there was a Twickenham, and probably longer, the Thames has been crossed at that spot in just the same way; and far be the day when it shall be crossed there in any other. Hence, and because of the beauty of the river there, this song is possible. I do not know in this country a ferry about which such a song could be written; not one which even the writer of Barclay of Ury and Barbara Frietchie could hope to make successfully the subject of a ballad song; nor can there ever be one.

cessfully with time and space and nature. I shall never forget the companies of great solemn oaks that I saw brooding over the earth in this park. I shall never forget seeing a gentleman and a lady come cantering out of a stretch of wood, that seemed more than half a mile off, right down upon us, until at about half their distance they turned at right angles, and we could hear them talking — his manly tones and her sweet, clear Englishwoman's voice — back and forth, but no sound of their horses' hoofs upon the turf; and they were so far away that they looked like toys. On that stretch of sward there might have been a tournament of giants.

Some requests which I have received, both in person and by letter, with regard to certain phases of life in England, cannot be better complied with than by the following extract from a letter, — a literal transcript except in the suppression of names: —

Now I will tell you a little — it can be but a little — about life in the "great houses," as they are called here. When you are asked to come to one, a train is suggested, and you are told that a carriage will be at the station to meet you. Somehow the footman manages to find you out. At —, which is a little station at which few people get out, I had hardly left the train when a very respectable-looking person, not a footman, stepped up to me and said, "Lord —'s carriage is waiting for you, sir." The carriage and the footman and coachman were of course on the other side of the building. My drive from the station to — took quite as long a time as it took me to come down by rail from London, although we went at a grand trot. The country was beautiful, stretching off on both sides in broad fields and meadows, darkened in lines by hedges, and in spots by clumps of trees. The roads were very narrow, — they seemed rather like lanes, — and this effect was increased by the high walls and hedges on either side.

Two carriages had hardly room to pass in some places, with careful driving. Being in Lord —'s well-known carriage, I was quite in state, and the country folk, most of them, bowed to me as I went on; and of course I followed the apostolic injunction, and condescended unto men of low estate. And, by the way, yesterday afternoon (for a day has passed since I began this letter, and I am now at —) Lady — drove me through their park and off to —, the dowager Lady —'s jointure house, and I had the honor of acknowledging for her all the numerous bobs and ducks she received from the tenants and their children. So you see I shall be in good training when I come into *my* estate. When and where I entered the park, either here or at —, I could not exactly make out. There were gates and gates, and the private ground seemed to shade off gradually into the public. I know that the park extended far beyond the lodge. — is very ugly. It was built by Inigo Jones, and, never handsome, was altogether spoiled by tasteless alterations in the last century. The ugliness of English country houses built at that time is quite inexpressible.

I ought to have said that the —s are in deep mourning, Lord — having lost his father and his sister and another near relative within nine months; and it was very kind of them to invite me. I was met at the door by a dignified personage in black, who asked me if I would go up to Lady —'s room. She welcomed me warmly, said that Lord — had been called away for a few hours, and offered me tea from a tiny table at her side. And, by the way, you are usually asked to come at a time which brings you to five-o'clock tea, and submits you to feminine examination, before you are turned loose, — as you soon are. This also gives you an opportunity to rub off the rough edge of strangeness before you dress for dinner. Lady —'s own room was large

and hung with tapestry, and yet it was cosy and home-like. The hall is large and square, and the walls are covered with old arms. The staircase is good, but not so grand as others that I have seen ; that at —, for instance, where there was an oriel window on the first landing. This one has no landing ; it is of polished oak, but is carpeted. Lady — is a very attractive and elegant woman, sensible, sensitive, and with a soft, gentle way of speech and action, which is all the more charming as she is tall. Her tea was good. She talked well, and we got on together very satisfactorily. Presently a nurse brought in her two little daughters. I thought she must have approved of her savage Yankee guest ; for she encouraged them to come to me and sit upon my knees ; and all mothers are shy about that. Soon in popped Lord —, and gave me the heartiest welcome that I have received since I have been in England. He has altered somewhat since he was in New York ; is grown a little stouter, and a very little graver ; but is just the same frank, simple fellow as when you saw him. About seven o'clock I was asked if I would like to go up to my room. He went with me, — an attention which I found general ; and “directly he had left me,” according to the phrase here, a very fine-mannered person, in a dress coat and a white tie, appeared, and asked me for my keys. I apprehended the situation at once, and submitted to his ministrations. He did everything for me except actually to wash my face and hands and put on my clothes. He laid everything that I could need out “in a wow,” like Lord Dundreary’s night-shirts, opened and laid out my dressing-case, and actually turned my stockings. Dinner at eight. I take in Lady —. Butler, a very solemn personage ; but not stout or red-faced. I have seen no stout, red-faced butler since I have been in England. Dining-room large and handsome. Some good portraits. Gas in globes at the

walls ; candles on the table. Dinner very good, of course. *Menu* written in pencil on a porcelain card, with the formula in gilt and a coronet. Indeed, the earl’s coronet and cipher was on the very cans that came up to my bedroom with hot water. I was inclined to scoff at this, at first, as ostentatious ; but after all, as the things were to be marked, how could it be done better ? After dinner, a very pleasant chat in the drawing-room until about eleven o’clock, when Lord — sent Lady — to bed. She shakes hands on bidding me good-night, and asks if half past nine o’clock is too early for breakfast for me. I was tempted to say that it was, and to ask if it could n’t be postponed till ten ; but I did n’t. The drawing-room, by the way, although it was handsome and cheerful, was far inferior in its show to a thousand that might be found in New York, many of which, too, are quite equal to it in comfort and in tasteful adornment. Lord — and I sit up awhile and chat about old times and the shooting on Long Island, and when I go to my room I find that, although I am to stay but two days, my trunk has been unpacked and all my clothes put into the wardrobe and the drawers, and most carefully arranged, as if I were going to stay a month. My morning dress has been taken away.¹

In the morning the same servant comes, opens my window, draws my bed curtain, prepares my bath, again lays out everything that I need “in a wow,” turns my stockings, and in fact does everything but actually bathe and dress me, and all with a very pleasant and cheerful attentiveness. At a quarter past nine the gong rings for prayers. These are generally read by the master of the household in the dining-room, with the breakfast-table laid ; but here in a morning-room. After breakfast you are left very much to yourself.

¹ To be carefully brushed, examined, and, if it is found necessary, put in order otherwise. You are not consulted upon such trifling matters.

Business and household affairs are looked after by your host and hostess ; and you go where you please and do what you like. On Sunday I of course went to church with the family ; a charming old church ; tower of the time of Edward III. ; some fine old monuments. It was Harvest Thanksgiving day, a festival recently introduced in England, in imitation of that which has come down to us from our Puritan forefathers. There was a special service ; and the church was very prettily dressed with oats, flowers, grass, and grapes, the last being substituted for hops, as it was too late for them. The offerings were for the Bulgarians ; for everything now in England is tinged with the hue of "Turkish horrors." After church Lord — took me to the chantry where the tombs of the family are. It was to show me a famous statue, that of a Lady — and her baby, at the birth of which she died, it dying soon, too. The statue is very beautiful, and is the most purely and sweetly pathetic work in sculpture that I ever saw. It had a special interest for me because I remembered reading about it in my boyhood ; but I had forgotten the name of the subject, and I had no thought of finding it here in a little country church. To go to church we merely walked through the park a distance of about the width of Washington Square, passed through a little door in the park wall, and there was the church just opposite.

And so it was at — Place, or rather "The Place," as it is called simply, in the phrase of the country. I found there another ugly house, but the most beautiful park I had yet seen. The sweep of greensward before my bedroom window, the grand march of stalwart, high-crested trees, and the stately-terraced garden gave me great delight. In the middle of the house is a great square hall with a polished oak floor, and columns supporting a corridor which runs all around the hall on the next

floor, and upon which some dozen or fifteen doors of bedroom suits open, all alike, — a perilous similitude. Floor of the corridor oak also, very rich in color ; and this and the staircase and the hall below so polished that you could slide on them like a boy on ice. There are three drawing-rooms, one of which, that which is used as a sitting-room or parlor, has at one end an organ ten feet wide and six deep, showing nineteen pipes in front, of which six are large ; and yet it does not look too large for the room, in which besides are a library table of the largest size, a grand piano-forte, a round table that might have served King Arthur and his knights, a divan that would seat a harem, and a dozen great chairs with welcoming arms, and "nary one alike," — but, by the way, no rocking-chair ; at the absence of which pest you know I must rejoice. The organ was once the Duke of —'s Lord —'s uncle, who got tired of it and gave it to him. It must be pleasant to have uncles who get tired of organs. The great Oxford musician — was down here, and played on it admirably ; and on the piano-forte, too, very well. But English organ-playing seems always better to me than English piano-forte or violin playing. The latter is at best a little cold, tame, and precise. I have not, however, heard Arabella Goddard. The blue drawing-room, or West Room, has some fine pictures, among which are the best Canaletti's — views in Florence — that I ever saw. In the dining-room is the finest Sir Joshua I have yet found anywhere, in public or in private. It is the portrait of a former Lady —, and is the perfection of the expression of grace and elegance ; sweet and silvery in color, and yet not pale. A very interesting and peculiar picture is on the staircase. It is a copy by Gainsborough of a half-length portrait by Vandyke of the Duke of —, an ancestor of Lord —. The subject, the original master, and the

copyist make it a very singular and valuable painting. Lord —— is very much interested in science, and has a laboratory and workshop in one wing of the house, where he and I spent some interesting hours; but this did not keep us from playing lawn tennis with the ladies.

This is the way life passes from day to day in these "great houses;" in which, by the way, except at dinner, and when you dress in the morning and in the evening for dinner, you rarely see a servant, unless you ring for one. There is a movement, which I am glad to see, to introduce the custom of having none but women servants *inside* the house. Lord —— mentioned it to me, and at —— I found it in practice. It seemed to work admirably. And certainly it was pleasant to see a comely sort of female butler and four tidy, comely maid-servants, in white gowns and blue ribbons, drawn up in row at the head of the table when we entered the dining-room; and it was far more agreeable to have them serve us than to have three or four great hulking he-creatures, in black coats and white chokers, attend to the little wants of the table, when they should have been doing man's work of some kind. At all these "great houses" my host has, at a hint from me, kindly taken me through all the offices, even to the laundry, etc., and has told me all about the management of such a household, which I wished to know by actual observation. I have managed to get the same information in the same way in regard to middle-class houses as well; and have thus seen the domestic economy of England, from that of the peasantry to that of the peer. I have seen nothing of such great establishments as the Duke of Omnium's at Gatherum Castle; but what I have seen is enough. In households such as those of which I have been speaking, there are between twenty-five and thirty servants *inside* the house; that is, exclusive of those in the stables, the gardens, and the grounds.

And yet it was funny to hear both —— and ——, when I asked the functions of these servants, begin the list with, "There's the odd man." The place of each servant is very strictly defined, and they are all very punctilious about doing nothing that does not belong to their several places. This has caused the introduction, lately, of a functionary who is called the odd man, whose place is like John Wesley's parish, and who is about the most important person in the household. Tell —— that Du Maurier is right, and that ladies here *do* wear mob-caps at dinner.

NOTES.

Our British cousins twit us "Americans" (for they "lump" us all, Yankees, emigrants, and children of emigrants, together) with a liking for high-sounding names. On my walk from Twickenham to Hampton Court I passed "Devonshire House," "Bolton House," "Claremont Villa," and some other private residences with like names, which were written on their gate-posts. It might be reasonably supposed that these houses were at least pretty villa residences; but no, they were scrubby little roadside cottages, with a neglected patch of earth or grass before them by way of court-yard, — cottages that did not rise even to the height of the shabby genteel. And, for my particular benefit, I suppose, the worst of them, a wretched row, the eaves of which were not ten feet from the ground, was styled "American Buildings." Every English house which is not in a town has a name; and all over the country these names are either ambitious or sentimental to a degree that is somewhat absurd.

Mammon is worshiped in England quite as much as in the United States; but there are other gods there of nobler mien which we have not. One difference in this respect is worthy of remark. There is in society no talk, or very rarely any talk, about money or about busi-

ness, using the word in its trading sense. I was at the houses of men of business of various sorts, "city men" and others, where, among half a dozen or a dozen male guests, I was the only one not connected in some way with business; I was for some days at the country house of a London banker, where guests were coming and going, and we sat from eighteen to twenty-five at table; and not once, in the dining-room or in the drawing-room, did I hear between any of these men talk of pounds, shillings, and pence in the way of business, or as a topic of conversation, or any mention of stocks, or consols, or principal, or interest, or anything of the sort. I could not but think, at one of these informal entertainments, of the last dinner-party that I had attended in New York, where the company was supposed to be of the higher sort; and indeed we had at least a dozen very "prominent gentlemen" there, including two ex-cabinet ministers. And yet the fish was not removed before all around me the table buzzed with the sound of "dollars," "bonds," "five-twenties," "legal tender," "principal and interest." Before they reached the *pecus* they began to talk about *pecunia*. This subject with a slight admixture of party politics of the narrowest and most personal kind furnished the only topics of conversation. In England everybody that I met seemed to have something else to talk about; the very "city men" seemed to be able to leave the city behind them when they came home to their families and friends, and to be only too glad to do so. There seems to be, even for the trader, the manufacturer, and the artisan, a richer and more varied life in England than the same classes have in America. They love money there, perhaps even more than we do here; but they do not seem, the great mass of them, to love money-making so much for its own sake. At any rate, they have interests beyond it, —I will not offend Wall Street and Mr.

John Sherman by saying above it; and when you see two men chatting together in England over a chop, or an oyster, or a glass of ale, even if they are elderly men of business, you may in most cases be pretty sure that their talk is not of pounds, shillings, and pence, or any subject thereto pertaining. If social, moral, and literary topics fail them, or are beyond their ken, they have at least Ireland, and India, and Turkey, and Africa, and disestablishment, and burials, and ritualism, and game laws; and failing these, the Court Circular.

The careless confidence of people generally, in England, soon attracted my attention. There seemed to be no fear of thieves and robbers. I have already mentioned how common it is at hotels to leave the doors of bedrooms open, and how the housekeepers smiled incredulously when I suggested the danger of the custom. I saw many front doors in London and in smaller towns left open or ajar. A friend to whom I mentioned this said that I was quite right, and pointed out to me that the windows of the large and handsome houses in the suburban place through which we were walking were absolutely without shutter or blind. It was true. The windows of these houses, all the residences of wealthy merchants, were without such protection of any kind, inside or outside; and when I, with my friend, who lived in one of them, reached his house, we found his own front door ajar. And this in the country which produces the London cracksman, who is the terror of the police the world over.

At Rockfort, near Birkenhead, in Lancashire, I observed what seemed to me a remarkable manifestation of that determination to active resistance of wrong which is a distinguishing trait of English life. It seems that somehow, no one knew how, a report had got about that there was small-pox in Rockfort. Wherefore the authorities of the place had set up posters all about the neigh-

borhood, in which they formally and officially denied the truth of the report aforesaid; and not only so, but threatened the parties originating and circulating this slander with prosecution at the law. Such a poster here would not be thought of; if set up it would only excite laughter; but perhaps there is a question whether the determination and the ability to resist injurious misrepresentation have a moral and social aspect which is quite ridiculous.

As I was on the rail from Birmingham to Liverpool, I found myself in a carriage with a woman, the charm of whose presence I shall never forget. She was very handsome; a fair-skinned, dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty. She was approaching the maturity of woman's years, and her tall figure had ripened into a large and noble loveliness. A boy about ten years old called her "mamma;" and yet her sweet lips and her sweet face were fresh, — as fresh and sweet as her voice. She was one of those women who bestow a blessing upon the world every time they come forth into it. So far she might in all respects have been a Yankee. But horrors, the dress of her! It might be called heterogeneous; but that would imply that it was somewhat geneous. Her gown was of a great plaid of purple and gray; around her neck she had a silk kerchief of bronze and brown; over her plaid gown was a short embroidered velvet sacque; and all this she had surmounted with a blue velvet bonnet with a white feather!

One very remarkable and characteristic trait of England is the established differences in custom, in fashion, and even, it would seem, in natural objects, that distinguish places which are only a few miles apart. For example, observing, as I walked in Sussex, a peculiarity in the forms of the tops of some chimneys, the lines being more complex than usual, I remarked upon it to a Sussex gentleman who was with me, and he told me that all chimneys in Sussex

were finished at the top in that way. I found that this was true. I saw no chimneys built otherwise in that county, and I saw none of this form in any other county. And yet more, I found that all the pigs in Sussex were black. Elsewhere I found them white. The huge swine that I saw the little boy drive triumphantly through the ancient gate of Warwick was as white as a conscientious pig could consistently be; but, great or small, the pigs in Sussex were as black as crows. That such peculiarities should be limited by the narrow boundaries of counties is very noteworthy evidence of stability, of individuality, and of self-assertion. It is difficult for us, whose local traditions go back little farther than two hundred years, and which have been disturbed and almost erased by the mobility of the whole civilized world within that period, to imagine how such peculiarities originated among people of the same blood living within a few miles of each other. They are, doubtless, of very remote origin; and their preservation is the consequence of the immobility of rural life in England. Clarendon records that Charles II. was very near being discovered on his flight from the defeat of Worcester, because it was remarked by a smith at an inn where he stopped that "his horse's four shoes had been made in four several counties." Think of a way of putting shoes on a horse peculiar to the farriers of one county, and noticeably unlike that of the farriers in counties on either side! The variety was limited only by the capacity of the beast. If Charles had traveled upon a centipede the English counties could have furnished him with peculiar shoes for every foot. We may laugh at this; but is it not better that a man should be himself, that a community should be itself, than that either should be a mere imitation, a duplicate, or, it may be, a centuplicate, of some other man or some other community? Better county fash-

ions in horse-shoes than shoes turned out in packages by machinery, *in usum totius mundi*, to say nothing of the possible service of the county fashion in preventing the escape of royal fugitives from justice.

In the climate of England I remarked the greater effect of the heat of the sun and the less of his light. I used to write most of my letters in bed before breakfast. In Essex, at the end of October, the sun would shine into my window so warm that, although the room was large, I more than once had to get up and pull down the shade. The rays which fell upon the bed did not hurt my

eyes with glare, but I could not bear the heat; and yet it would afterwards rain almost all day. We never have the sun with us so hot in the middle of October that we cannot bear it through a window ten feet off. At first I thought that the climate was cooler than ours at the same season; but that was because there was a "cold snap;" only there was no snap at all in it, but a dismal, cheerless, uncheerable dankness. It is this ever-present moisture that makes a little heat oppressive. Its effect seems to be all pervading. Excepting champagne, nothing in England is ever quite dry, not even humor.

Richard Grant White.

MR. ALDRICH'S FICTION.

MR. ALDRICH's first essay in fiction, or the first that he has thought worth the remembrance of his readers, was strictly romantic in substance. It was that little story, which with difficulty keeps itself from rhyming, called *Père Antoine's Date Palm*, printed nearly twenty years ago in these pages. Hawthorne was then living, and he took the pains to find out the author, and then gave himself the pleasure of writing to the young poet in recognition of its charm. Its tragedy is of an airier sort than his own; it is rather allied to the pathos of Mr. Curtis in his *Prue and I* sketches; but the master of romance felt its exquisite art with sympathetic satisfaction. In fact, there are few passages in it which the critic now re-perusing it would wish to change. Even these he might change for the worse.

When it appeared, Mr. Aldrich had already the reputation of a poet, whose verse was jeweled and tinted in the taste which we, who were younger then, all remember. A great many could do something like it; at its worst, it was

very much like something better. But in due time it became evident that the substance which Mr. Aldrich was so painfully encrusting with colored pastes was real gold, of a fineness now incontestable; that he was himself better than what he had tried to do. His native grace, his feeling for form, his love of artistic purity, came to express themselves in a manner of his own, which characterizes certain lyrics destined to please while there is a responsive sense of these things.

His *Père Antoine's Date Palm* remained his sole attempt in fiction till he wrote, seven or eight years later, *The Story of a Bad Boy*. This again was an excursion in dreamland, for boyhood, realized with whatever conscientiousness, is in the region of romance. We do not suppose that Mr. Aldrich intended, even in the most autobiographical particulars, to study his own boyhood very minutely, and this left it everybody's boyhood. Even its extravagances and excesses added to its universal verisimilitude: we all fell into its humor, and

knew that those were the things which we would have liked to have happen to us when we were boys.

In his unique romance of Marjorie Daw he invented a new pleasure: a surprise so fine that it must remain unmatched, and contrived with such consummate skill that every reader, upon discovering that there never was any Marjorie Daw, felt a pang which qualified his sense of being hoaxed with a soft personal regret for the charming creation thus resolved into nothingness. It is not easy to trace to its source the charm of any piece of art, and to say confidently that it lies here or there; but we suspect that the charm of Marjorie Daw is largely in the comedy-like frame-work, the letters and telegrams in which the story is told performing the effect of dialogue; in the realism of certain particular touches within the general unreality. From the first we lend ourselves to its influence as to that of a play; we delight even in little conventionalities; people do not throw books at servants' heads, nowadays, but we like to have John Flemming do it.

The reader need not be reminded of Miss Mehetabel's Son and Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriskie, as other essays in this sort. They preceded, with some sketches and studies, Mr. Aldrich's first novel, Prudence Palfrey, whose merits and defects were those easily predicable of a novel by the author of those admirable short stories; it excelled in particular passages, which were so good that the general plan suffered in contrast. It was the old-fashioned scheme of a novel,—the novel of incident, in which inferior writers seem to succeed best. As often as he has adopted this scheme it seems to us that Mr. Aldrich has made a mistake; it is for him to deal with motive and character, and it does not matter if these be a little or even quite fantastic. After Marjorie Daw he has drawn no other girlish figure so good as that of the heroine in

The Queen of Sheba. That story is more poetically imagined than any other that he has done, and it is the most shapely and best wrought. Nothing that is not acceptably painful is felt in her temporary hallucination, and all that is bizarre and amusingly tricky and whimsical in it is enjoyed. The elfishness which casts its spell upon the young man is made a fascination for the reader; but it is wisely managed that when the hero meets her again, and falls in love with her anew, there should be no trace of this wildness in her, but only a sweet and natural girlishness. Here, once more, is the poet's, the romancer's, effect, rather than the novelist's; it is produced from conscientiously ascertained fact, and is accompanied by studies of life full of humorous reality; but the lasting impression from the story is the poetic interest of a man's heart attaching itself to that from which a return of love is impossible, and the transformation of the alien creature to human consciousness. It is a conception which gains from the realistic setting, and from the humor that plays through it and naturalizes its fanciful spirit to our own world.

In The Stillwater Tragedy Mr. Aldrich writes a novel which is not at all a romance. It is the story of a strike in a New England manufacturing town, of a murder, of circumstantial evidence, of love and marriage. The reader knows it, and need not be reminded of the plot, which is unfolded from the end rather than the beginning,—a method which has its advantages and its disadvantages. Tourguénief has among recent writers used it with peculiar force in Spring-Floods, and Mr. Aldrich has managed it with such characteristic *finesse* that we venture to say no reader was in possession of any secret of it till the author chose to impart it. We confess to have been ourselves entirely surprised when it was Durgin, and not Torrini, who turned out to be the murderer; and we

read the story from month to month with unflagging interest, and with a pleasure in certain passages which others must have shared with us. There are few finer effects of comedy than that scene in which Richard Shackford, going magnanimously to reconcile himself to his cousin Lemuel, comes away smacking his fists in the ecstasy of his unfulfilled desire to knock his kinsman down. In fact, the comedy is what strikes one most in this tragedy, which need not be the less a tragedy on that account. The whimsical discomfitures distributed with an impartial hand, to Richard when his eloquence has precipitated the dramatic opening of the strike, and to the detective when he fails to fix the murder upon Richard, and all the chorusing (if we may so call it) of the action by the village magnates in one room and the operatives in another, at Snelling's tavern, are very amusingly and freshly conceived. The description of the strike is a contribution to our knowledge of such matters: it is a vivid spectacle left to its own forcibleness for its impression. But in his presentation of the village life Mr. Aldrich does not escape the conventionality which we have before noted in similar work of his. Outside of Slocum's Yard — where all is new and real — it is the New England village and its interests and its characters which we know from literature. Like that other delightful writer whom we have named, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Aldrich seems to have a preference for looking at life through literature, and for giving not so much the likeness of what he might see if he rejected this medium as the likeness of something that has pleased him in books. He cannot deny himself the suggestion of traits endeared by literary association, as he cannot deny himself the pleasure of making witty and humorous remarks upon his action and people. This is English usage, sanctioned by all the great novelists, and yet we cannot help thinking it a vice. We are not

sure that a novelist does not weaken his work by every good thing that he says in his own person; and Mr. Aldrich, unhappily, has his head full of good things! He must say them; we are charmed, instructed, amused, but the illusion suffers. In a romance, the author's position is different. There the illusion exists by the explicit and continual assent of the reader, who says, "All this could never have happened; but let us say that it did." So long as the author is true to the motive and the characters, nothing can be amiss; he may be as directly witty and wise as he likes, and as literary as he will.

We find ourselves making much the same strictures upon *The Stillwater Tragedy* that we made upon *Prudence Palfrey*, to which it is allied in method and material. It is a more interesting story, and the plot is less vulnerable; it is in fact a very good plot, of strong and close texture, through which the author's intention does not escape till he chooses. But both books are in the field of the novel, while Mr. Aldrich's other work is rather in the region of romance. They have in common a certain consciousness in the development of character, and that vice, if it is a vice, of confidential comment. The persons are characterized by the author rather than by themselves; but in compensation we have innumerable flashes of humorous description, of droll observation, which break irrepressibly from him, and which we should be stupid if we refused to enjoy. When Mr. Aldrich tells us that his Chinese laundry-man had no more facial expression than an orange, the stroke is as deliciously true as if some person of the story had said it; only, it would have been better for some person of the story to say it.

Mr. Aldrich, in fine, works in the novel with the instinct of the romancer. He is essentially a poet, of that order of imagination, gay and bright, which is even

rarer than the gloomier cast, and we can fancy him occupied with some theme of pure romance, in which his poetic art would have free play, and which would remain a perfect delight. The novelist's trade, — that any one may learn, more or less well; but romance requires gift, and he is of the few who have gift. In *Père Antoine's Date Palm*, *Marjorie Daw*, and *The Queen of Sheba*, he has developed a species of romance in which we shall hope to see his hand again, — that kind which bases fanciful superstructure upon a solid foundation of realism. Poe does this in some of his dismal tales; but it remained for Mr. Aldrich to show us that the same principle could lend itself even more effectively to a cheerful purpose and a more delicate

intention. He has accomplished this so lightly, so easily, that he has made the kind his own, and has become our debtor in a more considerable experiment than he has yet made, — an experiment which we would prefer in thoroughly modern material; but if not, then in something out of our American past. There is the life of the old Creole New Orleans, of his feeling for which he has given us hints; or there are matters in New England annals not wholly sombre. In the *Scarlet Letter*, the fearfulness of the Puritan conscience is embodied, once for all; but the later life which sprang up from the very heart of Puritanism, and rebelled against it, still waits to be portrayed in romance. We think it waits for Mr. Aldrich.

RECENT POETRY.

In the tender, retrospective poem with which Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard ushers us into the presence of his collected poems¹ (now so worthily arrayed in a volume luxuriously printed and bound), he speaks of himself as content, now that he has "done with them," to believe

"I may do well enough to win at last
The laurel I have missed so many years."

We are not so sure that he has missed it: rather, it has been set so unobtrusively in place, leaf by leaf, that he has not observed the process. Mr. Stoddard's fame has expanded quietly, but it is something about which there is no doubt; and he is recognized by many readers and not a few of his fellow-writers as a poet of deep heart and exquisite feeling, who refines his thought with workmanship often very beautiful.

¹ *The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard*. Complete Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

There is a good deal in this volume which, so far as permanent claim upon the reader is concerned, it will occur to some critics might better have been omitted; but on the other hand it is well that the gathering-in should be as nearly complete as the writer himself will allow, both in justice to him and as a concession to the interest which lovers of Mr. Stoddard's verse may naturally feel in observing its full compass, and comparing the work of different years. It is a peculiarity, however, with which one is struck in looking over his pages, that the poet has no "periods." He seems to have found his natural key at the beginning, and to have held steadily to it, striking now a louder chord or a longer strain, but always in the same reflective, measured spirit and with a prevailing gravity of mood.

In the first division of the book, devoted to early poems, there is more of elaborate effort and ornamental compo-

sition than in the maturer and most recent contributions; exemplified in the Hymn to Flora, the old-fashioned typical poems on Spring and Autumn, The Witch's Whelp, the Arcadian Idyl, the Hymn to the Beautiful, a Choric Hymn, and an isolated second book from a blank-verse epic on The Search for Persephone, with an academical Christmas ode, Dies Natalis Christi. These classic fragments and the youthful Castle in the Air abound in sculptural beauty and are carefully wrought; but their author's reputation rests on his songs, his Horatian ode upon Abraham Lincoln, and his tales, noble in sentiment, which are related with such masterly composure and in rhymed couplets of extraordinary dignity; as, The Children's Prayer, The King's Bell, and Wratishaw. In those three brief stanzas, The Flight of Youth, which stand at the head of the Songs of Summer, —

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again," —

there is an exquisite beauty, a pensive-ness married to delicate harmony of sound, which characterizes many of the short pieces in the book. Over and over, too, the poet recurs to this sentiment of regret for youth, in many forms and with great ingenuity of imagination. He is perhaps more distinctively the elegist of lost youth than anything else; and his latest expressions in this character, Two Kings, and The Flown Bird, with the beautiful pathos of its refrain, —

"I have forgotten to forget," —

increase, instead of falling off, in power and melancholy charm. Yet Mr. Stoddard is too large in his tendency, too full of artistic sympathy, to harp monotonously on this string. His briefer poems, songs, conceits, ballads, and "dramatic lyrics," touch us at a number of different points; they are rife with color, fancy, and nimble feeling. The scattered stanzas given us from the Persian, Ar-

abic, and Chinese, in the Book of the East, are the least satisfactory among these to the general reader; yet they have their peculiar merit. They resemble the separate petals of a flower, blown on the wind and caught at random. The poet has breathed upon the paper, and we discern that beauty has formed there under his breathing, but it is as intangible as hoar-frost; take it up and it vanishes. One of the songs as a whole may contain the delicate presence; but it is not strongly pervasive enough for analysis, and the individual lines scarcely reveal it when considered alone. To effect results so subtle as this, a minuteness of sensibility is necessary which is doomed to fail of popular appreciation. It may seem a contradiction, but is rather a direct consequence of this sensibility, that when Mr. Stoddard essays something in a more popular vein, as, for instance, The Ballad of Valley Forge, Without and Within, or On the Town, he stumbles almost into prose; for his genius is not suited to that vein, although it is true that in The Two Anchors he hits the mark very happily. The Children of Isis (a remarkable piece of construction in verse, gracefully carried out) and the lines, "Why stand ye gazing into heaven?" turn towards us the author's mystical and religious side; and the last-mentioned of these is a nobly earnest, spontaneous utterance, buoyed up on majestic and perfectly varied verse, albeit the conclusion at which it arrives is too vague, and unsatisfactory in its pantheism. Elsewhere we find him saying, —

"The bread and wine of quiet thought
Is sacrament enough for me;
Enough the temple of the world,
The sky, the land, the sea."

In the same place where these words occur (the Carmen Triumphale) there are some sonorous passages illustrating eloquently the higher pantheism, combined with a creed of love, — a generous faith which declares that

"The road to heaven is broader than the world
And deeper than the kingdoms of the dead."

These and similar strains, the diapason of which cannot be reproduced in fragmentary citation, excite a reverence for Mr. Stoddard's profounder moods and his own faithfulness to them, which he may justly suppose establish his claim to consideration as one of the sincerest and most eloquent of our poets. He writes of nature with, it is true, the generality of a man chiefly accustomed to cities, but with a pure fervor richer than that of Bryant, whom it strikes us he imitates in the final Hymn to the Sea, by no means to his own advantage. When from these phases we turn back to polished gems like "The sky is a drinking cup," or Under the Rose, or the gay and brilliant Wedding under the Directory, we begin to get an adequate view of the writer's breadth and versatility, as well as art.

It is possibly to be regretted that Mr. Stoddard has not allied himself more, in his work, with American thought and American events; for his search after the remotely picturesque in Lapland, Sicily, the East, and that private mediæval world which he has made for himself in *The King's Bell* has conspired with the Herrick-like turn of his minor effusions, to make him seem more distant from the day than he really is. The solemn stanzas on Lincoln, though modeled on Marvell's ode to Cromwell, have a strength inherent in the poet and his theme, and remind us how deeply he could respond to a strong national feeling and to a character peculiarly native to this country:—

"One of the people! Born to be
Their curious epitome:
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

"Common his mind (it seemed so then),
His thoughts the thoughts of other men.
Plain were his words and poor,
But now they will endure!

¹ *Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M. D.* Edited by K. M. R. With an Introductory Notice of the

"No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it as he could.

"Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both:
Was not, like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

"No hero this of Roman mold,
Not like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the state!

"O honest face, which all men knew;
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!"

Nobler lines have never been written about any American, nor any truer or worthier of their theme. They will last as long as the fame of Lincoln, partially by association with his name, but also because of their fitness, for association without that would be little.

Here and there in Mr. Stoddard's volume we find echoes of older poets, and even phrases borrowed from them. Whether the author uses these unconsciously or on a theory that the use justifies the loan, the fact none the less casts a blur upon an impression of originality, otherwise clear, which his poems produce.

There is a point to consider, in the case of inferior verse-makers, and that is whether the pleasure of hearing themselves sing is sufficient justification for adding another to the unhealthily enormous list of American books of verse. Dr. F. O. Ticknor's posthumous collection,¹ however, is due to the wish of surviving friends to save his spark of genius from total literary extinction. Dr. Ticknor was a Georgian, of New Jersey parentage and Connecticut ancestry; a busy physician, with a taste for writing, who died six years ago at the age of fifty-two, unknown to fame. There is one vigorous, pathetic, masterly poem in the slender memorial volume, the only one worth preserving,—*Little Giffen*,—which tells the story of a brave Southern

author by PAUL H. HAYNE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

lad wounded near to death in the war, yet refusing to die inactive, and going forth once more to battle, where he finds the eternal silence.

Another Southern verse-maker, of greater copiousness, is Father Ryan, who has been induced—as his redundantly apologetic preface declares—to throw together his productions,¹ “written at random” and “always in a hurry.” They are placed before us with the confiding title, *Father Ryan's Poems*. We confess to some ignorance (not a very disturbing thing, however) as to who Father Ryan is; we had been under the impression that there was more than one father of that name. The most noticeable things in the book, besides the steel engraving of the author and another of the “conquered banner,” are several rebel war songs and peace songs, “published in this volume not for harm-sake nor for hate-sake, but simply because the author wrote them.” One stanza is interesting for its frank statement of the insincerity of certain professions by certain Southerners, which we are sorry to see:—

“But still till time's last day,
Whatever lips may plight,
The Blue is Blue, but Gray is Gray,
Wrong never accords with right.”

A genuine Confederate drama,² is also among the new productions with which the world has been favored. It is called, agreeably to the Southern taste for high-sounding diction, *The Maid of Northumberland*; but Confederate Bonds would have been an apter title, since the point of the whole structure, blank verse and prose alike (a euphemistic distinction), seems to be that the happy lovers receive in dowry one half the heroine's father's long-date bonds,

“Stamped with imprimature of liberty
And with Confederate sovereign ensigns sealed.”

¹ *Father Ryan's Poems*. Mobile: John L. Raper & Co. 1879.

² *The Maid of Northumberland*. A Dramatic Poem. By DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

There appears to be a satirical intention in this, and in the sketch of one of the personages, “Caleb Jones, a financier;” but if the author has a joke, he has so adroitly set upon it the seal of privacy that no one will be likely to intrude upon it.

Carlotta,³ a tragedy founded on the French invasion of Mexico, is even bolder in its realism than Mr. Lucas's hermetic play. Napoleon III.,—who, by the way, says *A revoir, messieurs*,—Juarez, Maximilian, Bazaine, and various other recent or still living persons are introduced, who speak an extraordinary half-rhythmical style, as Juarez shall witness. “What means this sluggish song?” he says. “In vain it seeks to fascinate my soul with fervent words, which once my heart enchained.” A subtle fragment of dialogue between two of Maximilian's servants may suffice for a final taste of the author's quality:—

“*Gardener*. I cannot see what food can have to do with character.

“*Fritz*. More than thou dream'st. Go to the States of North America, where everybody gets his full square meal, and there is spunk and lively enterprise, while the poor Mexican remains in lethargy. And pulque they drink, made of agave juice.”

The *Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*⁴ is a heroic idyl in several parts, Tennysonian in manner, reproducing in verse the tragedy of Axel Tordsen and Valborg, for the most part sonorous and excellent, if deficient in those musical changes and flexible variations of movement that belong only to the masters of that most difficult form, the unrhymed pentameter. Appreciation of its difficulties and its resources is slack among the novices who nowadays so eagerly plunge into it; but Mr. Houghton succeeds at least in handling it with force, and his whole poem

³ *Carlotta*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By ROBERT ROSKOTEN, M. D. Peoria, Illinois. 1880.

⁴ *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*. By GEORGE HOUGHTON, Author of Christmas Booklet, etc. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1880.

is plastic, spirited, and, after its echoing fashion, genuine.

Mr. Robert Morris is a writer of wider reputation, but his loose-strung dithyrambic chants, gathered into one under the name of *The Ode of Life*,¹ are quite unworthy of that reputation, and cannot for a moment be compared, either as to substance or execution, with Mr. Houghton's modest work. Here are four lines from the *Ode of Evil*:—

"The victories of right
Are born of strife.
There were no day were there no night,
Nor, without dying, life."

The man who can cover a hundred and fifty pages with mere vacancy, barren sententiousness, like this,—devoid of music, of imagery, and of originality,—yet who can still conceive that he has written a mature poem, must be the victim of a deplorable delusion.

That Mr. John Addington Symonds possessed some of the capabilities of poetic expression was evident from those volumes on art and Italy and Greek poetry which have won such high favor. He now definitely assumes the singing-robes, in a volume lately reprinted in this country;² albeit in the stanzas called *An Undertone* he speaks of his own verse as a "little earthly music, faint yet clear," and denies himself any place among the laureled crowd. The book is a noticeable one, and contains some delicate and delicious things, with traces on every page of a refined sense of form and an eager eye for beauty. Those pieces which have Greek themes are suffused with the clear yet soft light of the land and the literature that suggested them; and in particular we may cite a fragment called *The Sacrifice*. A number of the poems betray a purely literary origin, or are translations in part and sometimes in whole. An al-

lusion to "sweet Ionian vowels" in one place, and to a cry that leaped forth "fledged with Greek word-wings" in another, gives perhaps too strong a hint of the grammarian. But in his two narrative poems, *The Love Tale of Odatis* and *Prince Zariadres and Imelda Lambertazzi*, Mr. Symonds, if he inevitably falls somewhat under the shadow of William Morris, also reveals skill in story and an abundant sense of color. Of the reflective pieces, with some exceptions, the effect is not so good. The author has taken his personal woes on the usual Continental tour, and keeps with valetudinarian care a rhymed notebook of their condition at divers points. Making all abatements, however, we find here a collection marked by indubitable intellectual value. With the intellectual strain is blended one of sensuous enjoyment that is half pain, and, savoring of the affectations of the new English school, finds imitative expression in lines like these:—

"She leans with yearning from the enamored tree,
While passionate petals, shaken by her strain,
From the frail boughs around her whiteness rain,
Pearling with shells of rose the dewy lea."

It would be hard to say which predominates in Mr. Symonds, the intellectual or the sensuous, for as we turn his pages they change like the two sides of a willow tree, olive-green and silver, in a ruffling wind.

Edward King's *Echoes from the Orient*³ is one of those little books which make the reader wonder whether they would ever have been written had in-born gift and the inspiration of native scenes been the author's sole dependence. *The Sorrow of Manol*, which takes up one half of the book, is merely an old Roumanian legend set in verse, but skillfully and sympathetically. *The Danubian Gypsy's Song*, is really novel

ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

³ *Echoes from the Orient*. With Miscellaneous Poems. By EDWARD KING. London: C. Kegan Paul. 1880.

¹ *The Ode of Life*. By the Author of *The Epic of Hades and Gwen*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

² *Old and New*. A Volume of Verse. By JOHN

as well as melodious, and comes to us like a rich blossom blown on some tropic gale of stifled passion. For the most part, his diction is somewhat barren, and many of the lines suffer in structure from having been apparently tossed off in the intervals of newspaper work. We suspect that the author has not done full justice to the best that is in him.

In Mr. DeKay, on the contrary, we have a singer of the Western world, as the title of his first book of verse¹ expressly intimates, and one who has apparently taken pains to do justice to himself. It cannot be said that the result of his labors is other than disappointing. The volume is cobwebbed with affectations, which appear hopelessly to entangle the author's talent; and, worse than this, it is in great part heavy and spiritless, with some incredible instances of the *banal*. *Hesperus* is indeed a poem of great natural grandeur, with a march in the lines worthy of their theme, — the westward instinct of mankind. This instinct the poet, connecting it with the sunset, traces agreeably to scientific theory in its growth through many generations. In it, too, he finds at last a hint of Providence; and finds also a similitude for the passage from real to ideal. But in the other long pieces, *Indian Clove*, *The Seer*, and *The Two Giants*, — the last an elephantine piece of fancy play carried on with the map of North and South America, — there is little to redeem their lack of interest, either human or divine; for they are both unpleasant and unmelodious. Mr. DeKay has a surprising ingenuity in discovering the disagreeable. In *Nef* in Ireland he tells the hideous story of an old chieftain of the eighth century, who discovers his wife's amours by the circumstance of her lover's having left the mark of his tooth on her lip, in kissing her. *Nef* himself then takes

vengeance upon her by biting her throat open. Again, in a little performance called *Goats*, after heaping abusive epithets on the goat, Mr. DeKay observes that he might have been the sweetest lamb, so far as his skeleton is concerned. This may be true, but it certainly is not poetry. There is very little of human life, either, in the volume; and when the author does introduce it we are not led to wish that he would do it again. Men, women, youth, beauty, love, all appear to show him their least attractive side; and we are inclined to think him more a cynic than poet. Even nature is presented by him in mysteriously morbid aspects; though here it should be said that the *Invocation*, beginning,

"Scent of the rose! . . .

Breath of the new-ploughed field and verdurous
sigh

From cosses budding!"

and the poem called *Arcana Sylvarum* show an exquisite touch, and contain a singular beauty derived from no secondary source.

Poetry obscures as well as reveals the personality of those who write it; and in the case of unknown authors, like the three Southern women who have produced *Three Friends' Fancies*,² speculation as to the lives hidden behind the lines forms the chief interest of a book to the general reader. There is an air of genuineness about many of these artless verses, which is agreeable. E. W. B., J. C., and E. A. G. C., as the authors are designated, were evidently very earnest in their poetizing; and that is a thing not to be despised. But the meed of success we can grant to only two lines in their joint work. They are these, in which J. C., whose fatherland is Scotland, speaking to that country of what she imagines its twilights, says, —

"Thy light as tenderly and softly dies
As laughter in a fair child's sleepy eyes."

¹ *Hesperus and Other Poems*. By CHARLES DEKAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

² *Three Friends' Fancies*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

It is a long step from these shy blossoms of the South to the large-papered and luxurious volume in which the poems of Sir Samuel Ferguson have been issued at Dublin;¹ and it is also an uncommon event to receive a book of poems from Dublin at all. Sir Samuel is known, in spite of some very eccentric rhymes, as one of the foremost among Irish poets of the century; and although the present publication contains a number of pieces on miscellaneous subjects, — including one on the sinking of the monitor, — it is to those which deal with passages from Irish heroic legends that one looks for the chief merit of his activity as a poet. These are *Mesgedra*, *The Twins of Macha*, *The Naming of Cuchullin Conary*, and *Deirdré*. The last mentioned is a “monodrame,” as the author describes it, founded on the same old tale which gave Dr. Joyce the suggestion for his epic romance bearing the same title. It must be said frankly that Sir Samuel by no means equals his countryman on our side of the Atlantic, either for power of poetic treatment or for insight into the spirit of the early period of which he writes. The following reflection, put into the mouth of *Deirdré*, is better suited to a gentleman of historic tastes in our day than to the heroine of that rude age: —

“Mark how the simple country-people deck
Each natural scene with graceful tales of love,
While the strong castles and the towns of men
Are by the poets and historians
Stuck full of tragedies and woes of war.”

But in *Conary*, Sir Samuel Ferguson relates with impressive force and dignified simplicity, in blank verse which has unusual merits, a strong and affecting story of a king done to death by treachery and witchcraft. It is one of the few poems of this kind which will repay reading, and it deserves to be better known.

¹ *Poems*. By SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON. Dublin: William McGee. London: George Bell and Sons. 1880.

² *Ultima Thule*. By HENRY WADSWORTH

Latest among the new volumes of song come those which Mr. Longfellow² and Dr. Holmes³ have made up from their occasional publications during the past year or two. Most of them have already become familiar to the public, and it is not necessary to speak of them at much length here. But it is not superfluous to dwell for a moment on the art, the feeling, the exquisite modulations of sound and choice of word, which in these verses, as in so many others from the same hands, recall one to the virtues of a full-orbed and healthy art. It is not to be denied that some of the younger generation conceive themselves able to detect inadequacies in the method of the older masters; and for each generation, no doubt, something of its own method is desirable and a benefit. But the belief in new methods must be qualified by the observation that Longfellow, for example, in *Ultima Thule*, appeals directly to the heart with means as unforced as ever, and with skill hardly touched by age or use, while Swinburne's charm has already passed. When the children of a busy American city present to a poet a chair made from a tree which he once celebrated, we have proof of his hold on his time; and there are few of Mr. Longfellow's strains more tender and beautiful than those, in the new volume, with which he answered their gift. The same peace and simplicity that breathe through these lines inform the other contributions to the book; among which the brief elegy on Bayard Taylor and the noble sonnet on Richard Dana stand prominent for their grace and mellowness. Among the “folk-songs” is one called *The Windmill*, which might aptly be supposed the translation of a child's thought, so naïf and unaffected is it. But throughout the too brief collection it is

LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

³ *The Iron Gate and Other Poems*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

this utmost refinement of simplicity which impresses the reader as the natural and ripe result of a genius that has never allowed itself to be forced from the path of nature. In Dr. Holmes's volume, too, there is simplicity; but it is simplicity nerved and winged by a restless wit that sees the different sides, the contradictions, and cannot forbear to flash upon the eye all the various angles of the truth, while never ceasing to take the view of the poet, who knows the angles can be resolved into a circle, and the circle made the circumference of a sphere. Here, as always of old, it appears how often Dr. Holmes's ready word is in demand at festivals; for all but two or three of the poems are occasional. Indeed, *The Iron Gate*, which gives the book its title, would never have been but for the occasion of all occasions which marked his seventieth

birthday. Never were the writer's qualities more admirably lent to verse than in this poem. The pathos, the wit, the imagination, which have made him famous, are all present in it, fused in the emotion of the hour. What music and what feeling in those stanzas where he says of old age, —

"Yes, long indeed I've known him at a distance,
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!"

Everywhere a picture, a thought, a melodious or witty line; these are the things that make Dr. Holmes's poetry still youthful, and worth writing about as well as reading. Would that the same could be said of much other verse that comes to us!

MAHAFFY'S GREEK LITERATURE.

OF Mr. Mahaffy's two volumes,¹ the first is devoted to the poets, and the second to the prose writers. In spite of the title which he has chosen, the author in his preface seems to disclaim any intention of writing a History of Greek Literature; this "has become almost too great a task for any single man to accomplish adequately." The book is a "conspectus of Greek literature as a whole" for younger students. This being so, it is surprising that Mr. Mahaffy should take for granted in his readers a sufficient knowledge of the "character and genius of the race," and of "the peculiar features of the language," to dispense with a chapter on these matters. To begin with generalities, he says, is

"unpractical;" because, to understand generalities, "the reader should be intimate with the details, which are postponed to a later part of the book." He therefore "will not attempt any broad survey of the subject in a work devoted to the discussion of details, except in immediate connection with these details." But sufficient knowledge of details is possessed by "younger students," who have read their Greek authors "in accidental and irregular order," to make a general sketch of the Greek language and its dialects in their relation to the progress of the literature quite intelligible; and yet this is nowhere given. Furthermore, no clear and connected statement of the general plan of the book is anywhere made.

¹ *A History of Greek Literature*. By the REV. J. P. MAHAFFY, M. A., Fellow and Professor of Ancient History, Trinity College, Dublin; author

of *Social Life in Greece*, *Prolegomena to Ancient History*, etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

Even the table of contents gives no clew, for the titles to the chapters most frequently suggest detached magazine articles, for instance, *The Rise of Personal Poetry among the Greeks*, *The Public Lyric Poetry of the Greeks*. Dates are very sparingly given, almost always in Olympiads, and no table of authors, arranged according to chronological sequence, is inserted. In all these particulars this book is far inferior to the much less pretentious work by Mr. Jebb, which has been published under the title of a *Primer of Greek Literature*.

Turning to the volume on the poets, we find in the chapters on Homer that only the controversy as to the authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is treated in detail. But this subject is well treated, and the summary is a very good statement of the positive results of this endless controversy. Still the whole question is so involved and confused that we turn from it with a lurking sympathy for the undergraduate who, when questioned about the authorship of the poems, answered: "The poems commonly attributed to Homer were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name." Of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as literature Mr. Mahaffy has little or nothing to say; sixteen lines and a reference to his own *Social Life in Greece* are given to the *Iliad*, and this is his excuse: "It would be idle to rehearse again the centuries of praise which this immortal poem has received from all lovers of real poetry." Surely there are many literary characteristics to be pointed out in the *Iliad* which no historian of Greek literature can fairly leave unnoticed. Of the *Odyssey* more is said, but the criticism covers only a page, whereas the controversy about the authorship occupies more than thirty-two pages.

The absence of any extended examination of the merits of the Homeric poems as literature might lead the reader to expect a similar neglect of the literary side of the great tragedians. But

such fears are groundless, since Mr. Mahaffy has much that is new to say about the comparative merits of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and gives a detailed criticism of each of their plays. Perhaps it will be most interesting to begin by examining the general theory of the nature of tragedy, which leads our critic to think Sophocles unworthy of the praise which almost all critics have bestowed upon him: "In Aeschylus' conception — the deepest conception — of a tragedy, the actors were, so to speak, subordinated to the progress of a great catastrophe, which carried them along in its fatal course. . . . In the tragedy of Sophocles . . . the power of human will is the predominant feature, and the real conflict of moral and social forces is thrown into the background." According to this view, the *Oedipus Tyrannus* ought to be commended, and it is disappointing to find that Mr. Mahaffy says of the hero of that play, "After all, *Oedipus* is but the plaything of an awful destiny; he suffers without adequate evil desert; and the lesson in the play is not that of confidence in the final result of a great moral struggle, but rather of awe and despair at the possible cruelties of an arbitrary and irresponsible fate." But in another place the author, remembering his theory, says that *Antigone*, "as she consciously faces death *for an idea*, may rather be enrolled among the noble army of martyrs, who suffer in the daylight of clear conviction, than among the far nobler few who, in doubt and darkness, have striven to feel out a great mystery, and in their very failure have 'purified the terror and the pity' of awe-struck humanity. . . . The *Antigone* is therefore not a very great tragedy, though it is a most brilliant and beautiful dramatic poem."

According to Mr. Mahaffy, then, Aeschylus is deeper than Sophocles, because his (Aeschylus') characters are "carried along in the fatal course of a catastro-

phe," and yet Sophocles' Oedipus is "but the plaything of an awful destiny"! And why is not Antigone to Mr. Mahaffy's taste? Because "she faces death *for an idea*;" and "the fatal effects of the ancestral curse on the house of Oedipus, though often alluded to, are no moving force in the drama"! It is plain that Sophocles would find it hard to please this critic, who complains that Oedipus is not portrayed as Antigone is, and yet insists that the Antigone is no tragedy, because it has not the defects of the Oedipus. After this it is no surprise to learn that Mr. Mahaffy thinks the *lost* works of Sophocles bad. In fact, the great point of superiority which he possesses over all other writers upon Greek literature is a familiarity with the lost plays both of Sophocles and of Euripides. Of the seven plays by Sophocles which all know he speaks lightly as "scanty remains," and yet declares that they are the best. For Sophocles' most grievous offenses we are referred to the plays by him which no longer exist, while for those admirable qualities of Euripides, which have left no traces in the seventeen plays which have been preserved, we are referred to works which have perished. But when it comes to specifying instances, our thirst for this hidden knowledge is not quenched, and we are put off with such statements as this: "It may fairly be doubted whether Sophocles' Polyxena was superior or even equal to Euripides' heroine,"—Polyxena in the Hecuba. And again, after saying that "Euripides seems to have disliked, or to have been unable, to draw strong or splendid male characters," Mr. Mahaffy adds, "This may be the misfortune of our extant selection of plays, for the Odysseus of his Philoctetes seems to have been an ideal Periclean Greek."

It would be unjust, after pointing out these contradictions and absurdities, not to add that in the detailed criticism of the plays of Euripides and Aeschylus

Mr. Mahaffy is often very suggestive. This is especially true of his criticism of the Medea of Euripides, though he goes too far in preferring the Medea of Legouv  . In dealing with comedy, the thesis which is maintained is that Middle and New Comedy did not grow out of the Old Comedy of Aristophanes and his contemporaries, for Old Comedy was "a temporary outburst of political writing in the feverish climax of Athenian democracy," and Middle Comedy "was no new development, but a survival of the older and more general type, which came again into the foreground when no longer obscured by a brilliant innovation." Here again Mr. Mahaffy is beyond criticism, for he is conversant with a school of comedy at Athens which, though it is new to other students of Greek literature, he assures us is older than Old Comedy itself. No doubt it is right to say of "the grammarians, and the modern historians who follow them," that "they have drawn their lines too sharply" in distinguishing between Old, Middle, and New Comedy. But by no means *all* of the modern historians have followed the grammarians here. Schlegel's view is that the Middle Comedy is no distinct type, but merely a transition stage from the Old to the New Comedy. This theory is far more reasonable than Mr. Mahaffy's. For after reminding us that "Aristophanes, towards the close of his life, produced works of a complexion approaching what is called by the grammarians the Middle and New Comedy," he refers back to his former statement that Middle Comedy was a revival of the *oldest* comedy, and no development from Old Comedy.

It is plain that in his treatment of the Greek poets Mr. Mahaffy has signally failed to show the impartiality and the broadness of view which alone could have justified him in publishing a book for the guidance of young students. Has he done better in the second volume, where he treats of Greek prose authors?

Certainly he has not. His treatment of Thucydides and Herodotus is the best proof of this. Just as he cannot admire Euripides without constantly attacking Sophocles, so he is not content to praise and to dwell upon the beauties of Herodotus, but he must sacrifice Thucydides to his favorite. "Had Herodotus," our author exclaims, "been a cold and skeptical critic, a despiser of all the domestic and personal features in great men or in dominant nationalities, a Periclean Athenian, whose exclusiveness raised the pettiest Greek quarrel above the largest revolutions among barbarians, he might no doubt have sifted such [his?] materials with greater acumen; but he certainly would have had neither the desire to possess them nor the temper and the patience to collect them." But, for all that, the "cold Periclean" does find some grace in the eyes of our critic, who writes, "In acuteness of observation, in intellectual force and breadth, in calmness of judgment, in dignity of language, there has never been a historian greater than Thucydides." With what is said in detail of the merits of Herodotus there is no reason to quarrel, but much of the fault-finding in the criticism of Thucydides is as groundless as are the strictures upon Sophocles in the first volume. One flagrant instance of this must be noticed. The great point which Mr. Mahaffy is never tired of insisting upon, in attacking the trustworthiness of Thucydides, is that his early Sicilian history is "copied from Dionysius of Syracuse, a *λογιοποιός* of the stamp of the forerunners of Herodotus. . . . Hence," the author argues, "the whole tradition requires careful reconsideration. But this would lead us too far from our subject." Here we are referred to Appendix B in the first volume. On opening this appendix we read, "I hope to show more fully in *Hermathena* that Dionysius probably (*sic*) composed his history for the purpose of glorifying his native Syracuse." And the next page (524), "Starting, I

believe, from this *a priori* determination, Antiochus seems (*sic*) to have reversed the natural history of Greek colonization in the West, for the sake of glorifying Syracuse." No reason, except that the original historian was a native of Syracuse, is given for Mr. Mahaffy's extraordinary belief; and we are left in hopeless confusion of mind, for the Dionysius twice mentioned has suddenly turned into Antiochus. Does Mr. Mahaffy mean Antiochus or Dionysius of Syracuse? Antiochus of Syracuse he must mean, since, fortunately for our peace of mind, no *λογιοποιός* called Dionysius of Syracuse ever was heard of. Even the promised article in *Hermathena* can hardly be expected to induce the thoughtful readers of these volumes to trust Thucydides' estimate of Antiochus of Syracuse less than Mr. Mahaffy's, or to reject Thucydides' account of the colonization of Sicily in order to make room for this ridiculous substitute. "Other legends tell of Archias helping the founder of Corcyra; they tell of his helping, on his way to Sicily, the Greek settlers in Southern Italy. Surely this indicates what really happened. Greek settlers first occupied Corcyra, then they pushed on to Italy. . . . Thence they found their way to Sicily. I do not believe that this latter island was colonized till after 700 B. C., and that [?] the whole Sicilian chronology found in all our Greek histories rests on the imaginary basis laid down by Antiochus." At last we have Mr. Mahaffy's reasons, and they are more than enough to make even a "cold Periclean" warm with indignation. Turning to the orators, we notice that Antiphon is happily characterized as "a sort of Athenian Baron Stockmar, who made excursions from education, or perhaps still more a Richard Wagner, who made excursions from art into politics." Here assiduous readers of Mr. Mahaffy's works cannot fail to recollect that in one of his books he has characterized the Homeric Pallas

Athene as "Antiphon in petticoats." Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, and we are confronted by Richard Wagner and Baron Stockmar in petticoats making excursions, — but this is a digression.

The account of Plato is exceptionally good, and the influence of the drama upon Athenian prose writing in general is most clearly brought out; but to Aristotle the author is by no means just, and can only confuse any one who goes to his chapters for information.

Not far from the end of the volume is found Mr. Mahaffy's brief summary of the character of Hypereides: "In character Hypereides is said to have been much under the influence of women, and fond of luxuries, especially of fish, but otherwise both respectable and very talented." The careless and hasty manner of writing which produced such a grotesque combination as this last not infrequently leads Mr. Mahaffy into bad English. Here are a few of his slips: "fuller materials to those extant" (vol. ii. p. 302); "Hypereides . . . characterizes him to be not inferior" (vol. ii. p. 367); and "narrates . . . in a very splendid narrative" (vol. i. p. 254). Mr. Mahaffy has nowhere, like his illustrious compatriot, smelt a rat, and proposed to nip it in the bud, but he does say that Demosthenes "stood forth to speak the mighty epitaph on the tomb of departed liberty" (vol. ii. p. 349). Again, our author seems to have invented the word

Hellenedom, which he uses six times at least. In three places (vol. ii. pp. 349 and 226, and i. page 147) it has the meaning of *Hellas*; but in the other three places (vol. ii. pp. 420, 297, and 218) it is equivalent to *Hellenism*. Surely if we are to adopt this word it ought to be used as strictly as its prototype "Christendom," which is never confused in sense with "Christianity." But there is no demand for such a cumbrous polysyllable as *Hellenedom*. Finally, without some explanation of his terms this sentence is extremely vague: "We know certainly that Aristotle's *Hellenism* . . . was distinctly opposed to the *Hellenicism* of the great king."

Little has here been said in praise of this book, and yet there is often a stimulating influence in Mr. Mahaffy's aggressive and bold way of stating his views. This has been praised in his *Rambles and Studies in Greece* and in his *Social Life in Greece*. But the countless contradictions in this book, and the carelessness and haste with which it certainly was compiled, make it most dangerous in the hands of those younger students for whom it was intended. Indeed, only those whose knowledge of the subject is sufficient to defend them from the evil effects of reckless statements, made without a shadow of proof, on all possible subjects connected with Greek literature, can enjoy with impunity the freshness and boldness with which Mr. Mahaffy defends his paradoxes.

SHAKESPEARE ET L'ANTIQUITÉ.

It is a vast subject that Mr. Paul Stapfer has chosen, and one that has already been discussed piecemeal by a great many writers, yet it is left practically inexhaustible. What can be more inspiring for a writer of literary criticism

than the necessity of treating that form of expression which has been chosen by the greatest of writers, ancient and modern, and of comparing the methods of the most eminent of these authors? Stapfer is admirably fitted for undertak-

ing this task, for his previous work has shown the considerable extent of his acquirements and the catholicity of his taste. His volume on Sterne is doubtless the best book on that author that has been written in any language; and his two volumes of general literary criticism, *Causeries Guernesiaises* and *Causeries Parisiennes*, are full of acute and wise remarks. Here he tries a longer flight. In the first volume of *Shakespeare et l'Antiquité*¹ he throws light on many sides of the English poet; but it is with the second, in which he makes a comparison between the Greek tragedians and Shakespeare, that we have to do at present. It stands by itself as a separate division of the subject, and so may be treated without reference to the other volume.

In handling a subject like this, the obvious danger is that the writer will exaggerate the importance of such bits of resemblance as he may find, and that he will detect points of likeness that exist only in his imagination; in short, that he will be run away with by his hobby. Stapfer is not guilty of this mistake; he has no theory to prove; he merely studies the subject, and takes the reader with him while he examines the evidence, and it would be hard to find one who combines more agreeably the qualities of guide and companion. A subject of this kind demands that the writer should above all avoid anything like dogmatism; the process of finding analogies and points of difference can have no more important object than that of enabling the reader better to understand and enjoy both the ancient tragedians and Shakespeare. Even if we differ from our teacher's views on any one point, this difference of opinion is a healthy thing, for it forces us to fix our attention upon matters that we might otherwise pass by. In this way Stap-

fer's book is very suggestive. It is not necessary for us forever to combine Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra in one category, or to keep them wholly separate; the main thing is that we do not neglect our opportunity to observe and study the method of the poets who have immortalized those characters.

At the beginning of his study Stapfer points out that the difference between Euripides and his two predecessors is apparently as great as that between Shakespeare and Euripides, — if indeed it be not greater. Euripides, that is to say, founded the romantic drama in Greece; and whereas Æschylus and Sophocles in their plays gave a religious representation of heroic and ideal actions, their successor substituted a picture of human life. Menander followed the same path, in which he was imitated by Plautus and Terence. "One quality," he says, "especially distinguishes the tragedies of Sophocles from those of Euripides, and that is the severe plastic beauty of the characters in the writings of the first-named, and the very general nature of the motives that inspire their actions. . . . The state, the family, and especially religion, are the grand actors of the ancient drama; the individual, as such, is lost under the greatness of his part. Antigone, for instance, is an admirable figure; admiration is so truly the feeling she inspires that no other epithet is needed to characterize her. To say that she is touching would be less precise; not that she fails to move our feelings when she bids farewell to life, but in the first place, and above everything, she commands our admiration by her nobility, by her pride, — I was going to say, her severity. This is because Sophocles did not want to give us a pathetic representation of reality; as a painter of the ideal, he put before us the sublime image of a young girl wholly

¹ *Shakespeare et l'Antiquité.* Par PAUL STAPFER, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble. Deuxième partie. Shakespeare et les Tra-

giques Grecs, suivie de Molière, Shakespeare, et la Critique Allemande. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

absorbed in the accomplishment of a religious duty, firm as a rock in her resolution, and inaccessible to anything that could change her. She has no marked individual characteristics; all her qualities are large and general. Antigone might be called 'piety towards the dead' or 'fraternal love.' There are no villains in the plays of Sophocles, if under that title we include beings affected by motives of base egotism who choose any means for the accomplishment of their ends. Creon does not persecute Antigone for the pleasure of doing ill; he represents the state, the severe laws of which forbid giving burial to the enemies of the country. . . . The passion of the ancient drama is always identified with some sacred duty or interest."

To this lucid account of the classic play he appends a description of the modern tragedy, in which, as in Hamlet, for example, the conflict lies in the mind of the hero. This change we see in the work of Euripides. Æschylus and Sophocles had represented Orestes as readily obeying the command of Apollo, while in Euripides we find him suspecting the oracle and torn by conflicting doubts. For this reason Stapfer calls the latest of the three great tragedians the father of the romanticism of antiquity. With the Renaissance came a great wave of admiration for the ancient plays, which begot an immense number of imitations, especially in French and Italian literature, while Shakespeare escaped this tendency. Plays of this sort Stapfer calls neo-classic. Shakespeare may be taken as, of course, easily the greatest of the romantic writers, and in the body of the book Stapfer points out some of the resemblances between him and the Greeks.

Many of these points of resemblance are merely external, and more curious than instructive. Some had already been pointed out by Mr. J. R. Lowell, in his *Shakespeare Once More*,¹ and they are

¹ Among my Books, pages 191-5.

certainly worth noticing. Besides giving many examples of possibly conscious imitation — for Mr. Lowell asks if it is at all unlikely that Shakespeare got hold of some Latin translation of the Greek tragedians, and with such poor wits as he had spelled out their plays — Stapfer goes on to more serious analogies. In this part of his book he makes, naturally, many generalizations; but while he does this, he bears in mind the fact that generalizations express only what is *generally* true. The reader will perhaps permit the brief condensation of a few of Stapfer's remarks, which may present, though in compressed form, some of his suggestions, and can hardly fail to show how acute a thinker he is and how fair-minded an observer.

Stapfer points out Shakespeare's impersonality, which is so much more marked than that of Calderon, Schiller, Goethe, Corneille, and Racine. "He is truly antique in this, and he is as objective, as impersonal, not only as Sophocles, a man of cultivation, but as Homer, *poète naïf*. Then, too, he has the moral healthiness, the serenity, that distinguishes the ancients. He knows nothing of the melancholy which is the bane of our age. He began his career with a poem that was openly sensual and pagan, — still, Stapfer should not throw too much weight on this, for Shakespeare only as truly followed a fashion of his day as does any little poet of this year who turns off sonnets: think for a moment of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*; Marston's *Pygmalion*; the translations of Ovid, etc., etc. He represented every human emotion, every form of good and evil, of crime and virtue, happiness and misfortune; sometimes letting the end of the plays satisfy our feeling of justice, at others, leaving us to look for compensation only beyond the grave; and with all this he simply holds the mirror up to nature, without giving us any definite information about his own feelings.

This is all familiar to readers of

Shakespeare, though it can well endure repetition ; but illustrated as it is by Stapfer, by comparisons from other modern poets, and corrected by examples of the melancholy of the ancients, we find in it the best work of the critic, which is not condemning the faulty or giving rewards to the good, but simply discussing, with all the light possible, what is best in literature. In doing this Stapfer acknowledges the great delicacy of literary truth, the difficulty of making absolute statements which may not be successfully contradicted within five minutes ; and is careful not to insist upon this or that fact, so much as to look on all sides of what is one of the most interesting questions for students of letters. In speaking of Shakespeare's impersonality, for instance, Stapfer opens wide discussions. The mere blank statement is trite enough ; but the way in which it is exemplified by showing the great poet's truth to nature, and his indifference to those questions of temporary interest that make up so much of our life, this is something that Stapfer has done with great skill. Many people have written to show that Shakespeare always introduced exact justice into his tragedies, while others have proved that he did nothing of the sort, and that this was a strange neglect of an obvious duty. Stapfer has no *parti pris* to defend ; he is there to examine the evidence, not to arrange it, and he sets the matter very simply before the reader, who cannot help seeing the presumptuousness of trying to make Shakespeare over again. He lets the various advocates express their opinions, and with liberal quotations.

The full analyses that Stapfer gives of some of the plays are interesting. It is curious to see, once more, how poetical the good French prose translations of poetry can be, and on almost every page we find examples. *Cymbeline* is the subject of a long chapter, and *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* are also dis-

cussed at considerable length, and the reader cannot do better than compare what Stapfer has to say about *Hamlet* with Mr. Lowell's remarks in the essay mentioned above. What the French author gives us in addition is a very suggestive comparison between *Hamlet* and *Orestes*, which serves to illustrate very clearly the various points of contrast and resemblance that are to be observed in the works of the ancient tragedians and of Shakespeare. It is this comparative study of literature that cannot fail to benefit students. Instead of trusting to remembrance of what we read last year, we are enabled to observe the various objects of study presented before us at the same time, and when we have so intelligent a commentator as Stapfer, literature appears in its true light. His method is delightful ; it consists in the absence of dogmatism, the study of the best authorities, and incessant illustration by means of pertinent quotations. The reader is nowhere buried under a load of authorities ; he is aided in every way to form his own opinion, and to make that opinion a wise one.

In the last half of the book are several chapters devoted to Molière, in which Stapfer defends that great writer from some of the condemnation that has been poured upon him by foreign — principally German — critics. He does not maintain that Molière is in any way a rival of Shakespeare, but he does assert, and demonstrate, that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the wonderful writer of comedies. He does this without adding to the amount, and in the course of the discussion he makes a most admirable statement about the proper way of forming opinions concerning matters of taste. In showing the futility of some of the Teutonic methods of forming *a priori* notions of what comedies are or should be, the questions naturally arise : What sure ground have we in matters of this

sort? How can any one tell that anything is really good in literature? What lines must we go by?

This discussion is one of great importance, and the way in which Stapfer denounces dogmatism and pedantry, and shows how delicate a thing literary judgment is, forms a part of the book that every one should read. In defending Molière from some of the criticisms made against him, he points out the great charm of the comedies, giving the poet the position he rightly owns. From this he wanders into a discussion of humor, in which he makes a comparison between Shakespeare and Molière, and with this the book ends.

In this meagre notice no shadow of

justice can be done to the fullness of the book in intelligence and acuteness. There is not a page in it that does not contain food for thought. Apparently, the text was written for a course of lectures, a style of composition that makes lucidity of great importance; and if we were called upon to mention any fault, we should be tempted to name the sometimes exaggerated care with which well-known things are explained. But this is the most pardonable, as well as the rarest, of sins in books of this kind. University education in France must be looking up again, when such courses as this one are given, — when the student can find abundant information and good judgment combined so gracefully.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S ENGLAND.

NOTHING more surely indicates the state of flux or change in which the Old World to-day finds itself than the production of books now going on which have for their aim the depicting of European society and institutions, not only as they are but also with some reference to what they are likely to become. As an individual at a certain time of life begins to consult his looking-glass with novel sensations of curiosity, suspicion, or mild regret, on noticing distinctly the alterations that time is producing, these nations of the Eastern hemisphere — and in particular the English — no longer take themselves for granted with that ease and confidence which they once enjoyed. The process of the individual's reflection, however, is with them almost reversed: it is not so much the signs of age which they begin to note, as the traces of novelty. The Old

World is rapidly becoming a new world, and is naturally much interested in the discovery. Recent English writers have come to recognize with increasing explicitness — sometimes in a tone of complaint, at other times with satisfaction, but no longer with any attempt at concealment or indifference — the influence of America upon Europe. To the stimulus of surprise is added the impulse toward scientific observation of man in his present condition and every-day activity. In the capacious volume prepared by Mr. Escott,¹ the author offers, in his review of modern English culture and literature, the not wholly novel suggestion that the habit of observation so industriously exercised in the study of nature for the last twenty or thirty years may in the next age be applied to the domain of morals. This extension of the scientific function has already begun. M. Taine's Notes on England and studies of Parisian life bear witness to the new method of study-

¹ *England: Her People, Polity, and Pursuits.* By T. H. S. Escott. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

ing social phenomena, the traces of which are also constantly met with in other books and in a multitude of magazine articles ; and the systematic registration of such phenomena leads directly to a similar study of morals. The concrete form of morals, indeed, makes one of the main objects of notice in a book like the one we have before us. Of the new class of sociological works on a large scale, the series of works for which Wallace's *Russia* may be said to have supplied the model, followed by Baker's *Turkey* and McCoan's *Egypt*, gives us the paramount examples ; and to it has now been added Mr. Escott's *England*, which we praise highly when we say that it is worthy of its predecessors. It is, to use the author's words, "not an encyclopædia, but a survey ;" yet Mr. Escott has collected an amount of statistics which makes it to some extent encyclopædic in character, and several of the chapters are contributed by other writers. That on Commercial and Financial England is by Mr. J. Scot Henderson ; Mr. Arthur Griffiths contributes that on Criminal England, a task for which, as inspector of prisons, he has had special facilities ; and two chapters, on the Law Courts and on Philosophy and Thought, are the work of a barrister of the Inner Temple and of a lecturer in New College, Oxford. Besides these auxiliaries, Mr. Escott cites a number of public men, chiefly Liberal members of Parliament, who have given him essential assistance.

The object of his undertaking is, primarily, to present to his countrymen a complete picture of themselves and their institutions ; for, as he remarks with truth, although every one in England knows that that country has local self-government, few know how it is actually administered, and although much has been written learnedly concerning English laws and polity, these have been considered not so much in their mutual workings as in "the theory of their

mechanism while at rest." But the scheme so well carried out gives a result equally interesting to observers of other nationalities, and in this country above all, Mr. Escott's panoramic view will be scrutinized with the utmost eagerness by thoughtful persons and competent publicists. The method of review adopted by the author in the case of institutions is applied to classes and occupations, to the condition and organization of commerce, to the social system, to art, religion, literature, and even amusements. The chapter on popular amusements, it may be said, though full of pertinent information, goes perhaps beyond the due boundaries of such a survey, when it discusses the possibilities of a Shakespearean revival ; and elsewhere there are occasional slight lapses into diffuseness or what, strictly speaking, is irrelevant matter. But where the field to be traversed is so wide and the intelligence of the author so alert and sympathetic, these instances may easily be excused. Following the true inductive plan, Mr. Escott begins with the simpler elements of his theme, ascending to the more complex developments, and arriving at the general from the particular. After depicting an English village, he describes the estates of great landlords and their management, and rural and municipal government. Two vivid and forcible chapters are devoted to Towns of Business and Towns of Pleasure. The working classes, pauperism and thrift, coöperation, hotels, education, all come in for their share of careful consideration ; and as we mount in the scale we are brought to what the author calls "the social revolution," which precedes his minute and curious account of the structure of English society, wherein details of precedence somewhat amusing are introduced. The relations of society and politics, of "crown and crowd," are discussed with a masterly grouping of facts, and in a philosophic way, yet with a vivacity that renders the pages devoted to them in-

tensely absorbing; and these are followed by dissertations on official England, Parliament, the government services, professional England.

In his opening pages, Mr. Escott makes some striking admissions and statements. In the light of our own struggle over the distribution and the centralization of political power, it is startling to read here that the Municipal Corporation Act of over fifty years ago, securing local self-government, has practically been overridden by the growth of great towns, and again by the supreme system of minute bureaucratic rule reaching out from London through the length and breadth of the kingdom. "The self-government of villages has almost disappeared;" but simultaneously with this concentration of power in the metropolis, the spread of democratic ideas is wide and active. Another trait of contemporary England which the author notes with a critical eye is the prevalent desire for expansion, for a large imperial policy; and this he attributes partly to an "imported idea of vastness" from America, partly to the practical desire to find room for careers, and in a measure also to the sentimental consideration of the army and the pride which the aristocracy or the increasing wealthy class takes in military achievements. But while he recognizes that England is in a transition stage, he brings to light in all the strata of society strong conservative forces, the outlining of which conveys an indescribable sense of the stability of the English order. His sketch of a typical village reads almost like a chapter from a novel. He takes in general an optimistic view of the status both of agricultural laborers and of operatives, and it must be confessed that nowhere in our republic, the paradise of workingmen, can there be found conditions apparently so favorable as those described as existing on the Duke of Northumberland's estates. In the workingmen's clubs in the towns and Lon-

don, nevertheless, Mr. Escott intimates that democratic ideas and American influence are uppermost; although the "leavening process" — by which is meant the constant improvement going on in the condition of many people — is in several places mentioned by him as being guided not by democratic but by aristocratic influence. The British farmer is represented as seldom taking an enlightened view of his position, and the conception of citizenship and its duties "has yet to be quickened in all classes of the community." Municipal government enlists the coöperation of its subjects more heartily; but Mr. Escott has to make the usual admission, charged with a selfish solace to the American reader, that the confusion of local governments in London probably costs the metropolis over six million dollars more annually than it ought to spend. Everywhere this record shows an increase of luxury in the population, side by side with a relaxed condition of trade, which in the opinion of Mr. Henderson has a good deal to fear from competition in America and India, and in the excess to which adulteration has been practiced. Turning to the social side of the national life, we are told that since the Reform Bill of 1832 the structure of society has changed materially. A blending of plutocratic and aristocratic elements forms the one standard of "social position" to-day; the prestige of achievement supersedes that of factitious position. The Briton is losing his insularity and gaining in cosmopolitanism; French tastes are effecting powerful changes, even to the extent of increasing laxity in marital ties; women are becoming emancipated. This last fact the author regards hopefully, though he places but a low estimate on English feminine education as it is at present. Boys and young men, on the other hand, have made a great advance in taking responsible views of life early, and in the intelligent view of history

and current affairs which the custom of competitive examinations has fostered. It would be impossible even to summarize here the many points of interest touched by the England of Mr. Escott. The book is not without its faults and weaknesses. The chapter on Pauperism and Thrift is strangely deficient in statistics, being mainly a treatise on the best method of dealing with pauperism, better fitted for a magazine than for a survey of this kind. In discussing literature and art, too, the writer is less at home than with other themes, and is inevitably somewhat unsatisfactory. Still, we are indebted to him for a splendid series of essays, which, while they necessarily repeat much that we already know, are valuable in their unity and comprehensiveness. It would be hard to decide, from the perusal of them, what the predilections of the author and editor are, in disputed questions; and this is as it should be. He seems to

be strongly persuaded that monarchy is the keystone of the British system, but admits that ultimately the democracy rule the country, and upholds the caucus idea. He quotes, also, the opinion of a distinguished statesman, expressed to him, that the progress of modern democracy may "gradually absorb the monarchy into a presidency, without cataclysm or even struggle." In conclusion, and with reference especially to the colonies, he affirms that the empire is politically in a state of potential disorganization, and suggests that England may be forced to choose between imperial federation and subsidence into a third-rate power. Such is the view of modern England by a modern Englishman, and — as probably the most nearly complete *résumé* of the subject within similar bounds, which has been produced — it must be looked at not merely as a book in the conventional sense, but also as an important fact.

A TRUE REPUBLIC.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial devotion of Americans to politics, the study of political science cannot be said to absorb many of our citizens, and there is not only no noticeable interest here in the study of the science of government, but an actual lack of vigorous interest even in the concrete questions of public policy.

To the American citizen politics have come to mean elections, and elections mean periodical convulsions, occurring at very short intervals, when business is interrupted, the public press monopolized, and the whole community plunged into a furious canvass, first for the nomination, and then for the election of candidates for office. In such a state of things a thoughtful, impartial interest

in public measures stands a poor chance of living and growing. These exciting contests absorb the attention, and the interest is in the struggle purely as a struggle. Generally there is no pretense of any issue of principles. The stated times for a party tussle having come, each party calls out its forces to the battle. There may not be much else to fight about, but there is always the office itself, and this is quite enough to arouse the ever-ready party hostility, and the fight does not lack fury, though it may lack purpose. There may, of course, be a crisis, for good men may preponderate on one side or the other; but the crisis, if there is one, comes because there is a contest, not the contest because there is a crisis.

And the party fury which rages during elections hardly subsides in the short intervals between. It is inevitably carried by the successful candidates into their official work, and the office is understood to get a large part of its value from the opportunity of party work which goes with it.

Every one who makes any observation upon the practical workings of our system of government observes this exaggerated prominence of party work. It has become not only the most absorbing, but well-nigh the only, occupation of our public men. It has overshadowed and obscured the real concerns of government, and has made irksome the laborious study of public questions and attention to details of legislative work. One looking calmly on this endless agitation, and observing how measures of real importance are hidden in the dust of incessant party manœuvring, is inclined to denounce the whole business of party organization as blinding, mischievous, and destructive.

It is in such a spirit of disgusted impatience that Mr. Stickney has written his book,¹ which is an attack upon party influence in politics; his principal and particular complaint being that parties have abused and corrupted the public offices, until good administrative work is almost impossible.

The great problem of government, our author says, is this: How shall we get the public work most efficiently done? And his answer is ready. The rules which should be followed are not doubtful. Experience has settled them in all private business, until they are accepted as axiomatic. We must choose men for fitness alone, and keep them as long as they do their work well. This is the homely maxim which, says Mr. Stickney, is the secret of statecraft as it is of success in every private enterprise. Who, in managing his farm or his merchan-

dise, needs to be taught on this point? Who ever chooses his farm hands because they are active in town meeting, or shifts them in order to get rotation in office? Such matters need no discussion where men aim only at good business organization and success.

But in the public business the thing is turned upside down. We put men in office as a reward for political service, though their duties when in office should be as far as possible from political. We reward and promote them (consistently for that matter) for party service; we discharge them that we may use the office again as a reward for political work.

This vicious practice applied to all the subordinate offices is to-day keeping us in such a ferment of useless political worry that it is a wonder we submit to it so tamely. Nobody defends it, though many cling to it. We do not remember ever to have heard an argument seriously advanced in its favor. The evil is generally admitted, and the facts are so plain that we have got beyond the need of argument to the need of preaching. A reform in this particular is next, perhaps, to a settlement of the new and portentous question of electoral counts, the thing most imperatively needed in our system of government. But the reform lags, in spite of much progress during the present administration. This is much to the discredit of our popular sagacity and strength of purpose, and the cause is humiliating. We are thwarted by politicians who will not let go their hold upon the offices which are so substantial a part of their privilege.

Mr. Stickney's determined attack on party will, we hope, encourage us to cast off this bondage; and so far we approve and applaud his work. It is well and vigorously done. The story of party misdeeds is painted in dark colors, — selfishness, corruption, the sacrifice of public business, the confusion of true standards of merit, the exaggeration of

¹ *A True Republic*. By ALBERT STICKNEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

petty partisan work, the fighting over false and the shirking of true issues, and so on through a black catalogue. At every page the common party practices appear less respectable.

The style is strong, virile, and terse even to abruptness. The facts are arranged in a telling way. It is the work of one who has seen and touched the abuses he is denouncing, and will no longer hold back his indignation and contempt.

We believe that such an attack must do good. It strikes at one, and just now a great, obstacle to reform, namely, our exaggerated notion of party discipline. Until this overstrained allegiance to party is loosened we cannot help ourselves, but shall continue to be gagged by the supposed paramount importance of party subordination. We need more freedom; we must stiffen the knees of the judicious "bolter" and "scratcher" if we are ever to muster courage to insist upon a change. Men with any instinct of loyalty shrink from doing anything to weaken their party in its struggle with its opponent, not considering that the struggles are generally so devoid of real importance that the sacrifice is made for very trivial results.

A book like Mr. Stickney's is a blow at such unquestioning devotion. The reader feels his party reverence loosen as he reads. He sees that our servant has become our master, and that we have, at great cost, been managing the state for parties, not parties for the state. Such wholesome service we believe Mr. Stickney's book can do, and we welcome it for that reason.

If, however, we regard it as a contribution to a philosophical study of politics, it is disappointing.

Such an out-and-out denunciation of party may be invigorating while there is so much false worship, but it takes no account of the real significance of parties. To treat political parties as a great absurdity, into which men have ignorant-

ly or willfully fallen, and which they can summarily walk out of, is not philosophical. Parties are not accidental, nor are they wholly a contrivance of artful men. They are, in some measure at least, great manifestations of popular sentiment. They are born and grow, live and die, according to some laws of social life. They cannot be ridiculed away. Nor has experience yet worked out any method by which a free state can be managed without them. "When bad men combine," says Burke, in his famous defense of party, "the good must associate: else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

The really instructive thing for the student of politics is to search out the origin and growth of parties in the popular ideas which they exist to express, to treat their varying phases as symptoms in the diagnosis of the social condition, to recognize their benefits and define their mischief. Some change in their methods of action may be made. To consider what improvement is possible is of the greatest service. To propose to drop parties entirely, to treat them as purely arbitrary, external, and to be sloughed off at will, is unreasonable.

Mr. Stickney has not contented himself with criticism. He has, in the latter part of the book, gone on to construct that ideal true republic which his title leads us to expect. This is nothing more nor less than a republic built up on business rules, as its main foundation, — a sort of factory state.

The grand purpose of government being, says Mr. Stickney, to get the most efficient public work, and the practical rules of success in this particular being well known, to get your model state simply apply them. Nothing is plainer. Choose the most talented men, and keep them in office as long as they do well, — president, heads of departments, subordinates, members of Congress, judges, all on the life or good-be-

havior tenure of office. There you have party disposed of and the golden age returned.

To such a plan it is enough to say at the outset that, even if plausible, it is not, in such wholesale proportions, worth considering, because any scheme of reform which proposes for the first step the overturning of the structure of a great government stands self-condemned. The only suggestions ever worth making in such matters are practicable suggestions, and to propose such a plan, expecting any one to advocate it seriously, is out of the question. It would be a misfortune if it could get serious consideration, for it is no good sign when a people regards its government as a fit subject for radical experiment, or will listen to a suggestion of any but gradual and cautious change.

It would be hard to find a more radical innovation than this, which abolishes the regularly recurring appeal to the people, and sets up a tenure of legislative office unheard of in any representative system. Furthermore it is based upon a most inadequate idea of the state. The state is not a big counting-room. Good administrative work, efficient officers, and promotion for merit are not all that is needed, though we have suffered so much for the want of these things that we may sometimes be tempted to think so. The constant participation of the people in its government is the great political principle of the English-speaking race, and in spite of the disorder such interference works we cannot yet afford to abandon it to the extent Mr. Stickney advises. It is not by the judicious care of the best rulers, or the most efficient work of political bu-

reaus, that our race has made its way, but by its self-helping, self-asserting, town-meeting habits. It will be a faint heart that is already driven, by the troubles and perplexities of our popular government, into surrendering itself outright to such permanent legislatures, where vacancies occur only through expulsion, death, or voluntary resignation.

It has been sententiously said that "what most commends party government is that it enables us to slander our rulers without sedition, and overthrow them without treason." We must have this chance to overthrow. It is our birthright.

The details of Mr. Stickney's plan it will not be worth while to discuss. They are corollaries from his simple rules of business economy, not much elaborated, and open, as it seems to us, to so much criticism that brief discussion is hardly possible. Those who like Utopian geography can study Mr. Stickney's map for themselves.

We regret that the author did not end his book with the telling criticism of party methods to which the first portion is devoted, or, better still, go on to make a pointed and definite application to the civil-service reforms which are now practicable and actually in demand. We fear that the latter part of the book may lessen the good effect of the former. The Anglo-Saxon people is everywhere indifferent to constitution-making, and has a wholesome prejudice against visionary schemes of government. It will be a pity if this condemnation falls upon the whole book, and destroys the effect of the strong array of facts, the trenchant strictures, and the righteous indignation of the earlier chapters.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN the various reviews of the New Republic which I have read from time to time, I have seen no mention of certain errors of diction, although they are of so glaring a character that he who runs may read ; but in a criticism which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly of August, 1878, the writer gives an indication of his having observed them, when he says, "This lessens the wonderment we might otherwise feel at the sort of English talked at times by these famous folk ; insomuch that we are once forced to hear from the 'delicate, proud mouth' of Miss Merton herself, '*I expect* that we are more introspective than men.'"

This reviewer, having cleverly criticised the characters and meaning of the book, has not taken pains to cite other faults in grammar and expression, but it would seem worth while, even at this late day, to call attention to these.

This misuse of the word *expect* occurs in two places beside the one mentioned. On page 184 Lawrence says, "Now I *expect*, Lady Ambrose, that, in its true sense, you know a good deal more history than you are aware of ;" and on page 209, "For, in the first place, I *expect* it requires certain natural advantages of position to look at and overlook life in that sympathetic and yet self-possessed way which alone can give us a complete view of it."

But, bad as this is, the confusion and misplacement of tenses, which occurs so frequently, is much worse. For instance, on page 56, Lady Ambrose questions Lawrence as to the history of a certain set of salt-cellars, and adds, "*I wanted to have asked you* at the beginning of dinner." On page 82 we read, "*Leslie was going to have spoken ;*" on page 226, "*Mr. Luke was going to have answered ;*" and on page 286, "Lady

Grace was just about *to have given* a sign for rising."

The identical idea is presented twice in the book, — that of Mr. Stockton's habit of "literally taking the bread out of Mr. Luke's mouth," — and in one case it is expressed correctly, and in the other incorrectly. On page 225 we read, "Not only was it repeating what he had said before, but it was anticipating, in a formless, undisciplined way, the very thing that he was going to say again ;" and on page 318, "Mr. Stockton had again, in part at least, expressed the exact thing which, in other words, he *was going to have said* himself." Of course, this is merely a bad habit into which Mr. Mallock has fallen, and as he uses both modes of expression we may hope for the survival of the fittest.

There are two instances of another grammatical error, to which a man of Mr. Mallock's position and attainments ought certainly to be superior. On page 289 Mr. Storks is represented as saying, "Now, *those are the sort of* young fellows," etc. ; and on page 317 Dr. Jenkinson is made to say, "*These sort of questions* ought never to be asked in that hard, abrupt way."

And, in conclusion, there are examples of incorrect expression which it is difficult to classify. The meaning is so involved that example is the only means of illustration. The first and most flagrant occurs on page 253, when Lady Ambrose is reported as saying, in response to a request that she will read aloud a certain poem, "Do you know, I really think I might manage this, although *I'm not in the least by way of being a reader out.*" And on page 323 the same character remarks, in reference to the unpublished memoir of her friend, that the latter "*is by way of wishing to have it published.*"

I have a fancy that these observations of Lady Ambrose's would sound less intolerable to English ears than to ours, as I have somehow got the impression that "by way of" used in this manner is a sort of English provincialism. However that may be, it certainly seems appallingly out of place in the prospectus of a new republic where "culture" is to reign supreme, and is very far from being the pure English we would expect to hear on the lips of the *crème de la crème*,—which Mr. Mallock, by the way, writes *crème de la crème*.

—In reading Mr. Leslie Stephen's Life of Pope, which Messrs. Harper have reprinted, I was struck more than ever with that quality of good sense which characterizes all he writes. Pope and Pope's poetry are matters about which great numbers of people have heated themselves for a hundred years and more, and they are matters of which every one had become very weary. But Mr. Stephen takes them up, and makes them new by reasoning dispassionately of them. In the clear, cool light of his good sense, the remarkable sinuosities of Pope's moral nature define themselves as never before; and the outlines of his genius assume truer proportions. Till now it seems hardly to have appeared what a very short-sighted and gratuitous liar he was, how cowardly and how base; but the biographer, who studies the poet with such novel effect in this direction, does not fail to show us how truthful and manly and great Pope could also be. The study is in fact very extraordinary for its carefulness and justice; and the result for our edification is another of those complex characters in which what is out of character is often most characteristic. Mr. Stephen's method is neither sympathetic nor antipathetic; it is not lenient, but it is very often compassionate; and it is incomparably refreshing and satisfactory. I am not sure that I greatly admire his style; I am not sure that he has a style,

properly speaking; but I read whatever he writes with pleasure; and I always find it scrupulously true, serious, and humane. As I enjoy, I keep asking myself whether after a while literary art will not have made expression so natural and easy that at last we shall not think of style, but only of the good companionship of a just and wholesome mind, and whether Mr. Stephen has not anticipated in his work that not impossible period.

—A good deal has been said lately about the American girl. Different people have been describing her, and commenting upon her characteristic virtues and failings. For my own part, I should not know her from the descriptions given. I do not remember to have seen the young woman thus characterized, although, if she is *the* American girl, I must necessarily have met her. Here and there I recognize a trait which makes me think the critic has seen the girl I know; but then he goes on to mention something so unlike her that I find I am mistaken, and that he and I are thinking of different persons. One writer says that the American girl, though not at all introspective, is intensely self-conscious, and always feels the need of "justifying her position." Another denies this *in toto*. I should merely remark that some girls are self-conscious, and some are not; so far as my observation goes, the majority of them are not so, and the same with regard to their introspectiveness. The first writer declares that the American girl "would like to be judged by her intentions, not her conduct." It is true that the conduct of some girls is not always the key to their intentions, but when this is the case the discrepancy is generally to be explained by ignorance of convention rather than any wish to defy or even to change it. Daisy Miller is an exact type of certain unfortunate girls; I myself have known one who might have done almost everything that Daisy Miller did with a like ignorant

innocence. But we have plenty of others as unlike these simple daisies as any European girl could be. No country seems to me to furnish so great a variety of types of the young girl as our own, nor of types so admirable, on the whole. It is hardly possible to speak of the American girl, and to compare her either with the ideal young girl or with the girls of any other country, for the reason that the much greater freedom of development of our girls makes so much more diversity of character among them. We have frivolous girls, and serious, thoughtful ones, some whose manners are modest, refined, and soft, and some (though I think comparatively few) who have manners *prononcée* or fast. "There is as much difference in folks as in anybody," was the jocose phrase of an old gentleman I knew, and I should say that there is *more* difference in American girls than in anybody. One of the writers referred to remarks that a German wife is for him or her nearer the ideal wife than the average woman of any other country. I, on the contrary, could wish no harder fate for the American girl than to become such a wife as the German one. She is virtuous, indeed, domestic, — how utterly and wearisomely domestic! — but is she happy? May a wife not be both virtuous and happy? A German wife is literally and wholly the upper servant of the household, and is so regarded by her husband, for whom she toils faithfully, ironing his shirts, cooking his dinner, meekly bringing her accounts to him, ready to be rebuked if her household expenditure exceeds in the slightest the maximum he considers proper; and this she does without commendation or reward, — even the reward of his companionship. What is the use of her having been well educated, if her husband cares nothing for her society, and she has no leisure from household duties for reading? It is true that she is perfectly contented with her life, and de-

spises the notion of a better one, — but what of that? Contentment with one's lot is no proof that the lot is a worthy or enviable one. Oysters, I suppose, are contented with their fate. The attitude of the Germans toward women measures their civilization, and by that standard they are half barbarous still.

— I have had a pamphlet sent to me entitled *The Legal Prevention of Illiteracy*. I dare say it is a very able pamphlet, but I have not read it; it is not illiteracy I want to prevent, but literacy! I long for some patent method of convincing every man, woman, and child, who is poor, unhappy, or wants pin-money, that they cannot rush into literature pell-mell, and make money at will. Above all, I should like a legal penalty imposed on every one who sends a "first effort" to me. It is an equal "effort" and by no means my "first" for me to read their poetry, and for them to write it. I say invariably, and I say it again here, that if the Angel Gabriel were to write a book, and ask me for my candid opinion of its merits, I would not give it to him. I am fast becoming a misanthrope from the amount of trash, garnished with neither sense, grammar, rhyme, nor metre, that my fellow creatures perpetrate with a view to fame and fortune. Will anything ever convince this crowd of imbeciles that to write even decently demands previous cultivation, information, and common sense; or that real genius is like any other diamond, and needs careful cutting and polishing? I suppose not!

— In reading the various papers on words, their derivations, uses, meanings, and general construction, which, under one form or another, are so frequent lately, I have often recalled a curious study in the construction of language afforded me once by a little child.

She was unusually backward in learning to talk, unable to say any words but "dada" and "mam" till she was nearly two years old. About that time she

learned to call her nurse and her aunt (whom she had hitherto called "mam-mam"), respectively, "Minny" and "Nan," but further adhered to sign language, except for one noun, "bood," meaning a bug, and applied first to a wasp; she discovered that a wasp was bad, and then everything she did not like was bood-dood: months after she learned to say "bap" for raspberry, and called every sort of fruit bap-ap; eggs becoming "biddy-bap-ap," or, being translated, hen-berry.

Some one called her baby sister a "dear little bird," after which everything small was "dea'-bird;" a little boy was a "dea'-bird papa," and a little girl a "dea'-bird mamma." She also learned to say "dap!" to the horses, instead of "get up," and to call a cow "ma;" and her favorite story being a sort of jingle her aunt sung to her, beginning, —

"Trip, trap, trot:
Coming out of the lot,
Daisy and Crummie, Dido and Fern,
Up the lane and round the turn,
All their living have got to earn,
Trip, trap, trot!
Coming out of the lot!"

she asked for it always as "dap-ma," or "get up, cow!" and every other story or song was a "dap-ma." By the same logical process her grandfather and grandmother on the paternal side were "dadda-dadda" and "dadda-mamma;" but on the other side, for the sake of perspicuity, they were "Nanna-dadda" and "Nanna-mamma," her only aunt being her mother's sister. Her language was not to be understood by any one not constantly with her; and, indeed, only one person — the aunt who had the care of her babyhood, and knew every corner of her nature — could interpret all she said.

When her lucent gray eyes began to dim with sleep, and she wanted to be drawn to the pillow she loved best, she would begin in this *patois* of her own invention: "Nan! dea'-bird han' in dea'-bird home, dap-ma me!" meaning,

"Aunty, take my little hand to its little home and sing to me." Her nurse's daughter she did not like, and always called her "Ibby's bood-ood bood-ood dea'-bird mamma!"

This is but a specimen of the way in which she wrought out for herself a language. As she grew older she learned to speak the tongues of men, and to think the wild, speculative thoughts that torment a child of sensitive organization and too much brain-power for its age. One day, when she had been searching into some of the problems of the universe, her aunt said to her, "Fairy! don't worry your head about such things; they are not your affair at all; your Father up in the sky made the world, and knows how to take care of it. Do stop thinking, and go out-doors to play with Birdie." A strange wistfulness came into her clear eyes as she looked up and answered, "Nan, dear! I tan't stop finikin'; my bwains wiggles wound so in my mind!"

Often since, with tired head and heart, sitting down to write when her ideas seemed to be in an irresolvable chaos, "Nan, dear," has recalled that baby speech, and felt its meaning, as her own brains wriggled round in her mind so!

— What opposite opinions are expressed as to the world's judgment, which sometimes we hear stigmatized as cold, harsh, and superficial, and again, on the other hand, as the only authority whose common sense is unfailing! It is not the only subject about which there may be opinions that are opposite and yet not contradictory. I think both these notions with regard to the judgment of society, or the world, are true. The world's common sense seems an almost unerring instinct, like the brute instinct of self-preservation. The world's conventions are rules tacitly agreed on to preserve, if not the life, yet the decency and order of its existence. So far as it goes, the world's judgment is good, but it seldom goes far or deep enough to be

wholly trustworthy; it is deficient, and therefore apt to be mistaken. It does not take account of the whole fact, or of all the facts. It judges coarsely, in the lump, as it were, considering its own interests and the lawful supremacy of its own conventions, rather than the exceptional circumstances of any case and the interests, wishes, temptations, of any individual. The world's judgment, in a word, is like that of a man abounding in common sense, filled moderately full of the milk of human kindness, of a sound, clear, decisive intellect. But more than this goes to the forming of the absolutely true judgment, as any one knows who is given but a little to studying men and the ways of the world. There must be a knowledge of the subtler, under-the-surface motives that influence men, the complexities of thought and feeling that lead to action. Such knowledge comes only of sympathy with the object studied, and such sympathy it is of course vain to expect from the world, as we personify in one that aggregate of men who form the conventions of society. You must know something of a man in order to understand and judge him, but the world cannot thus know individuals. The only true judgment possible is of individuals by individuals. The world's conventions are valuable, but the world's judgments most commonly incomplete, and if given for complete, therefore untrue.

— The recent controversy between Mr. Francis Parkman and the Woman Suffragists has attracted wide attention, both by reason of the eminence of the parties concerned and the increasing interest which the world takes in the woman question.

It is unnecessary to state that the conservatives of Mr. Parkman's school advocate the domestic sphere for woman, to the almost total exclusion of any other. The radicals, on the other hand, advocate almost any career for her, in preference to the domestic, though they do

not fail to make frequent and sentimental allusion to the somewhat obvious fact that without its mothers the race could not have existed.

To take any part in this controversy however, is not my present object. I wish merely to call attention to that social potentiality which is slowly slipping out of the hands of the educated women of our day, and transforming itself into an element of organized struggle against evils, rather than an atmosphere favorable to good. I fear that my readers will be aghast at the boldness which states that, in New England, society, in its old-time significance of hospitality and good fellowship, is dying out,—in a great many communities is in fact not only dead, but buried! And what potentate reigns in the old king's stead? The club!

We have art clubs, book clubs, dramatic clubs, pottery clubs. We have sewing circles, philanthropic associations, scientific, literary, religious, athletic, musical, and decorative art societies, political organizations without end. But society pure and simple, without any handle to its name, most of us have not. Those of us who have no accomplishment save the power of intelligent and sympathetic conversation are, in the English phrase, "out of it." There is no place now outside of home, however monotonous it be, for the "average" woman who has not a taste for any of the pursuits above mentioned. Society has become like a boiling spring, too troubled, too eager for the objective existence it has chosen, to have sympathetic reflections in its bosom for anybody. The charming association of men and women fifty years ago is slowly vanishing away, and taking with it, it is to be feared, the possibility of developing a national type of manners which may be recognized as distinctive and admirable everywhere. Men and women live either in the selfish seclusion of homes whose delights they refuse to share with others, or else

they segregate themselves into what I may term one-sex associations, in which neither influences the other. Many married men show an almost morbid fear that their wives may become too much interested in society, and thus neglect their homes. They seem not to realize that the gifts which make a woman a power in society are hers for a divinely appointed purpose.

We have women enough whose gifts and graces would make their hospitality a precious boon, to be eagerly grasped by all recipients. But our queens have no general sway. They shine under a roof, and not in a firmament. And those of them whose hearts and brains are too large to endure the narrowness and materialism of domestic life, as now understood, and nothing else, throw themselves into missions and "movements" and "questions."

I lately read an article on the Reform of Woman's Education, by Sir Alexander Grant, in which he says most aptly, "The law of joy and the law of energy are obviously laws of life." In New England we realize all too deeply the latter translated into the law of work. But who shall teach us the forgotten law of joy?

— I remember reading somewhere an ingenious plea for what used contemptuously to be called "newspaper poetry;" that rather unsuggestive and halting verse whose *raison d'être* had not hinted itself before to me. It appears from the authority cited that a large proportion of toiling men and women not cultured in art are soothed by a mediocre variety of poetry and music. Hosts to whom Tennyson and Browning babble an unknown tongue, who are perplexed by the allusions in Longfellow's lucid numbers, enjoy the strains which we regard as a travesty upon our ideas of the true and the beautiful. "Let us have the poor songs at which you groan, Mr. Editor," pleads "a tired woman." "For us, who lack time and talent to cultivate a higher

standard, they are good enough, and vastly better than you think." If

"The value of a thing

Is just as much as it will bring "

to us, why is there not good sense in this honest speech? Were all of us as frank, I imagine our symphony concerts and Shakespeare classes would receive a sudden weeding out.

"An ordinary man; an ordinary woman!" Why does this sentence disgrace a human being? We play our part in an ordinary world, where our daily needs are for the most part trivial, if not ignoble. The hand which skillfully ministers to any household want, shading and softening the thorny details, lending its not too sensitive palm to the burdens and conflicts of life, may have no such cunning as that of the musician or artist, but it is of all others most comforting to overwrought souls.

Why have so many men of active genius and brilliant accomplishments taken to themselves an extreme contrast in the person of a quiet, possibly ugly-faced woman for wife? Have we not shrugged our shoulders with surprise and disgust at such a freak of fancy?

Nature is wiser than reason; she sees that the quivering nerves and the swift impulses of creative power need constant offset. Your hero would be most keenly appreciated by his peer in intellect or talent, but he is relaxed and soothed in an atmosphere of actual commonplace.

Let us not too much rejoice in our claim to superiority. If to our share falls the divining rod of genius; if to this fortune adds the means of wide attainment, still let us touch softly the question of lofty and lowly, of true and false means and aims, since before the still higher ordeal we are ourselves named as ordinary men and women.

— I fear that poets generally do not appreciate the vicious tendency of imperfect rhymes. So many such rhymes have been given to the world, and the world has borne even the most atrocious

ones with so little complaint, that the really bad effect of some of them is apt to be overlooked. My attention has been incidentally drawn anew to this matter by reading a recently published essay on certain faulty pronunciations which are common in America, at least; and it is absolutely disheartening to see how the poets are perpetuating these mispronunciations.

For instance, the writer just referred to says mournfully, "How large is the number who make the distinction between the unaccented *e* and the unaccented *o* in *mystery* and *history*, in *literal* and *littoral*? And yet in that and in like distinction lie the beauty and the elegance of cultivated speech. The slovenly speaker 'lumps' almost all such vowels into the obscure sound of *u*, saying *mystur-y*, *histur-y*." Now of course every one remembers this passage in Hood's *Bridge of Sighs* : —

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled."

I suppose every child learns this, and repeats it, or hears it repeated, scores of times before the end of his school life, and that one imperfect rhyme may make him an incurably "slovenly speaker." Perhaps it is for such crimes as this that Mr. Emerson excludes Hood from Parnassus, — a remarkable case of poetic justice. But Shelley is scarcely less guilty than Hood, as witness the following, from *Lines* : —

"As music and *splendor*
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes *render*
No song when the spirit is mute."

How can we hope to secure "the beauty and the elegance of cultivated speech," if popular and highly esteemed poets continue to familiarize their readers with such misleading rhymes?

But even this danger is not the worst. There is another possibility, still more to be deplored, because if it ever becomes a reality it will be after the false rhymers and their contemporaries are

all dead. Rhymes play a very important part in determining the pronunciation which obtained in any generation that has passed away without leaving a clear record of its speech; and when we remember how certain Chaucer scholars have fallen by the ears as to Chaucer's own pronunciation of the words he wrote, and how students of Elizabethan English fail to reach harmonious conclusions, we cannot look into the future without misgivings.

Fancy some critic of the twenty-second century expressing the opinion that *home* was often pronounced *hum* by the most cultivated Englishmen and Americans of the nineteenth century, and citing in proof such passages as this from Whittier's *Vision of Echard* : —

"For the death in life of Nitria,
For your Chartreuse ever *dumb*,
What better is the neighbor,
Or happier the *home*?"

and this from Shelley : —

"From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle *home*
Leave thee naked to laughter
When leaves fall and cold winds *come*."

Or suppose that the coming gazetteer, in giving the pronunciation of *Virginia*, calls attention to the fact that Pope makes the name rhyme with *guinea*.

The Tales of a Wayside Inn must share the burden of discredit, for, not to mention any other passages, there is this unfortunate one : —

"That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the *plague*;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: 'Long live Scanderbeg!'"

Such a name as Scanderbeg has a wonderful power of impressing itself on the memory, and carrying its rhyme with it, so that wherever this passage goes it will spread the *plég*.

It is distressing enough to think that such rhymes as "pursuing . . . ruin" (in Shelley's *Arethusa*) and "standing . . . band in" (in Pope's imitation of Swift) may furnish material at some future day for a scholarly essay on The

Extent to which the Final *G* was Silent in the Speech of our Ancestors. But the misery of miseries will be experienced when some delying mole connects a rhyme like this, in Recollection, —

“How calm it was! — the silence *there*
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound,” etc., —

with “Punch in the presence of the pas-sen-jare”! How could we sleep in our graves?

— Prudence, as every smatterer in etymology knows, is but *providence* writ small. It is therefore foresight, forethought, perception of and regard for consequences. Jean Jacques Rousseau tersely speaks of it as the virtue that renders nearly all other virtues unnecessary. In other words, the really prudent man will not get into situations from which he can issue only by dint of extraordinary virtue of some kind or other. He will watch over the first approaches of temptation; he will avoid all needless and dangerous entanglements; he will be business-like and systematic in whatever he undertakes; he will seek to know the rules of every game into which he enters, and, knowing the rules, he will observe them; he will profit by the experience of others, letting fools take the smart of their punishment while he takes the benefit; and thus acting he will escape a vast amount of the trouble and worry and strain and stress that are thought by so many to be essential elements in every existence. No doubt such a life will appear to some to be destitute, not only of all grandeur, but of all interest. The prudent man, as we have sketched him, will seem to be one whose breast never throbs with a generous impulse, and whose sympathies with human kind must necessarily be weak. I fail, however, to see that such is the case. The first thing to consider is that the man who escapes trouble himself generally, if not always, saves some to his neighbor. The man,

for example, who insists that a business transaction shall be placed upon such a basis as to leave no possible opening for misunderstanding renders no less a service to him with whom he is negotiating than to himself. So far as the act in question is concerned, he lays the basis of future harmonious relations with his neighbor; and both reap the benefit of a prudence that was perhaps entirely on one side. The prudent man, therefore, enjoying a large immunity from causes of personal disagreement, and having his mind free from the petty worries and misunderstandings which embitter so many lives, and more or less cloud and paralyze the energies of some men even of superior intellect, can afford to take and does take a disinterested view of things generally, and so can do more justice to his neighbors than some who pride themselves on the magnanimity of their impulses. The prudent man is really the man who does no harm to others, and who is therefore exempted from the sad necessity *odisse quos læserit*, — of hating those he has injured. He may not gush out in acts of ostentatious beneficence, but he has a careful and delicate regard to the *rights* of others which is infinitely better. We confess to some sympathy with the view that all unsolicited generosity partakes a little of the nature of impertinence. Let those who have been routed and unhorsed in the tourney of life crave quarter if they will; but no such request should come from one who can still carry himself against the foe. I may be weaker than my neighbor in some respects; but why should he suppose that such strength and resources as I have are not sufficient for the plan of life I have set before me? There is no poverty to those who know how to make ends meet; there is no sense of helplessness to one who does not aim at more than he can accomplish. The Apostle Paul is translated as saying that he has learned in whatever state of life he is

"therewith to be content;" but the word rendered content, *αὐτάρκης*, should perhaps rather be "self-sufficing." This is the lesson we should all learn, — the lesson that lies at the foundation of all happiness, — to be self-dependent, asking nothing from others but what we are prepared and able to render to them in return. Prudence goes naturally hand in hand with justice, while imprudence, affecting the society of generosity, is too often found in close connection with injustice. The first is the great economizer, the second the great spendthrift, of all human resources, not of money only, but of strength, patience, and temper.

Prudence has no more a necessary connection with selfishness than the exercise of any other special faculty which gives one man an advantage over another. It is, as I have said, simple prevision of results. Why should the man who foresees results be selfish? Why should he not see for others as well as for himself? In point of fact, the prudent man generally *does* want to see for others. He hates to see people going wrong, and will drop many a useful hint by the way, which others may profit by if they will. His instincts incline him to love peace and harmony, and he will do his best to cause these to prevail.

That prudence is of the highest moment in the battle of life, who can doubt? The question is how to be prudent. To this I venture the answer: Believe in law, always and everywhere. Nothing is more at war with prudence than trusting to luck or to occult influences of any kind. Safety lies in the steady pursuance of right methods in everything; but to pursue right methods we must first of all believe in methods, believe that there *are* methods. Some men willingly admit methods in the things they best understand, but ignore them in matters with which they are less familiar. A safe assumption to start with, however, is that all depart-

ments of human life have been more or less methodized, and that, if we do not understand the methods of any particular department, we should, before venturing anything in that region, consult those who do. The man who, without special preparation, should attempt to compound his own pills, or draft his own deeds and mortgages, would soon be brought to recognize his folly; yet in many matters we see men acting with an almost equal disregard of experience and skill which they might consult and guide themselves by if they chose. The prudent man suspects, nay believes in, the existence of law, even where he cannot trace it; and he seeks everywhere to guide himself upon general principles, to follow some line of action laid down by nature itself. He has no faith in shuffling through the world on his purely individual responsibility; he asks nature to guide him; her lead he is never ashamed to follow. The conception of the universality of law is gaining ground every day, but there is vast room yet for it to occupy in the minds of men and women. To prepare a youth of either sex for a career of usefulness and happiness in this world, nothing is of such importance as to imbue him or her with the belief — which we should render, as far as possible, instinctive — that everything happens by virtue of some general principle, and should be referred to its appropriate cause; and therefore that if we wish to accomplish specific results we should take the broad road that leads to those results, and not try any gallops across country. The broad road may be long, but at least it follows a determinate direction, and the patient traveler will win his goal. Let us see a Divinity in everything, — not one who arbitrarily punishes or rewards, but one who continually admonishes us of the consequences of acts, who speaks the language of law, and invites us all to be prudent, to be faithful, and to be happy.